Oct. 27, 1980

THE NEW YORKER

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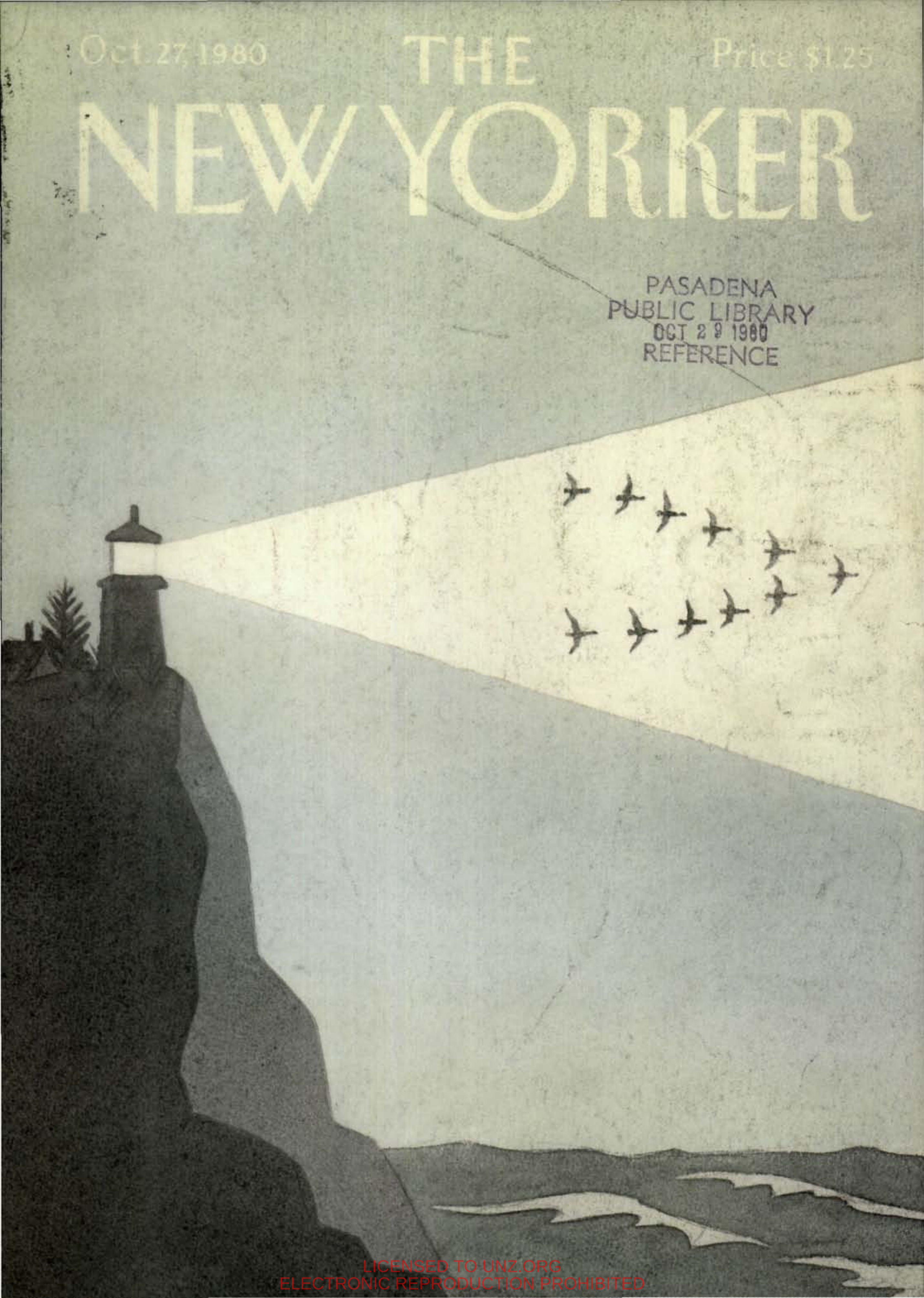

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Agony of Paul—An oratorio based on St. Paul's attitudes toward women and sex, by resident pastor Al Carmines. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. 477-0351. Final performances Friday through Monday, Oct. 24-27, at 8.)

Album—David Rimmer's wistful, funny play about four teen-agers in the sixties and the rock music that drenched their lives. They are delightfully acted by Keith Gordon, Jenny Wright, Kevin Bacon, and Jan Leslie Harding, under the direction of Joan Micklin Silver. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/13/80.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Place Theatre—Two plays in repertory. **THE IMPOSSIBLE H. L. MENCKEN,** an expanded version of the one-man show seen here last summer, with John Rothman again portraying Mencken. The mimicry is minimal, but Mr. Rothman has chosen skillfully, and the material more than carries the day. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; on Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . **SIM: ONE NIGHT WITH A LADY UNDERTAKER FROM TEXAS,** a one-character comedy by William Osborn, with Mary Bozeman. Sundays and Mondays at 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

The Bacchae—Is it possible to say that Euripides doesn't wear well? On Broadway it is, and on Broadway he doesn't. Irene Papas is the star. (10/13/80) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Banjo Dancing; or, the 48th Annual Squitters Mountain Song Dance Folklore Convention and Banjo Contest and How I Lost—A one-man show devised and titled (at length) by Stephen Wade (who also stars) and Milton Kramer (who also directs). (Century 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Barnum—Jim Dale is a superb clown, and David Mitchell's circus set is a knockout, but this little musical has nothing to do with Barnum. Some other time, perhaps, the great man will be allowed his due. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brigadoon—The songs in this 1947 Lerner-Loewe musical are immortal, but the book is not. The cast is headed by Martin Vidnovic and Meg Bussert. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich in an excellent play about a totally deaf young woman and a hearing young man who attempts to teach her the art of speech. The author is Mark Medoff. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jim Leonard, Jr., **THE DIVINERS.** Set in a farm community in Indiana during the Depression, it is about the friendship between a thirteen-year-old idiot boy who dowses for water and a young ex-preacher. The action is a matter of small scenes, all of them well done and to the point. The dramatist is twenty-three. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

The Connection—A revival of Jack Gelber's 1959 play, starring Morgan Freeman. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 22; opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 23. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Louise Lasser and Jobeth Williams in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine—A musical that is half some not very funny reminiscences of old Hollywood, and half a hilarious takeoff on Chekhov as acted by Groucho, Chico, and Harpo Marx. (5/12/80) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2.)

Division Street—A knockabout farce by Stev Tesich, well acted by a hearty cast, and we directed by Tom Moore. (10/20/80) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Nightl except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturdays at 2.)

42nd Street—Once upon a time there was a silly wonderful Warner Brothers musical about young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has bee fashioned from the movie musical is just a silly but by no means as wonderful. Wit Jerry Orbach, Tammy Grimes, and Wand Richert. (9/8/80) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, excep Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays an Saturdays at 2.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics b Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., a Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; an Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays a 3.)

Home—The voice of the author, Samm-Art Wi liams, is Southern but not gothic; it has th ring of Twain and not of Capote. One of th

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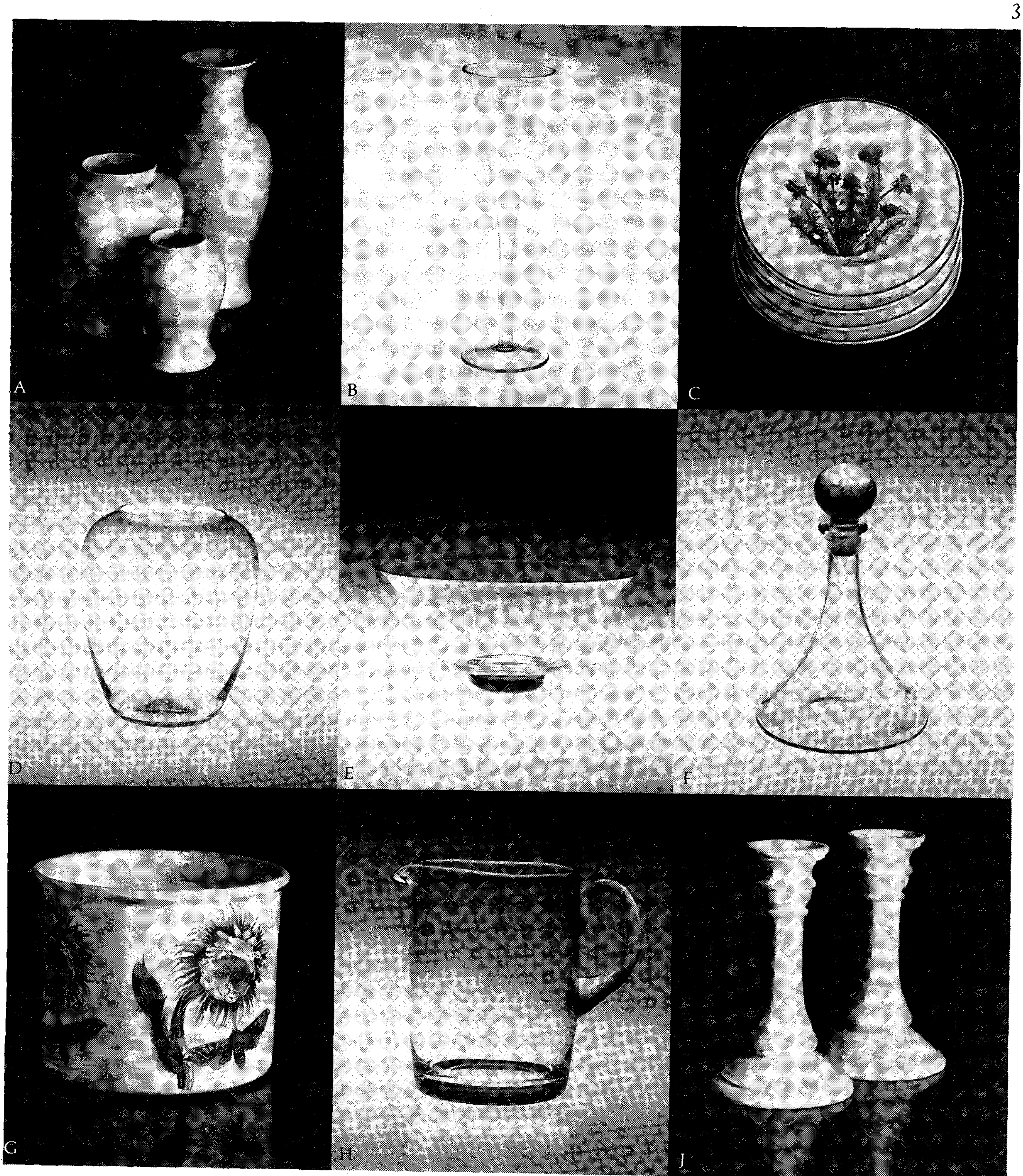

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best plays of the year, if not the best. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Insideoutsideandallaround Shelley Berman—A one-man show by a comedian who is surely more at home in night clubs than in theatres. (10/13/80) (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 25.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—If even blind Homer nods, why shouldn't Neil Simon be found cat-napping on occasion? Bill Macy, Dinah Manoff, and Bernice Massi work very hard and well, in vain. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Morning's at Seven—A comedy by Paul Osborn that is sure to delight playgoers of every sort. With Nancy Marchand, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elizabeth Wilson, and Teresa Wright, among others, and directed by Vivian Matalon. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Samm-Art Williams' play **THE SIXTEENTH ROUND** is the first in this season's series of four productions, and is the company's first venture in its new uptown theatre. A punch-drunk, guilt-ridden fighter, the young woman who loves him, and his former sparring partner, who doesn't, are the three characters on hand. The play has some strong scenes and some weak ones; the acting of Rosalind Cash, as the young woman, and of Roscoe Orman, as the partner, is a wonder to behold. Horacena Taylor directed. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9.)

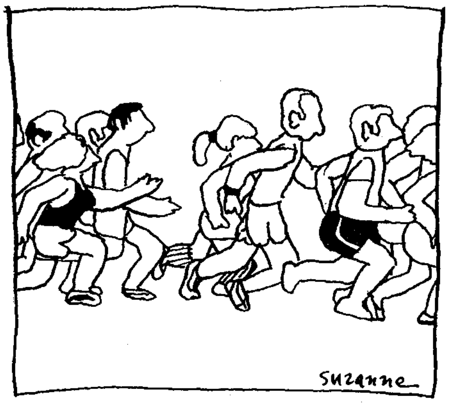
Phoenix Theatre—Michel Tremblay's distinguished play **BONJOUR, LÀ, BONJOUR**—about a young Québécois who returns to his tangled family in Montreal—is given the distinguished production it deserves by the Phoenix, under the direction of Steven Robman. William Katt is the hero, and Dianne Wiest, Veronica Castang, Judith Drake, Fred Stuthman, and Cara Duff-MacCormick are some of his relatives. Marjorie Kellogg designed the beautiful setting. The first in a series of five productions. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Really Rosie—A dud. Scenery and words by Maurice Sendak, music by Carole King. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Streetsongs—Geraldine Fitzgerald in a return engagement of her one-woman show. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 26.)

The Suicide—A Russian comedy, written by one Nikolai Erdman in 1932. It pokes fun at the Soviet bureaucracy and has never been performed inside Russia. With Derek Jacobi as its miserable hero. (10/20/80) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tintypes—A musical collaboration of Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. The cast: Carolyn Mignini, Lynne Thigpen, Trey Wilson, Mary Catherine Wright, and Jerry Zaks, all of whom appeared in this production when it played Off Broadway last season. Preview Wednesday, Oct. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 23, at 6:45. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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West Side Story—That benign genius Jerome Robbins has directed and choreographed this classic musical, now twenty-three years old, as boldly and as delicately as he directed and choreographed the original. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wish Me Mazel-Tov—Mary Soreanu in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-9442. Wednesdays at 8, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer. Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great showbiz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Robert Reed. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. David Bowie is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish productio but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sunda at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,520 performances far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sulliv St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesda through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 1 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightf comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of Italian-American laborer, is paid a surpri visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-t do brother and sister from Cambridge—a is thrown into a panic that at first appears be social but is actually sexual. (Litt Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tue days through Saturdays at 8. Matiné Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su days at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER A TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer wi strong feminist views celebrates her thirt ninth birthday by auditioning her new act f her dismayed manager. This somewhat d appointing musical by Nancy Ford (scor and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) w directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Squa Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tue days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sunda at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of sh sketches that purport to give us a refreshi view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47 St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesda and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:3 and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the go old days of black vaudeville, in good N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever ventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays tru pet in the accompanying jazz band. (Villa Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesda through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 1 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays 3.) . . . **PETER PAN:** High in the sky with guy—but the author is Barrie, not Porter. pleasing revival of a twenty-six-year-old m sical version of an indestructible play. (Lu Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tu days through Saturdays at 8. Matin Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su days at 3.) . . . **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerf ness and occasional ingenuity of this lit revue about life in the theatre sporadica compensate for its lack of wit, but not oft (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-92 Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matin Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** The her Mickey Rooney and his co-star, Ann Mill pay tribute to what they pretend were great days of burlesque. A marvellous sho with old-fashioned chorus girls and wi beautiful costumes and settings by Ra Pène du Bois. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51 St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A two-speed m sical with Tony Roberts and Anita Gillette, the course of which two nearly mindless you people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is t author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wr the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bay Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-431 Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matin Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su days at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Prese ing "The Pirates of Penzance." (Sympho Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday a Friday, Oct. 23-24, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 25, 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2 and 7. F information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

DANCE

Makarova and Company—Final performances an engagement by Natalia Makarova a her new company—Through Sunday, O 26: "Studies," "Sonata No. 5," and "Raymo da Pas de Dix." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Su day, Oct. 28-Nov. 2: "Studies," "Ondine and Act II of "Paquita." (Uris, 51st St. we of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays thro Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 a Sundays at 3.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 23—Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "Pas de Deux," "Illuminations," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Night" (première), "Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Mythical Hunters," "Pas de Deux," and "Viva Vivaldi!" . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Momentum," "Fanfarita," "Illuminations," and "Suite Saint-Saëns." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Mythical Hunters," "Pas de Deux," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Night," "Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Jean Erdman—Wtih her company, presenting "The Shining House." (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinée Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Indrani and Sukanya—In a performance of classical Indian dance. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 7. For information about free tickets, call 873-1300, Ext. 566.)

Manuel Alum—A program of solo works. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. Wednesday, Oct. 29; Saturday, Nov. 1; and Monday, Nov. 3, all at 8. For tickets, call 832-1155, Ext. 50.)

Diane Gráy—With her company, presenting "The Finger Dances" (première), "Home Burial" (New York première), "Glory!," and "The Arranger." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Oct. 29, and Friday, Oct. 31, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2.)

Solomons Company / Dance—Performing "NŌZ," a punk-rock work, and a new work featuring three six-foot-four dancers. (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. 673-2207. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 1-2, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—*The* place (right now, anyway) to see **DARDANELLE,** the singer-pianist who has no faults. She's working with a trio through Monday, Oct. 27. On Tuesday, Oct. 28, trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ** will arrive with a trio. Music from nine every night. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred), in its liberal musical tastes (the management has brought in over the past few years Elvis Costello, Peter Serkin, Philip Glass, and the late Bill Evans), and in the promptness of its show times. The varied schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23, female impersonator Craig Russell; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, Herbie Mann's Flute & Percussion Theatre; Sunday, Oct. 26, the Aztec Two-Step; Monday, Oct. 27, the Nighthawks and the Johnny Van Zant band; Tuesday, Oct. 28, SVT, featuring Nick Buck, Jack Casady, Brian Marnell, and Paul Zahl; Thursday, Oct. 30, Robin Williamson; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, the Uncle Floyd Show. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Cheerfully and comfortably unchanged for years, this bar and restaurant remains panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile live music. Pianist and composer **DAVE FRISHBERG** sings and plays his kooky tunes with support from bassist Reggie Johnson through Saturday, Oct. 25; Sunday, Oct. 26, will belong to Michael Moriarty, the actor, who will be singing at the piano, backed up by bassist Jay Leonhart; and on Monday, Oct. 27, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will take over with her bassist. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

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Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Thousands of miles from Corcovado, Sugarloaf Mountain, Guanabara Bay, Ipanema and Copacabana beaches, and more than four million resident Cariocas is this second-floor Rio-inspired club. A trio and a vocalist perform the bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—A place—the Café Carlyle—to which one can wear a tuxedo even if one is not a headwaiter or a member of Bobby Short's trio. **MR. SHORT** and his two stalwart sidemen—bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBERT SCOTT**—hold Porter, Gershwin, and Coward soirées Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets begin at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and playing piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A restaurant located in back of Carnegie Hall, with dark-brown walls and carpeting and a glassed-in sidewalk section. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's performed and recorded with Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. The current schedule of visiting performers: Wednesday, Oct. 22, Hens, Fabians, and Spooleys; Thursday, Oct. 23, Intensions, Cooties, and the RBT Band; Friday, Oct. 24, Bad Brains and the Sirens; and Saturday, Oct. 25, Dee Slade. Music nightly, usually long after nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—A large, homey shrine that extols Texas and country-and-Western music. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE,** who is also a very good pianist, sings from an exceedingly large repertoire of American pop music with assistance from bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a funny, rocking octogenarian blues singer, performs with assistance from pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The traditional-jazz house band works out Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Sunday, Oct. 26, will see tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** head up a quartet from nine-fifteen. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A fancy, carpeted, very crowded, low-ceilinged belowstairs jazz room. Alto saxophonist Richie Cole and his quartet, Alto Madness, perform through Sunday, Oct. 26, and on Tuesday, Oct. 28, **TEDDY WILSON,** whose playing makes a lot of other pianists sound like horses' hooves, will arrive with a trio. Music nightly, except Mondays, with the first set beginning about nine. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large, square room with mirrored columns and two levels of tables and chairs. Singer and songwriter Michael Franks is on hand through Sunday, Oct. 26, and on Tuesday, Oct. 28, **NANCY WILSON,** a wonderful singer when she isn't being theatrical, will move in with her backup band. Shows at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A forest of potted plants lining the entranceway, an overhanging second-story balcony from which one can survey the club, and wicker furniture—these are among the attributes of this SoHo club. Raw Sugar, a pop-soul troupe, sings and sways Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 23-26, and on Tuesday, Oct. 28, singer **JON HENDRICKS** and his singing family—they're billed as Hendricks, Hendricks & Hendricks—will take charge. On Mondays, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** performs with bassist **BROSS TOWNSEND.** Music every night after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio is present, and Wednesdays through Mondays, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. These groups play from ten. And on Sundays from five to ten, stride pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** has the floor.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. This one's got **ADAM MAKOWICZ** playing Tatum-inspired solo piano in the dining room Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. On Sundays and Mondays, **JILL MC MANUS,** a Wynton Kelly-influenced—bluesy and swinging, that is—player, claims the keyboard from seven to eleven.

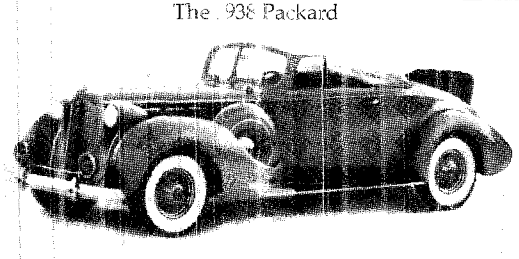
Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Pianist Chuck Folds, guitarist Wayne Wright, and bassist Al Hall play some thirteen hundred feet above sea level for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Judd Woldin is the pianist who alternates with the trio after nine.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big second-floor loft space with strobe lights, blue flashing lights, white flashing lights, video monitors, live and recorded rock and roll, and dancing to all of it. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 22, Bongos and Crackers; Thursday, Oct. 23, Fingerprintz and New Models; Friday, Oct. 24, Fingerprintz and Station Seven; Saturday, Oct. 25, Bush Tetras and Nitecaps; and Tuesday, Oct. 28, Ronnie and the Jitters. Live music after eleven; recorded music from nine. Video shows on Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A fine jazz spot to visit before or after surveying the nearby Flatiron Building. The guest musicians will be saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, and trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and trumpeter, saxophonist, and flut-

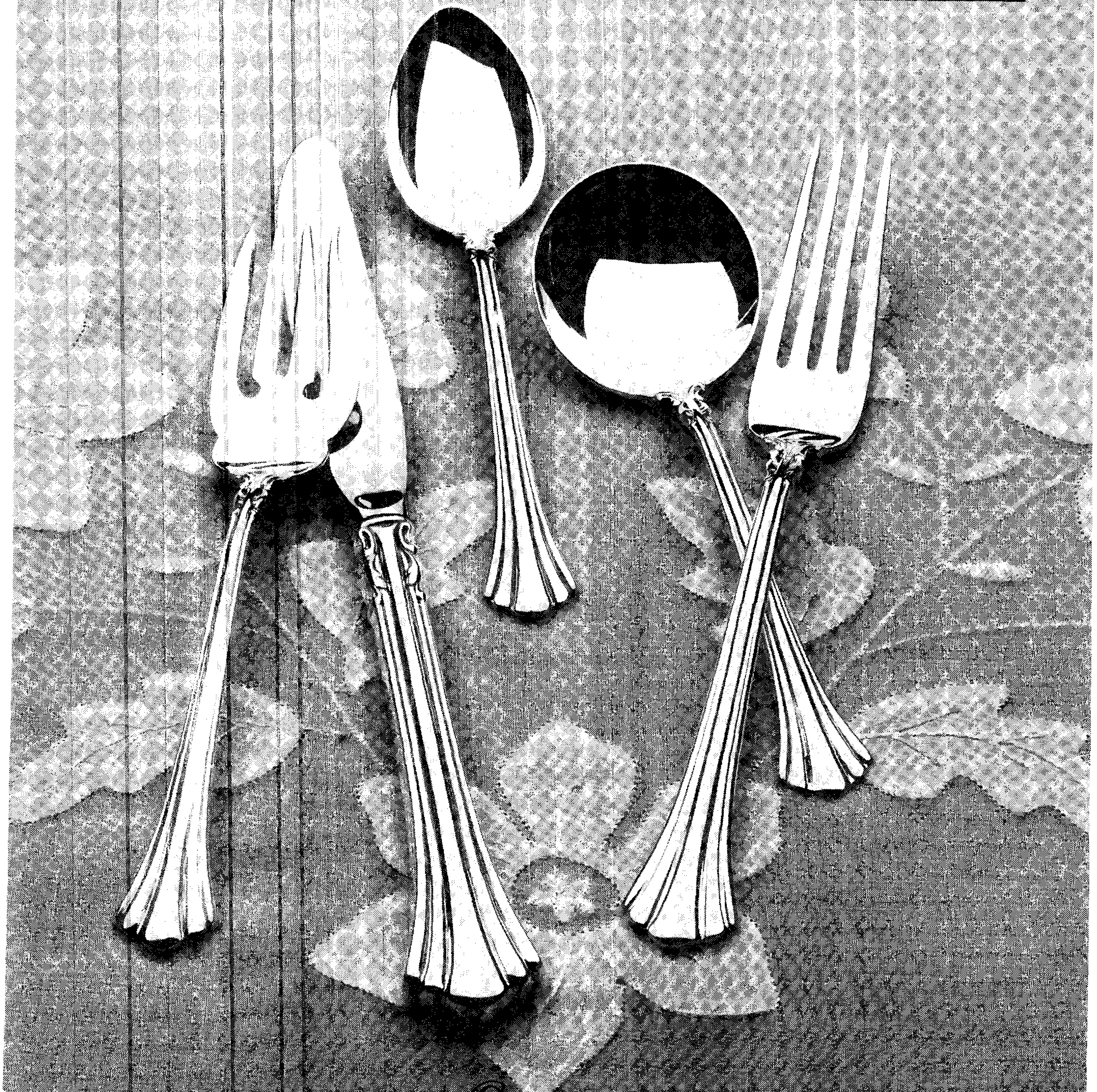
A CLASSIC HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH FASHION.
AND EVERYTHING TO DO WITH STYLE.

The tuxedo.



The 1938 Packard

The wedding band.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ist **IRA SULLIVAN** Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1. On Sundays, percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO**—his axes include the berimbau, the cuica, the caxixi, and the reco-reco—performs with his Brazilian band, Amazon. Music from nine; and if you hang around really late on Fridays and Saturdays, you might catch a set by trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** and saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENSTERN**, who will begin co-piloting a quintet at about two in the morning.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The house quintet, led by legendary trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE**, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that somehow feels as though it were part of an old-fashioned hotel. The topnotch piano-bass duos include **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** through Saturday, Oct. 25, and **BILLY TAYLOR** and **VICTOR GASKIN** beginning Tuesday, Oct. 28. Sundays and Mondays are the property of **DON FRIEDMAN** and **BOB BODLEY**. Music nightly from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An extraterritorial Texas hangout. The music is usually good, solid blues, rock, or country, and it starts at eight-thirty. The lineup includes Ray Wylie Hubbard, who writes and sings Texas-outlaw music, on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23. (A Texas outlaw isn't a crook; a Texas outlaw is a country-and-Western hippie.) On Sunday, Oct. 26, rockabilly singer Billy Burnette will trade sets with folkie-humorist Kinky Friedman; on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 27-28, **JOHN LEE HOOKER** will sing blues-ish tunes; and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 29-30, will belong to country singer Bobby Bare. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A music back room with a view of a garden. **JOHNNY HARTMAN**, a full, rich baritone whose best record may well be the batch of standards he cut over fifteen years ago with John Coltrane, will be singing here for a couple of weeks. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Rock and roll and video. The rock and roll: Sorcerers and Cold Steel on Wednesday, Oct. 22; Terrorists and Beast on Thursday, Oct. 23; MX-80 Sound and Zain Grey on Friday, Oct. 24; Jayne County and Ozone on Saturday, Oct. 25; Hostage, Lipstick, and Sally, Dick & Jane on Sunday, Oct. 26; Mental Notes and Arsenal on Monday, Oct. 27; and Steadies, Volts, and the Louis Barrone Group on Tuesday, Oct. 28. Music after eleven.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—George Melly, an English television critic, sings music-hall numbers with John Chilton's Feetwarmers Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Ragtime and Funeral Band and a guest clarinettist occupy the bandstand—although from the looks of people waiting outside, one might think that a Woody Allen film was being shown. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is, contrary to popular belief, not in the seventies but in the nineties: it is this club. Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his 1980-edition **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will perform Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-oyster bar. **AL HAIG**, one of the earliest and still one of the best and freshest-sounding bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday from nine-fifteen to two. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE**. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, rock singer and guitarist Elliot Murphy and comic Chris Rush will be present; Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 29-30, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** will lead his band; on Friday, Oct. 31, two young country singers, Billy Burnette and Will Rambeau, will share the stage; and on Saturday, Nov. 1, **BUZZ & THE FLYERS** will play some original-sounding rockabilly. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

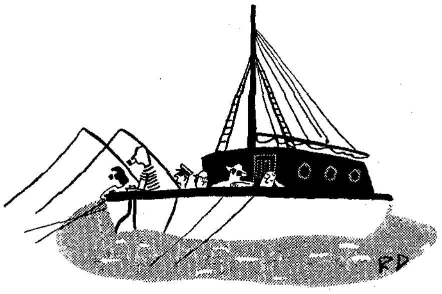
Palsson's, 158 W. 72nd St. (362-2590)—Downstairs is a very lively restaurant and bar; upstairs is a jazz room and bar. Pianist **STEVE KUHN** and singer **SHEILA JORDAN** perform with drummer **BOB MOSES** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** on Wednesday, Oct. 22; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 23-25, saxophonist **NOEL SMITH** will show up with pianist **MIKE ABENE**, drummer **BILLY HART**, and **HARVIE SWARTZ**; and Sunday, Oct. 26, **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS** will play piano and sing. The first set begins about ten. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who often accompanied Mabel Mercer during the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Art Deco-land high atop the R.C.A. Building. **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy septet play dance music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has recently been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties: Wednesday, Oct. 22, the Psychedelic Furs; Thursday, Oct. 23, Carolyne Mas and a video tribute to the Beatles; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, **JUNIOR WALKER & THE ALL-STARS**; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 28-29, **TODD RUNDGREN'S** latest edition of his theatrical pop-rock band, Utopia. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. One will find there a revue, "Rhapsody in Gershwin," which is as uninspired (in spite of Gershwin and in spite of **NELL CARTER**, who performs in it) and graceless as its title. The three other performers are Christine Andreas, Ed Evanko, and Chip Garnett. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine
thirty and eleven-thirty.



Salt Peanuts, 399 Greenwich St., at Beach S
(431-6044)—This far-western Tribeca clu
with its picture windows that face west, is,
you get there early enough, a good place t
watch the sun set. It's a good place for jaz
too, but much later in the evening. Saxophon
ist Houston Person's quartet backs up singe
Etta Jones through Saturday, Oct. 25; o
Monday, Oct. 27, guitarist **TED DUNBAR** wi
lead a quartet; and on Tuesday, Oct. 2
JIMMY MC GRIFF, a jumping organist, will brin
in a combo. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., a
Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy secon
floor jazz club, in which most of the walls ar
refreshingly uncluttered. Much of the musi
is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten t
two. Sybil Thomas sings with her band o
Wednesday, Oct. 22; Thursday through Sun
day, Oct. 23-26, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** an
his sextet, which will feature **TERUMASA HIN**
will be present; Tuesday and Wednesday
Oct. 28-29, **JOHN CLARK** will play French hor
solos with his group; and on Friday, Oct. 3
bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA** and his hard-bop sex
tet, the Rising Sun, will come in. Musi
nightly, except Mondays, from ten to two.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixt
Ave. (242-3166)—An attractive but not pre
tentious bar and restaurant—yet anothe
Village spot that lures in good pianists an
bassists. It has also lured in **DAKOTA STATON**,
fine singer on up-tempo blues-tinged num
bers such as "Broadway," "Country Man,
"Late, Late Show," and a buoyant version
"A Foggy Day." She's accompanied by pian
ist **BROSS TOWNSEND** through Saturday, Oct. 2
On Tuesday, Oct. 28, the smoothly run duo
JUNIOR MANCE and **MARTY RIVERA** will claim th
bandstand. Music Tuesdays through Satur
days from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker S
(242-1785)—A bustling, knotty-pine roon
ZOOT SIMS, who can play light and dancin
tenor-saxophone solos, leads his quarte
through Saturday, Oct. 25; on Tuesday, Oc
28, trumpeter **CHARLES SULLIVAN** will bring i
his quintet. Sundays are currently the prop
erty of singer **CHRIS CONNOR**, and Mondays ar
session nights for four-string tenor guitari
TINY GRIMES and his trio. Sets from about te
Dining.

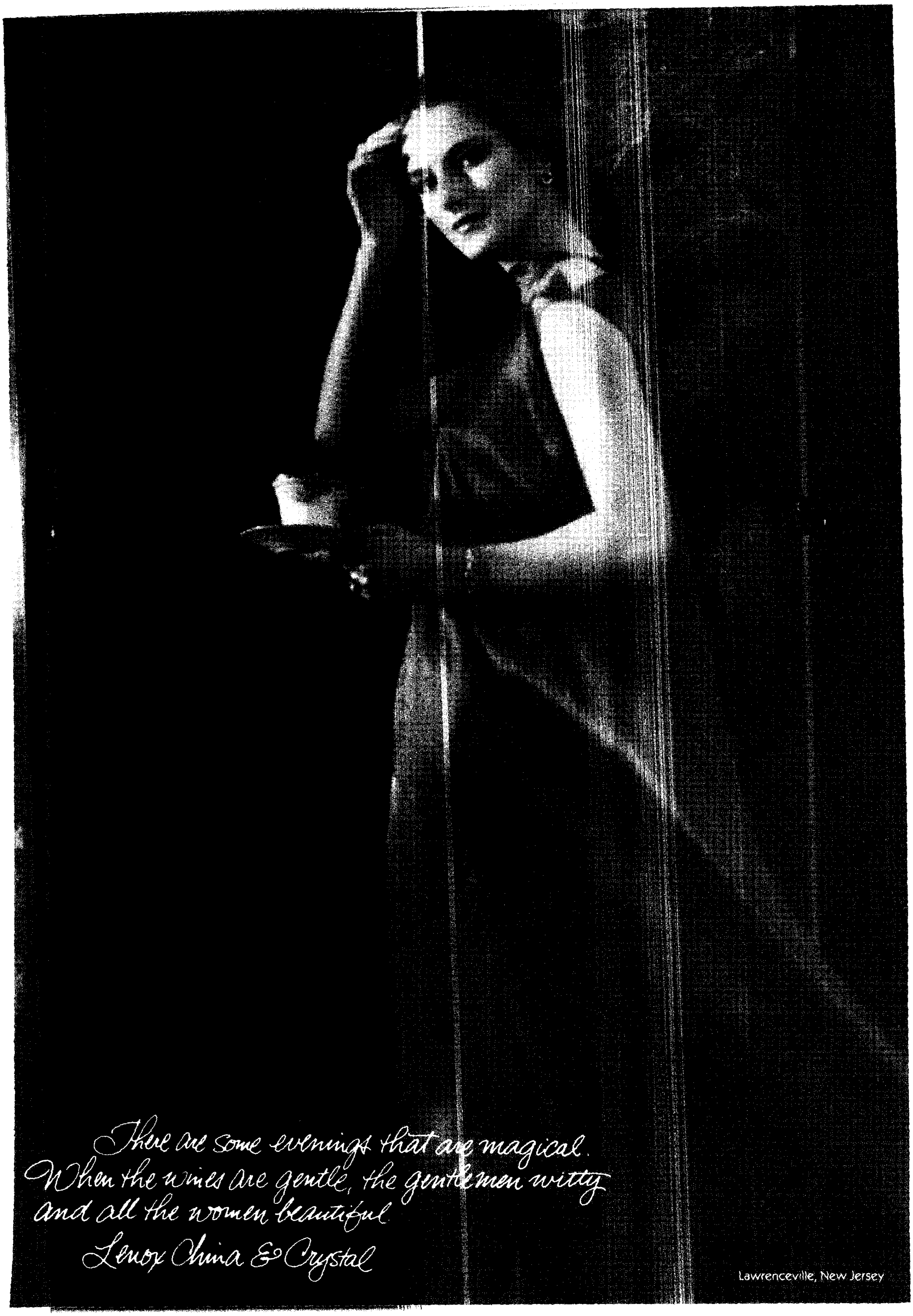
Syncopation, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (22
8032)—This agreeable room is a ground-floo
loft space fitted out with exposed brick wal
and a bar that has carpeted sides. Tuesday
through Saturdays from nine-thirty, drum
mer and proprietor **JOHN LEWIS** leads a tri
Solo pianist **DWIKE MITCHELL** works opposite th
Lewis trio Thursdays through Saturday
Sundays from eight-thirty belong to the **LOU
HAYES-HAROLD MABERN-CLINT HOUSTON** trio, an
Mondays from nine-thirty to guitarist **CHUC
WAYNE'S** trio.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (77
5077)—A recently re-remodelled club. It
even sparser than before, with no more bar
quettes, just tables and chairs and blue
bands—what more could one ask? The line
up: soul singer **O. V. WRIGHT** and the **REALTONE**
through Thursday, Oct. 23; Chicago-blue
player **JIMMY JOHNSON** on Saturday and Sun
day, Oct. 25-26; and **LIGHTNIN' SAM HOPKIN**
Friday through Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov.
Shows usually begin at nine and midnigh
Dining and dancing.

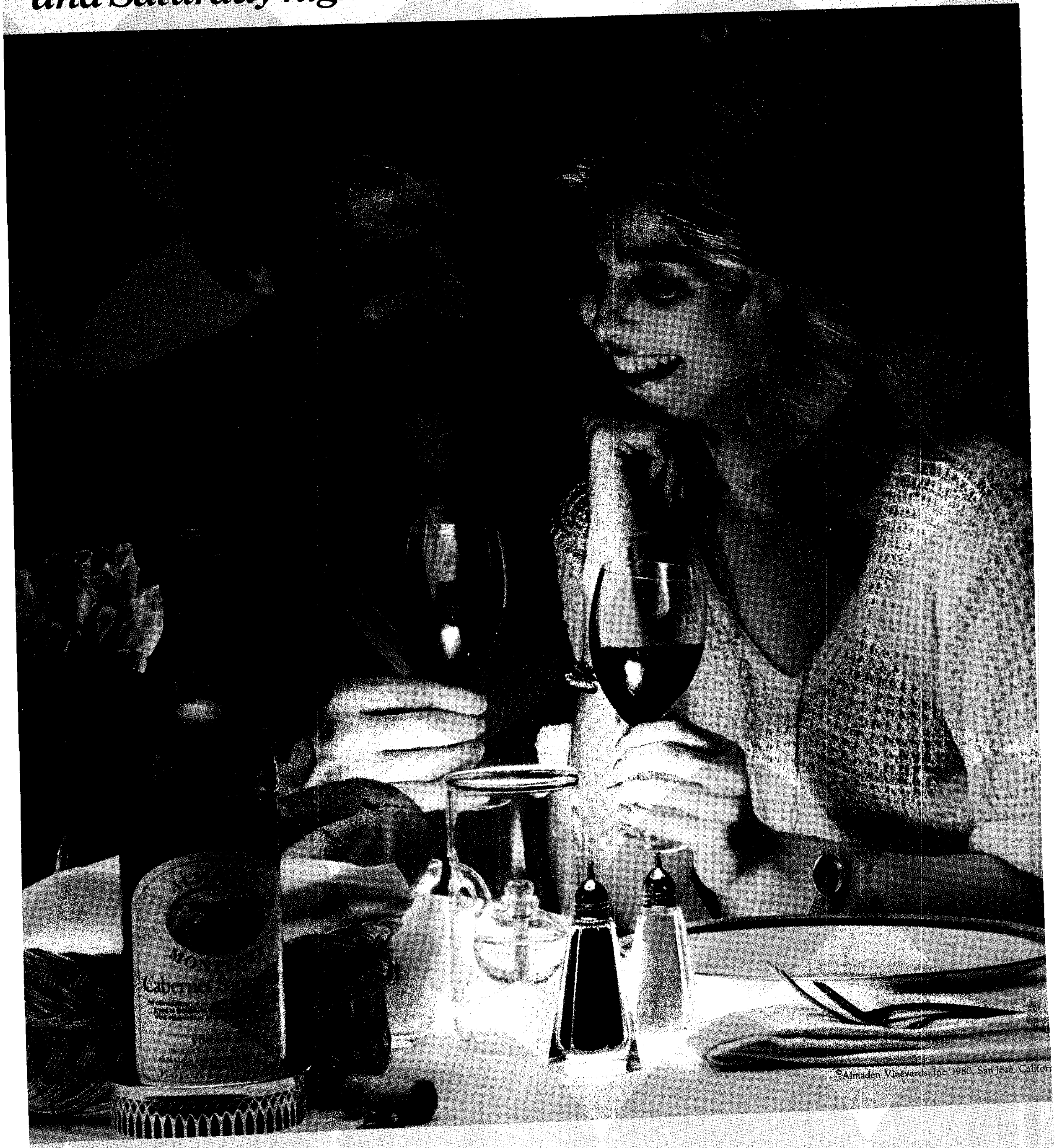
Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Av
(799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. Th
understated—i.e., unmarked—entrance
easy to miss. Some of the musicians: Wedne
day, Oct. 22, Dune; Thursday, Oct. 23, Ner
vous Eaters; Friday, Oct. 24, Elevators an
the Offs; Saturday, Oct. 25, the Psychedeli
Furs and Insect Surfers; and Tuesday, Oc
28, Fisher Z. Music after eleven, usuall
Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—
Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTAN**
play absolutely irresistible dance music afte
ten on Fridays and after midnight on Satur
days. On Mondays, there is big-band sals
from nine. And on Tuesdays, one will fin
jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio playing i
the sidewalk lounge after ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11t


There are some evenings that are magical.
When the wines are gentle, the gentlemen witty
and all the women beautiful.
Lenox China & Crystal
Lawrenceville, New Jersey

What's the right wine for candlelight and Saturday night?



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Almadén.

Vintage-dating makes it right. As you come to appreciate fine wines, you learn that there are subtle differences from one vintage year to the next. So at Almadén, we vintage-date our fine varietal wines to enhance your appreciation and enjoyment of these differences. We take great care to use only the best of each year's harvest. This assures you of superior vintage wines year after year.

Almadén makes it right.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club that is presenting through Sunday, Oct. 26, some authentically prepared bebop co-constructed by trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and *multi-instrumentalist* **IRA SULLIVAN.** On Tuesday, Oct. 28, **ILLINOIS JACQUET,** who can still deliver fire-breathing tenor solos, will descend the stairs with his quintet. Mondays remain the domain of drummer **MEL LEWIS** and sixteen other players. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A quiet, out-of-the-way soul-food restaurant that features good pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays are claimed by Hank Johnson; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Sadik Hakim. Music from eight to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A haunt of Columbia students—they do their homework between sets—and swing-music admirers. Guitarist **CHRIS FLORY,** a young swing-music admirer himself, leads his combo through Thursday, Oct. 23; **AL CASEY,** an older swing-music admirer and a historic guitar player—he recorded with Fats Waller, James P. Johnson, and Teddy Wilson a long time ago—will be here Friday through Sunday, Oct. 24-26; pianist Sadik Hakim has the floor on Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 27-28; and saxophonist Percy France will head his group Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 29-31. Music nightly from about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Fred Waring and the Young Pennsylvanians—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.

Robin Lane and the Chartbusters & Blotto—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8.

Dave Burrell and **Jemeel Moondoc & Ensemble Muntu**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Oct. 24, at 9.

Grateful Dead—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday through Monday, Oct. 25-27, and Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 29-31, at 7:30.

James (Blood) Ulmer and **Roberta Baum**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 9 and 11:30.

Gil Scott-Heron and Midnight—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7.

Laurie Anderson—Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 11, and Monday, Oct. 27, at 7:30 and 10.

Barry Manilow—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8

Frank Zappa—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2, at 8. Extra performance Saturday, Nov. 1, at 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Hubert Laws and Family—Carnegie Hall Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.

George Thorogood & the Destroyers—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.

The Crusaders—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 9.

Anne Murray—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.

Irving Plaza—Friday, Oct. 24: The Monochrome Set. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31: Screamin' Jay Hawkins and the Misfits. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1: The Photos. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 982-4863. Shows start about 11:30.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesdays, Oct. 22 and 29: Jam Session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23: Craig Purpura quartet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25: Clifford Jordan-Barry Harris quartet. . . . Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1: Arthur Rhames quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts around 9:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Oct. 22: Eugene Chadbourne and John Zorn. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23: Derek Bailey and Toshinori Kondo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24: Evan Parker and Jimmy Lyons. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25: Derek Bailey *and Evan Parker. . . .* ¶ *Tuesday, Oct. 28:* Master Drummers from Cuba. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30: Paul Burwell, Leslie Dalaba, Wayne Horvitz, and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1: Steve Lacy quintet. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All performances at 8:30; on Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 9:30.)

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Duke Ellington Films—A program of short films and excerpts from feature films covering five decades. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8. For information about tickets, call 740-3423.)

Benefit Concert—Michael Brecker, Eddie Daniels, Bob James, Hubert Laws, David Sanborn, Dave Valentin, Lenny White, and others. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—Paintings and steel sculptures on Hopi Indian themes by a German artist who collects the religious dolls, called kachinas, the Hopi are famous for. Through Nov. 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Eleanor Antin—A portrait of the artist as a ballerina. In a series of photographs and drawings, with text, Eleanor Antin has transformed herself into Eleanora Antinova, of the Ballets Russes. Through Nov. 15. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Varujan Boghosian—Constructions using the building blocks and mannequins he is known for. Through Nov. 15. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Louise Bourgeois—*Marble and bronze sculptures,* nearly all of them either egg-shaped or phallic in form, in a show that covers her work between 1955 and 1970. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Harvey Breverman—Two male figures, seen in different settings but always from the back, serve as subjects in all these curious paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Nardin, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Gandy Brodie (1925-75)—Abstract Expressionist paintings with sources in nature—"Emerald Lichen," for example. Through Nov. 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Jack Bush (1910-77)—Paintings in which two or three large, simple abstract forms are distributed on the canvas and painted in contrasting colors. The artist was a Canadian. Through Nov. 19. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Daniel Dallmann—Skilled draftsmanship and handling of paint characterize these oils and drawings of conventional subjects—a man in a chair, a nude posed before an easel, a man preparing to prune a tree. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Rebecca Davenport—Large oil paintings of interiors, done with unusual exactitude by a Washington, D.C., artist, who seems attracted by rumpled beds, stacks of old newspapers and magazines, antique dolls. Through Nov. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Peter Dean / Marty J. Kalb—Fantasy landscapes—tropical marshes, smoking volcanoes, patches of exotic flowers in the deep forest—all reflecting what the artist reads into plain old upstate scenery. / Abstract paintings in which flashy streaks of acrylics are laid onto more or less matte backgrounds. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Philip Guston (1913-80)—A small memorial show of paintings and drawings culled from the works he did in the fifties, sixties, and seventies. Through Nov. 12. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

John Hartell—Paintings of architectural forms seen under a soft, diffused light. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Addie Herder—Shadow-box constructions in which a stylish assortment of the customary collage odds and ends are assembled into striking architectural façades and other conceits. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Jan Holcomb—Ceramic figures, three or four feet high and mostly grotesqueries, plus a few ceramic wall pieces in relief. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Art Latitude, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Georges Jeanclos—Small, fragile-looking terra-cotta sculptures in which a sleeping figure is seen wrapped in a sort of cocoon of heavy fabrics. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Forum, *1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)*

Susan Kahn—Paintings of dancers, studio models, and other figures by an artist who shows the marked influence of her teacher, the late Moses Soyer. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

György Kepes—Recent works—oil and sand in abstract patterns. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Betty Klavun—*Sculptures designed as* playhouses for children. Through Nov. 5. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Roger Mühl—Alpine landscapes done in pale colors by a painter who works mainly with a palette knife. *Through Nov. 5. (Findlay,* 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

John Sennhauser (1907-78)—Nonobjective paintings from the thirties and forties. Through Friday, Oct. 31. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Sylvia Sleigh—Rather stiff oil paintings—portraits of Michelle Stuart and Maureen Connor, nude males, and tondo full-face studies. Through Nov. 8. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Donald Sultan—Abstract works *in some of* which tar is used as a medium for drawing, and in others linoleum tiles are cut out and applied to painted board. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Randall Timmons—Two sculptural pieces made of found objects, finished and polished and painted. There are also colored abstract drawings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

N. C. Wyeth (1882-1945)—Paintings of the Wild West by this master of the hell-for-leather genre—broncobusting, Indians on the warpath, saloon gunfights, snarling grizzlies. Through Nov. 28. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open *Mondays.)*

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and drawings by Matisse, Picasso, Magritte, Jackson Pollock, Franz Kline, and others. Through Nov. 15. (Open Mondays.) . . . **FEIST,** 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings; among the earliest, a sixteenth-century self-portrait of Annibale Carracci; the most recent a twentieth-century watercolor by T. Panov. Through Nov. 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GOETHE HOUSE,** 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Forty-four prints and watercolors by German Expressionists (Böck-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

stiegel, Dix, Heckel, Rohlfs, and others) from a private collection. Through Nov. 15. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Abstract geometric paintings by Fritz Glarner, Carl Holty, and Albert Swinden. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: The season's opening show here offers paintings representing a broad stylistic and chronological range: e.g., John Trumbull's portrait of Alexander Hamilton (1792); two portraits by the folk artist Ammi Phillips (1814); and a flower still-life by Georgia O'Keeffe (1939). Through Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **HUTTON,** 33 E. 74th St.: Paintings by German Expressionists, among them Alexej Jawlensky, Gabriele Münter, and August Macke. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KNOWLTON,** 19 E. 71st St.: Paintings of interiors by five gallery artists: Frank Holmes, Frances Cohen Gillespie, Helen Miranda Wilson, Christin Couture, and Tommasi Ferroni. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **MATHES,** 19 E. 71st St.: "American Flower Painting 1850-1950," a survey that includes works by Demuth, O'Keeffe, and Glackens. Through Dec. 6. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A recently acquired Braque, dated 1926, is among the sparkling works in the current exhibition—Léger, Dufy, Vlaminck, and so on. Through Nov. 8. . . . **REED,** 120 E. 78th St.: Self-portraits by Americans. Those on view for the first time are by Alice Neel, Audrey Flack, Warren Brandt, Ben Schonzeit, and Ellsworth Kelly. Through Nov. 8. . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German Expressionists, among them Kirchner, Nolde, and Schiele. Through Nov. 29. (Opens at noon.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures from Harvard's Busch-Reisinger Museum. The museum, which collects European art exclusively, has loaned such twentieth-century works as Paul Klee's "Earth Spirits," Max Beckmann's "Self-Portrait in Tuxedo," and Ernst Barlach's "The Avenger." Through Friday, Oct. 24.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

AVIGDOR ARIKHA—Accomplished paintings and drawings by an Israeli artist who depicts everything around him—his sleeping wife, slices of bread, the landscape out the window, himself. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JAMES BISHOP—Minimalist paintings done in layers of white. Through Nov. 12. (Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RICHARD BOSMAN—Desperate situations depicted in an elementary style and bright, thickly painted oils—a sailor who is trying to unfurl the mainsail while the sail above him burns, e.g. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

GARY BOWER / EMILIO AMBASZ—Narrative paintings in which sketchily drawn figures (for the most part) illustrate the artist's notions about Matisse and a number of disparate other topics. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. / Drawings for and models of a projected underground summer house in Spain. Through Nov. 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

JON CARSMAN—Landscapes of small-town America, showing towering trees in black shadow and solid white houses gleaming in almost blinding sunlight. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

FRANCO CIARLO—New work in his established style—ancient-looking fragments of fresco paintings (his own) transferred to sheets of sheer cotton fabric about eight feet tall and four feet wide. Through Nov. 8. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES CLOUGH—Collages by an artist who glues clipped reproductions (of de Kooning, Delacroix, Courbet) to paper in random patterns, paints abstract swirls of enamel over them with his fingers, and cuts out the result for hanging on a wall. Also paintings based on these works. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Pam Adler, in a new location at 37 W. 57th St.)

JOSEPH DRAPELL—Paintings in which broad swipes of red acrylic, laid on with a big spatula, radiate from the center of the canvas to the edges. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

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JOHN FERREN (1905-70)—Abstract paintings dating from the thirties to the end of the fifties. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Watercolor caricatures of life in Tunisia, done with a delicacy of line and color that seem to soften the grotesqueries depicted—women hung up by their ankles, for one. Through Friday, Oct. 31. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

SONIA GECHTOFF—Severely formal abstract works in which rectangular areas of color are worked over, and transformed, by shading done with a hard pencil. Through Nov. 22. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

JOSEP GRAU-GARRIGA—Tapestries, collages, and large shaggy, three-dimensional wall hangings made of wool, jute, silk, cotton, wire, screening, and other materials. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

MAURICE GROSSER—Representational still-lifes and landscapes. Through Nov. 12. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

KYOHEI INUKAI—Landscapes, most of them done with special attention to the sky. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Suzuki, 38 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD KALINA / MARIANN LOVELAND MILLER—Decorative paintings whose central figures range from sea horses and lighthouses to tornadoes. Through Nov. 6. / Graphite drawings and oil paintings, allegorical in mood, all depicting a female nude seated in a cane chair and covered with voile netting. Through Thursday, Oct. 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

LILA KATZEN—Sculptural pieces of various sizes done in curled sheets of aluminum, steel, and brass. Through Tuesday, Oct. 28. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ELLEN LANYON—Gently surrealist drawings and paintings on avian and nature themes. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

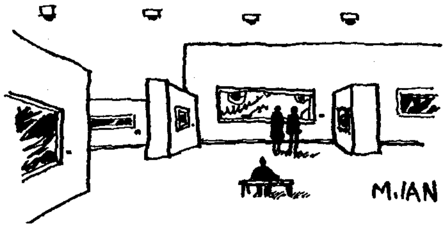
RAY LEWIS—Circles, semicircles, and arcs done in acrylics, pastel, and charcoal on cotton duck that has been stained here and there. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

BRICE MARDEN—Large abstract paintings (the largest is eight feet by fifteen) made up of dark, solid-color rectangular panels grouped together. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

HENRY MOORE—Recent small sculptures and a number of colored lithographs, many of them on view in New York for the first time. Through Nov. 29. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

NABIL NAHAS / DON BACHARDY—Large paintings in which countless strips of prismatic color are assembled in a kind of chaotic geometry. / Watercolor portrait heads—caricatures, really—done in vivid shades. Christopher Isherwood is prominent among the subjects. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

DOMENICO PALADINO—A member of a prominent group of Italian painters who both rebel against and make use of their aesthetic tradition. These works—paintings and drawings—are mostly abstract. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)



BEVERLY PEPPER—Cast-steel columns seven to ten feet tall. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

J. ESTEBAN PEREZ—Variations on a checkerboard theme done in fired enamel on steel panels by a Chilean artist. Through Nov. 8. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

JAMES RISSER—Collages on paper reflecting the artist's travels in Europe, Mexico, and Japan. Several of the works incorporate Japanese maps upon which a child's arithmetic lesson is superimposed by a transfer process. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—A show of new works includes the controversial "Gay Liberation," which looks unexceptionable enough in this setting. Among other figures are two steel puddlers standing before the door of a white-hot blast furnace. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Janis, in new quarters at 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MILLARD SHEETS—Recent paintings by this peripatetic artist—African women, Pennsylvania barns with their hex signs, Minnesota rivers French Alps. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29 (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays closed Saturdays.)

WILLIAM TILLYER—Abstract collages and watercolors based on architectural elements Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Jacobson, 24 W 57th St.)

JOHN WILLENBECHER—Painted sculptural work consisting of a dozen good-size wood or Masonite cones, spheres, and pyramids (in varying combinations) strung like a necklace o heavy rope. There are also other wall pieces called "Grottos," which suggest cathedral en trances. Through Nov. 8. (Hamilton, 20 W 57th St.)

SUSAN WILMARTH—Dark-toned encaustic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Esman, 2 W. 57th St.)

ZUKA / OLIVER STEINDECKER—Huge, dazzlin paper collages involving California Indians the artist, a California woman now residen in Paris, is a student of West Coast India history. / Paintings in which discrete geomet ric forms are seen against a muted, solid-colo background. Through Saturday, Oct. 25 (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICA ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Thre hundred woodcuts (by Will Barnet, Child Hassam, Anne Ryan, and others) dating fro 1850 to 1950. Through Saturday, Nov. 1 (Open Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St German portrait drawings that date from th late nineteenth century to the thirties b Corinth, Klimt, Modersohn-Becker, and oth ers. Through Friday, Oct. 31. (Opens at noo on Saturdays.) . . . **HAMMER,** 33 W. 57th St Examples of French painting from Impres sionism through 1910, with works by Renoi van Dongen, Dufy, Utrillo, and other Through Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E 57th St.: Works on paper by Isabel Bisho Paul Cadmus, William Palmer, Richard Ma hew, Robert Vickrey, and Emlen Ettin Through Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **OOSTEROM,** 5 W. 57th St.: Works in which the huma figure is an element, by seven artists, amon them Ed Askew, Pinchas Cohen Gan, an Philip Guston. Through Nov. 4.

NOTE—Pierre Cardin, to celebrate the openin of his fashion salon at 53 East 57th Stree has put on display a hundred paintings an sculptures selected by the French critic Andr Parinaud to show what has been going on i the art world outside the United States sinc 1950. Many of the artists are already we known here—Balthus, Christo, Botero, Du buffet, Matta, Tinguely—but there are su prises enough in the collection, and the se ting is very high-toned. Through Friday, Oc 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

JOHN BALDESSARI / ALBERT RENGER-PATZSCH (189 1966)—Conceptual works with photograph / Vintage photographs of industrial sites an architecture. Through Nov. 8. (Sonnaben 420 West Broadway.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Two huge murals, recor

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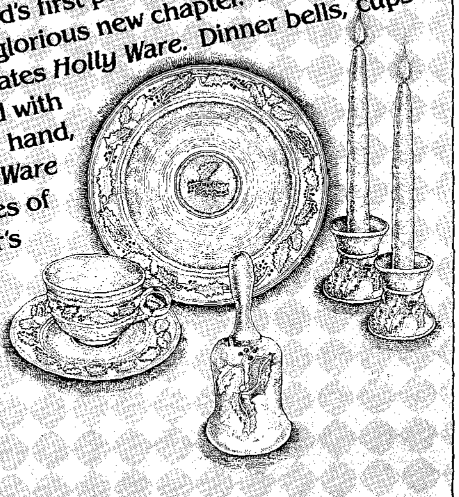

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CHINA AS IRISH AS IRELAND

structed for this show by the artist from the original sketches done for two W.P.A. projects, are seen to advantage on the walls of this new SoHo branch of the Washburn gallery, at 113 Greene St. Other Bolotowsky works, dated 1935-45, are on view at the uptown gallery, at 42 E. 57th St. Through Saturday, Nov. 1.

Jonathan Borofsky—Paintings, sculptures, videotapes. Through Nov. 15. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Paul Brown—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 8. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Eugenio Carmi—Abstract works done in embroidery on quilted cloth or in acrylics on canvas. Through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Muriel Castanis / Duane Hanson—In these ghostly sculptures, clearly outlined classical figures seem to be present under voluminous shrouds, but there is nothing there at all except the drapery, which is made of cloth stiffened with resin. / A new group of this artist's life-size, super-lifelike painted sculptures—a seated man with his leg in an autographed cast, a cleaning woman with all her paraphernalia. . . . ¶ In the front gallery are three massive sculptures by Jay Wholley—oak tree trunks sawed down the middle and supported on Corten-steel frames. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Hilo Chen / Susan Pear Meisel—Photo-Realist paintings of nudes, often basking on a downtown rooftop. / Sketchily painted acrylics of Washington, D.C., architecture. These, by the way, are shown in one of several new rooms just opened by the gallery. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Diane Churchill—Drawings of flowers and birds, mostly owls, shown together with decorative arrangements of dried twigs, leaves, and branches. Through Wednesday, Oct. 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Marilyn Crockett / Mark Meloy—Checkerboard arrangements, five feet square, of graduated colors painted on linen. / Constructivist compositions of large, hard-edge geometric shapes painted in primary colors. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Joe Goode / David Hatchett—Pairs of solid-color panels (blue and green, say) framed as diptychs and accented by the artist with a 20-gauge shotgun, which he fires at the works from about forty feet away, using No. 8 birdshot. The resulting perforations reveal layers of other colors underneath. / Abstract sculptures, some freestanding and some suspended, made of wood and found objects. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Mary Grigoriadis—Pattern paintings done in a thick impasto and in Byzantine designs that might have been borrowed from old-time movie-palace decorations. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Elaine Huyer—Abstract oils. Through Nov. 9. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Open Sundays.)

Andrew Jansons / Kathlyn Ince—Small abstract acrylics. / Paintings of greenhouses. Through Nov. 6. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Mel Kendrick—Outsize, freestanding wooden sculptures that have a spidery aspect, although they are made of rugged white-cedar timbers bolted together. There are also smaller, more delicate wall pieces. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Stephen Mueller—Large canvases on which a single ambiguous organic form emerges from a rather misty background. Through Nov. 6. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

Ann Norton—Craggy sculptures hacked and sawed out of big blocks of cedar. The artist calls them "Gateways." Through Nov. 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Harold Olejarz—A seven-foot-high installation described by the artist as being composed of thousands of honey-colored wood bricks. Through Sunday, Oct. 26. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays.)

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Ray Parker—Large, recent abstract paintings in which big solid-color areas are offset by a scattering of freehand nervous lines. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Cuningham, 94 Prince St. Opens at 2 on Saturdays.)

Martin Ramirez (1885-1960)—Twenty drawings and collages by a naïf artist who virtually spent his life in a mental hospital. Through Nov. 8. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Paul Rickert—Nocturnal paintings, for the most part, in which the lights of a railroad station or along a rainswept highway form spectral cones in the misty darkness. Through Nov. 5. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Paul Sarkisian—Large trompe-l'oeil paintings. Through Nov. 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Francesc Torres—A video installation and a sculptural work that comments on Marxism via a rotating copy of the Communist Manifesto. Through Nov. 8. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Alan Turner—Recent paintings by an artist much attracted to wooded landscapes. Some of the pictures are abstract, some realistic. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

William Wegman / Donna Dennis—20 x 24 Polaroids made at the Polaroid laboratories in Cambridge with a camera the size of a refrigerator; the subjects are a dog and a woman (who in one series is making faces at the lens). / The sterile bleakness of tiled subway entrances is caught in drawings and small maquettes by this artist, who specializes in the field. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Gary Wiley—Colorful drawings in mixed mediums, plus three-dimensional cutout wall pieces. Through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Toll, 138 Prince St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli**, 420 West Broadway: Drawings, models, and plans for houses designed by Emilio Ambasz, Peter Eisenman, Vittorio Gregotti, Arata Isozaki, Charles Moore, Cesar Pelli, Cedric Price, and Oswald Mathias Ungers. Through Nov. 15. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: In a show of works on paper by eleven artists, Jim Richard has drawings of suburban interiors and exteriors colored with felt-tip pens and gouache; and Thomas Lo Cicero has large watercolors of flowers. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Françoise Gilot—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs. Through Nov. 21. (Maison Française, Columbia University, East Hall, Broadway at 116th St. Mondays through Fridays, 12:30 to 5.)

Kenneth Price—Small (around four inches) ceramic sculptures executed between 1972 and 1974. Through Friday, Oct. 24. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Margot Robinson—Abstract sculptures—small ones in bronze and larger ones in wood—plus paintings in oil or acrylic. Through Nov. 2. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Thomas A. Rose / Larry Clark—An enclosure, built with wood and hardware cloth, that holds ladders, chairs, toys, and so forth. / Photographs of teen-age habitués of Forty-second Street. Through Nov. 15. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Elfi Schuselka—Painted and layered mesh-fabric constructions. Through Nov. 15. (Condeso-Lawler, 119 W. 25th St.)

Kurt Vonnegut—Fifty felt-tip-pen drawings: semi-abstract figures, faces, and objects. Through Nov. 15. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays.)

Charles White (1918-79)—A loan show of forty works by the figurative artist. Through Dec. 5. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Group Show—An exhibit that includes a forbidding black structure, twelve feet high, called "A Powerhouse for Adam Smith," by Lauren Ewing. Through its windows one can watch messages flashed on a video screen ("Clash and Recoil" or "Identical Gestures"). Other artists represented are Agnes Denes, Vernon Fisher, Stephen Prina, and David Reed. Through Dec. 4. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Victor Keppler—Advertising photographs. Through Nov. 8. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Sheila Metzner—Soft-focus color prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

László Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—Photograms, photographs, and photoplastiks. Through Nov. 8. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Arnold Newman / Luigi Ghirri—Portraits of four decades. / Photographs of contemporary Italy. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Keiichi Tahara—Photographs of views from Paris windows. Through Nov. 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Philip Trager / Charles Pratt (1926-76)—Photographs of New York architecture, from ten studies of Harlem houses (and their details) to the Guggenheim Museum and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company tower. / Photographs of gardens. Through Dec. 6. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

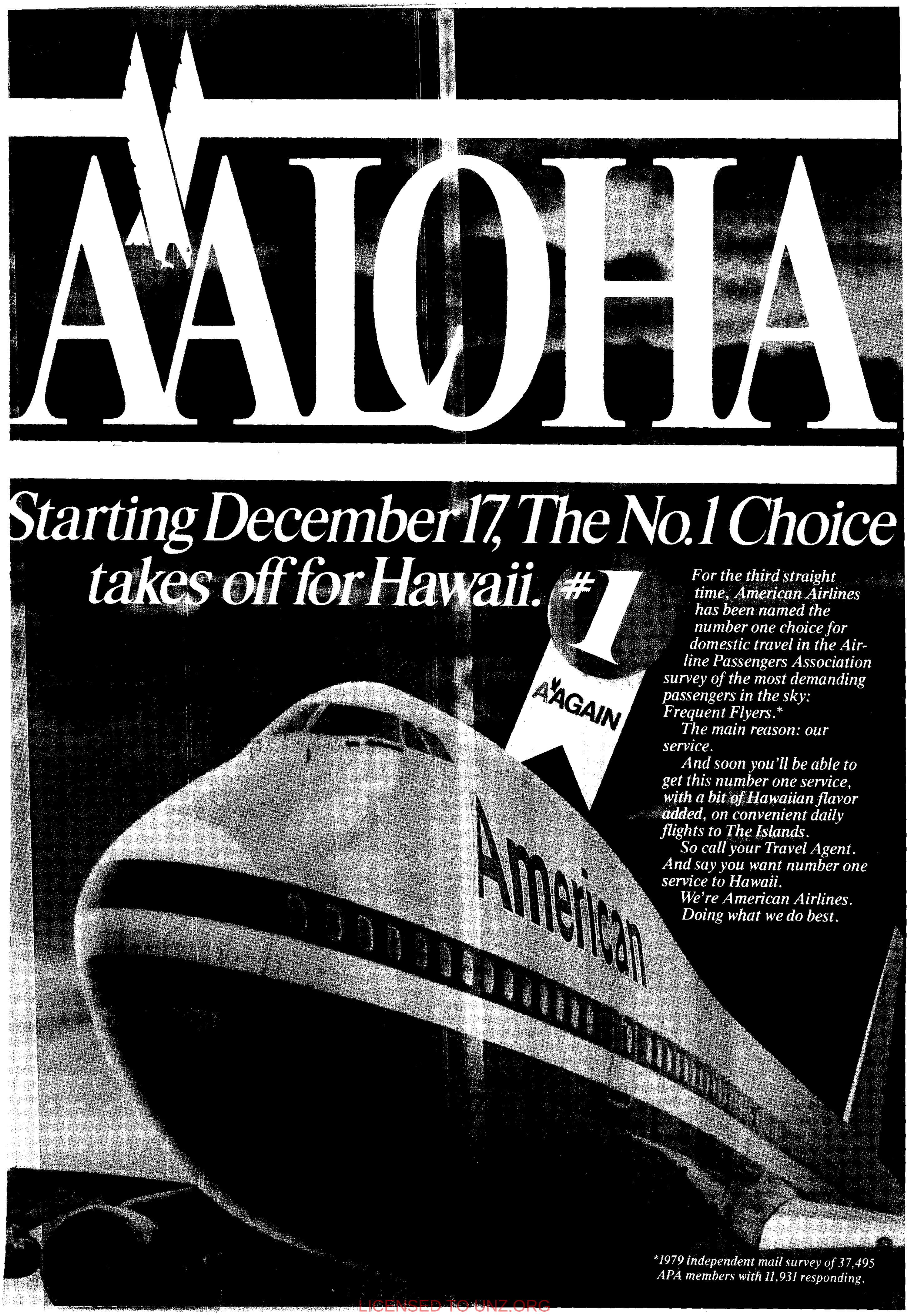
Fashion Photography—Two shows: Works by George Hoyningen-Huené (1900-68), an early contributor to *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. . . . ¶ A selection (by Diana Vreeland) of fifty black-and-white photographs, including portraits of Josephine Baker, Chanel, and Audrey Hepburn, by Horst, Irving Penn, Deborah Turbeville, and others. Both shows through Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

La Maison Bonfils—A show of turn-of-the-century photographs has been mounted at the Jewish Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **80 washington square east galleries**, New York University: A juried exhibition, open to all American photographers; six thousand entries yielded two hundred and seventy-one works. Merrill Roseman won first prize. Through Friday, Oct. 31. (Tuesdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **westbeth**, 155 Bank St.: More than a hundred photographs by eight artists, among them Louis Faurer, Shelley Seccombe, William Gamble, and Tom Haar. Through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of gold and silver jewelry, gilt-



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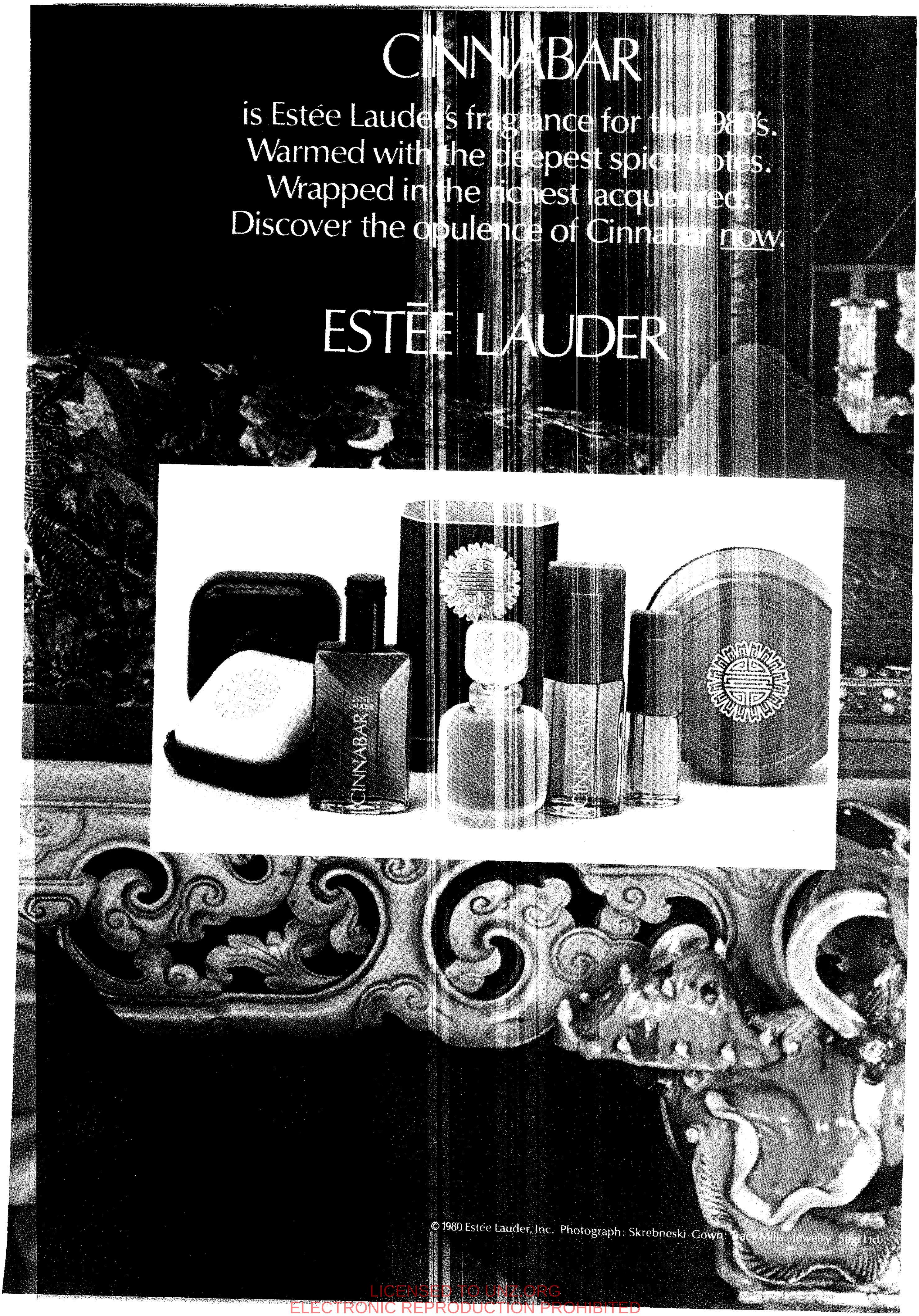
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CINNABAR
CINNABAR

CINNABAR

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Discover the opulence of Cinnabar now.

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MELLOWED IN AGED OAK
ORIGINAL
SMOOTH
RARE BLEND
E&J
BRANDY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY E & J DISTILLERS
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bronze objects, stone, wood, and ivory carvings, and other *cartes de visite* the Vikings left behind in Denmark, England, and elsewhere. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A loan show from the Nigerian government: perhaps a hundred artifacts dating from 500 B.C. to the nineteenth century and representing seven cultures. (Most of them were unearthed only in the past forty years.) Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ About a hundred and forty Japanese lacquer boxes, dating from the seventeenth century to the twentieth, and ranging in size from the tiny inro to large picnic boxes. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A historical survey of monotypes; the hundred or so prints are by Rembrandt, Gauguin, Milton Avery, Jim Dine, and others. Through Dec. 7. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight drawings by French artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; from the Lehman Collection. Through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of nearly a hundred photographs by William Klein. Shown primarily by slide projection, the works are street scenes in New York, Rome, Moscow, and Tokyo. Starts Thursday, Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A large three-dimensional aluminum mural and other works, fifty-five in all, by Yaacov Agam. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Nov. 2.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Edward Hopper, beginning with schoolboy drawings of locomotives and horse-drawn wagons; going on to his earnest art-student studies; and culminating in such masterpieces as "Early Sunday Morning," "Coast Guard Station," and "Lighthouse at Two Lights." The painstaking preliminary sketches for many of the celebrated paintings are also shown. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ Six installations by James Turrell, a California artist who uses natural and artificial light as both his medium and his subject. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of twenty paintings, drawings, and photographs by Charles Sheeler, from the permanent collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Dinner Party," Judy Chicago's sculptural tour de force of a table with place settings for thirty-nine celebrated women, real and fictional. Through Jan. 18. . . . ¶ In 1921, the sculptor Constantin Brancusi began to photograph his works in progress and his studio, and he continued to do so until his death, in 1957. Seventy-three of these vintage prints are on loan from the Musée National d'Art Moderne. Through Nov. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Brancusi opens at 1:15 Wednesdays, and closes at 12:30 Saturdays.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Gardner D. Stout Hall of Asian Peoples, a permanent exhibition of the museum's vast collection of Asian ethnographic materials—from the contents of a Bedouin tent to a Siberian *yakut*—as well as rare art objects. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than two hundred Chinese jades from the Han dynasty to the Ch'ing (animal sculptures, small vessels, and decorative ornaments in stones that range in color from white to dark brown). All but a fraction are from Hong Kong collections. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—The origins and various guises of the "wild man"—the mythical figure so popular in medieval art—are explored in this show of some sixty objects: a woodcut of a werewolf by Lucas Cranach the Elder, a pair of gilded-and-enamelled ewers (once belonging to the Order of Teutonic Knights), a Swiss tapestry entitled "Wild Folk Working the Land." Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A survey of Chinese, European, and American wallcoverings, dating from the late seventeenth century to the early twentieth. Through Sunday, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ "Electroworks": A display of more than two hundred and fifty works produced on photocopiers over the past twenty-five years, including examples by Bruno Munari, Pati Hill, E. F. Higgins III, and Buster Cleveland. Through Nov. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

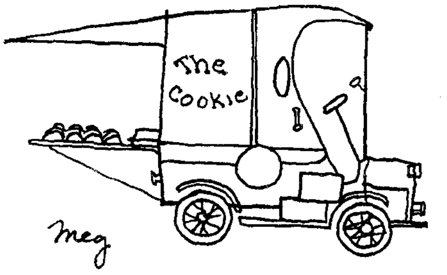
Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—H. L. Mencken's centenary is the occasion for a show of his manuscripts, correspondence, first editions, and periodicals. Through Dec. 6. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Acrylic-and-metallic-powder paintings by Tadaaki Kuwayama, and animated sculptures by Rikuro Okamoto. Through Sunday, Oct. 26. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Travel photographs of the Near East of nearly a hundred years ago taken by La Maison Bonfils, a firm operated in Beirut by a French family (Felix and Lydie Bonfils and their son, Adrien). Among the souvenir photographs are views of Jerusalem, Cairo, and the Dead Sea, and portraits of Bedouins. . . . ¶ Andy Warhol has done a set of portraits of twentieth-century Jews: Bernhardt, Brandeis, Buber, Einstein, Freud, Gershwin, Kafka, the Marx Brothers, Meir, and Gertrude Stein. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) Both shows through Jan. 4.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of botanical illustrations from printed books, sketchbooks, and albums, as well as paintings and drawings of plants and flowers. The earliest item is a tenth-century Byzantine manuscript on herbal remedies by Dioscorides; there is a seventeenth-century book of floral designs by Pierre Vallet; and drawings by Georg Dionysius Ehret and Pierre-Joseph Redouté. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—There are a hundred and forty whirligigs and wind toys—promised gifts from the collection of Dorothy and Leo Rabkin—in this show, which includes wooden figures as small as a few inches high and others six feet tall. Of special interest are the complex whirligigs consisting of several figures, each performing a chore or activity. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)



National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—An annual show of paintings, this year by twenty-three contemporary artists, sponsored by the Henry Ward Ranger Fund, which will purchase some of the works as gifts to museums. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of architectural sculptures by George Smith. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the abstract paintings of Edward Clark. Through Jan. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Anne Bean and Harry Kipper (performance), Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30; James Green (audio works), Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8:30; a show of copies of *291*, *Dada*, and other publications from the years 1909-29, on loan from the Museum of Modern Art, through Nov. 29.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Edouard Lock and Dancers (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 30-Nov. 2, at 8:30; a videotape by Frank Gillette, through Saturday, Nov. 1.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Political images in photographs is the theme for nearly a dozen of the exhibitions in this former school building. Through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2: Videotapes by four artists.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 879-5512, and for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Sylvia Yorke, Martha Sheil, Faith Esham, Justino Díaz, Carlos Chausson, and Joseph Evans; conducted by John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8: A new production of Otto Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Carol Vaness, RoseMarie Freni, Janice Hall, William Wildermann, Vinson Cole, Stephen Dickson, and Dan Sullivan; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, June Anderson, Michele Molese, Frederick Burchinal, Robert Hale, and Robert McFarland; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 2: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Carol Vaness, RoseMarie Freni, Janice Hall, William Wildermann, Vinson Cole, Stephen Dickson, and Dan Sullivan; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Sylvia Yorke, Martha Sheil, Faith Esham, Justino Díaz, Carlos Chausson, and Joseph Evans; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 27, at 9: A benefit farewell program honoring Beverly Sills will feature an appearance by Miss Sills in the second act of "Die Fledermaus." Among the other performers will be Kitty Carlisle, Placido Domingo, Eileen Farrell, Nicolai Gedda, Mary Martin, Ethel Merman, and Bobby Short. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Carol Vaness, RoseMarie Freni, Janice Hall, William Wildermann, Vinson Cole, Stephen Dickson, and Dan Sullivan; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Cinderella," with Susanne Marsee, June Anderson, Dana Krueger, Rockwell Blake, Alan

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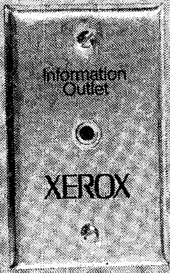

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Titus, and James Billings; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Judith Rhodus, Carol Vaness, Joanna Simon, Nadia Pelle, Michele Molese, and Justino Díaz; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2: "Cinderella," with Susanne Marsee, June Anderson, Dana Krueger, Rockwell Blake, Alan Titus, and James Billings; Brian Salesky. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: "The Merry Wives of Windsor," with Glenys Fowles, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Carol Gutknecht, Herbert Beattie, Bruce Reed, Stephen Dickson, and Ralph Bassett; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 9.)

Goldovsky Grand Opera Company—A performance of Rossini's "The Barber of Seville," in English. (Lehman Hall, Lehman College, Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7.)

The Vampire—An opera by Heinrich Marschner, based on the novel by Byron and Polidori. Michael Feingold is responsible for the English translation. (Good Shepherd Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2. For information about tickets, call 575-1558.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday, Oct. 23, and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8 (all with Nathan Milstein, violin). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting on Friday, Oct. 24, at 8, and Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30 (all with Philip Myers, horn). . . . ¶ James Conlon conducting on Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8; Friday, Oct. 31, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 7:30 (all with Garrick Ohlsson, piano).

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Lorin Maazel conducting—Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: A Beethoven-Mahler program, with Murray Perahia, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 8: A varied program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8: The New York première of Luciano Berio's music-drama "Coro," with the Cologne Radio Chorus.

National Arts Centre Orchestra of Canada—Mario Bernardi directing a performance of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" in concert form, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; Linda Zoghby and Nancy Hermiston, sopranos; and the Cantata Singers of Ottawa. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

San Francisco Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Edo de Waart conducting—Monday, Oct. 27, at 8: An all-Beethoven program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8: A program that includes the New York première of Luciano Berio's "Entrata;" *no soloists*. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8: A program that includes the New York première of David Del Tredici's "Happy Voices," with Judith Blegen, soprano, and Mr. Stern.

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting, with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano, and Carol Wincenc, flute. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Orpheus—Twenty-six wind and string players who perform without a conductor, with Heinz Holliger, oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—Seymour Lipkin conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Endymion Ensemble—Jon Goldberg conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Magda Tagliaferro, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting a Bach-Wagner program, with Albert Markov, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

RECITALS

Lee Hoiby—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

The Scholars—An ensemble from England in a program of a-cappella music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

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David Davis—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Michael Newman—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Paula Robison and Carol Wincenc, flute; Timothy Eddy, cello; and Samuel Sanders, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24-25, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 26, at 2.)

Lionel Party—Harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 3.)

David Golub—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Saints, Sovereigns & Sinners." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Michael May—Harpsichord, with assisting artists. (Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Emanuel Ax, Young-Uck Kim, and Yo-yo Ma—Piano, violin, and cello. With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3.)

Charles Rosen—Piano, *in the first of two all*-Beethoven programs. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3.)

Natan Brand—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 3.)

Mirecourt Trio—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Vida Chenoweth—Marimba. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano, with Eliot Fisk, classical guitar, and Carol Wincenc, flute, in a program of Spanish songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 8.)

Rhonda Rider—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. *Tuesday, Oct. 28*, at 8.)

Paul O'Dette—Lutenist. (Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Malcolm Bilson—Fortepiano. (Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The first two in a series of eight concerts of music from medieval and Renaissance times. With George Mgrdichian, oud. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 30, and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Players Three—Linda Comparone, flute; Daryl Goldberg, cello; and Elizabeth Rogers, piano; with Carol Ann Page, soprano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Rebecca La Brecque—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—With Rafael Druian, violin, in the second of three all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Alvin Brehm, bass; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Leonard Arner, oboe; Loren Glickman, bassoon; André-Michel Schub, piano; and Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 5.)

Raili Viljakainen—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:30.)

Isaac Stern and . . .—A program of solo and chamber music, with Leonard Rose and William De Rosa, cello; Yefim Bronfman, piano; Cho-liang Lin and Joseph Swensen, violin; and Vincent Lionti, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Bruno Leonardo Gelber—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Music From Marlboro—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 8:05): Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Thursday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER** (*all games at 8:05*): Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Washington, Friday, Oct. 31. (Piscataway, N.J. For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 25:** Boston College vs. Army, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Columbia, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Rutgers, at Syracuse, at 1. . . . **SUNDAY, OCT. 26:** Manhattan vs. Stony Brook, at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 1:** Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Holy Cross, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Yale, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Iona, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Notre Dame, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse, at 1. . . . ¶ *Trinity vs. Amherst*, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Denver Broncos. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Oct. 26, at 1.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Miami Dolphins. (Shea Stadium. Monday, Oct. 27, at 9.)

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Sunday, Oct. 26, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Nov. 1. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Kelso Handicap, Friday, Oct. 24; the Turf Classic, Saturday, Oct. 25; the Long Island Handicap, Sunday, Oct. 26; and the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 30. The Gardenia, Thursday, Oct. 23, and the Young America, Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through

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$$\text{AERO HP} = C_D \times A \times q \times V$$

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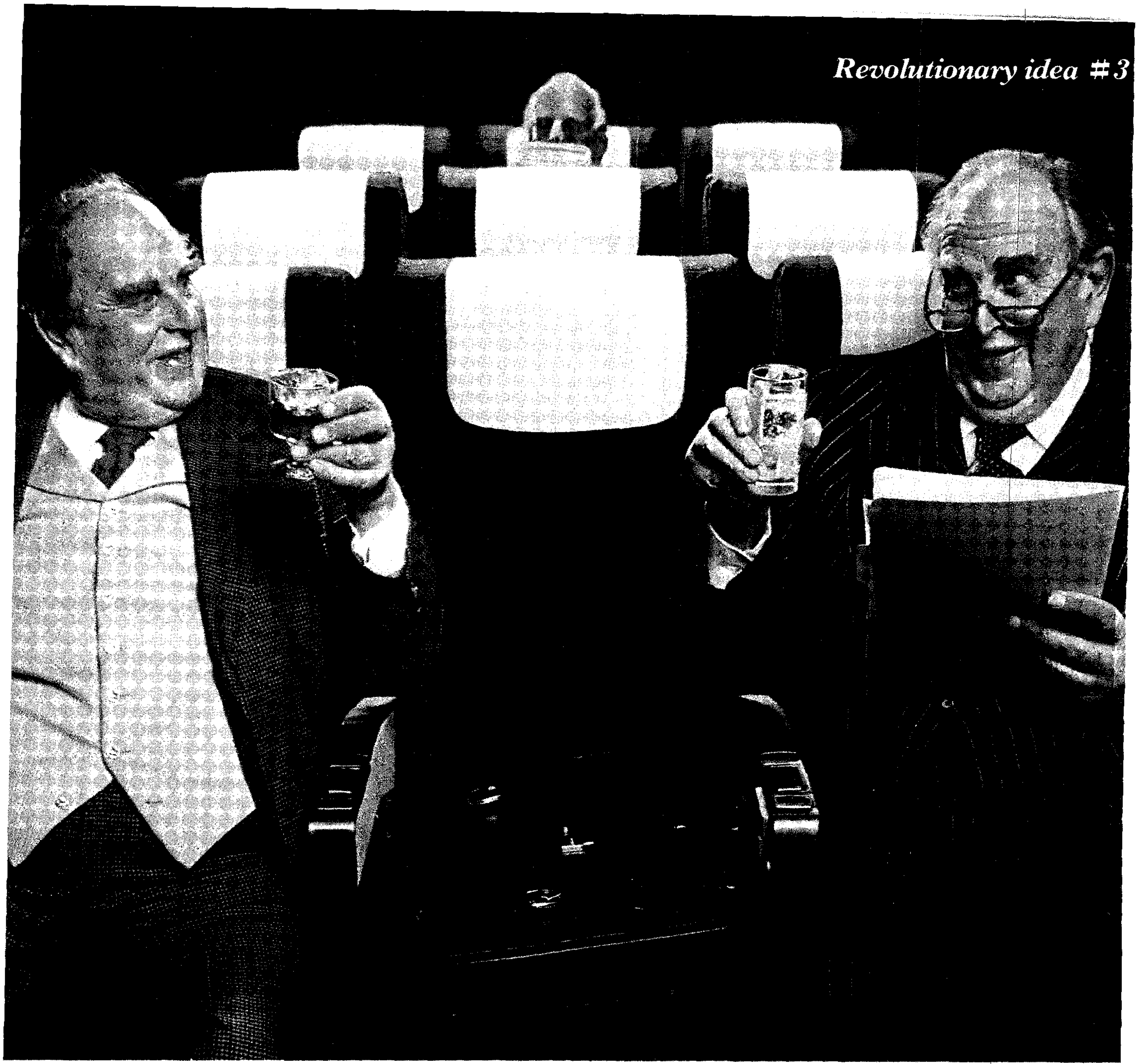
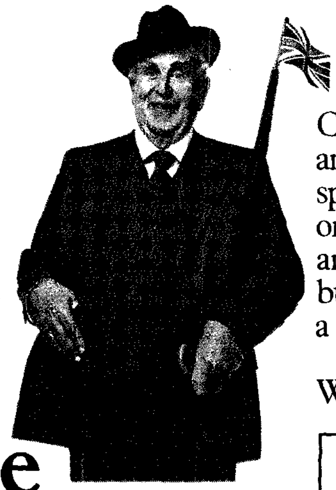


“The drinks are on us in Club Class.™ Cheers!”



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Join the British Revolution

British airways

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday, Dec. 31. The Laurel Futurity, Saturday, Oct. 25, and the Selima, Saturday, Nov. 1.

Running—The New York City Marathon, with the course winding through all five boroughs, will start at 10:30 on Sunday, Oct. 26, at the tollbooth plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island and end near the Tavern-on-the-Green, at West 66th St., at approximately 12:45.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Oct. 29. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8, from Thursday, Oct. 30, through Wednesday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

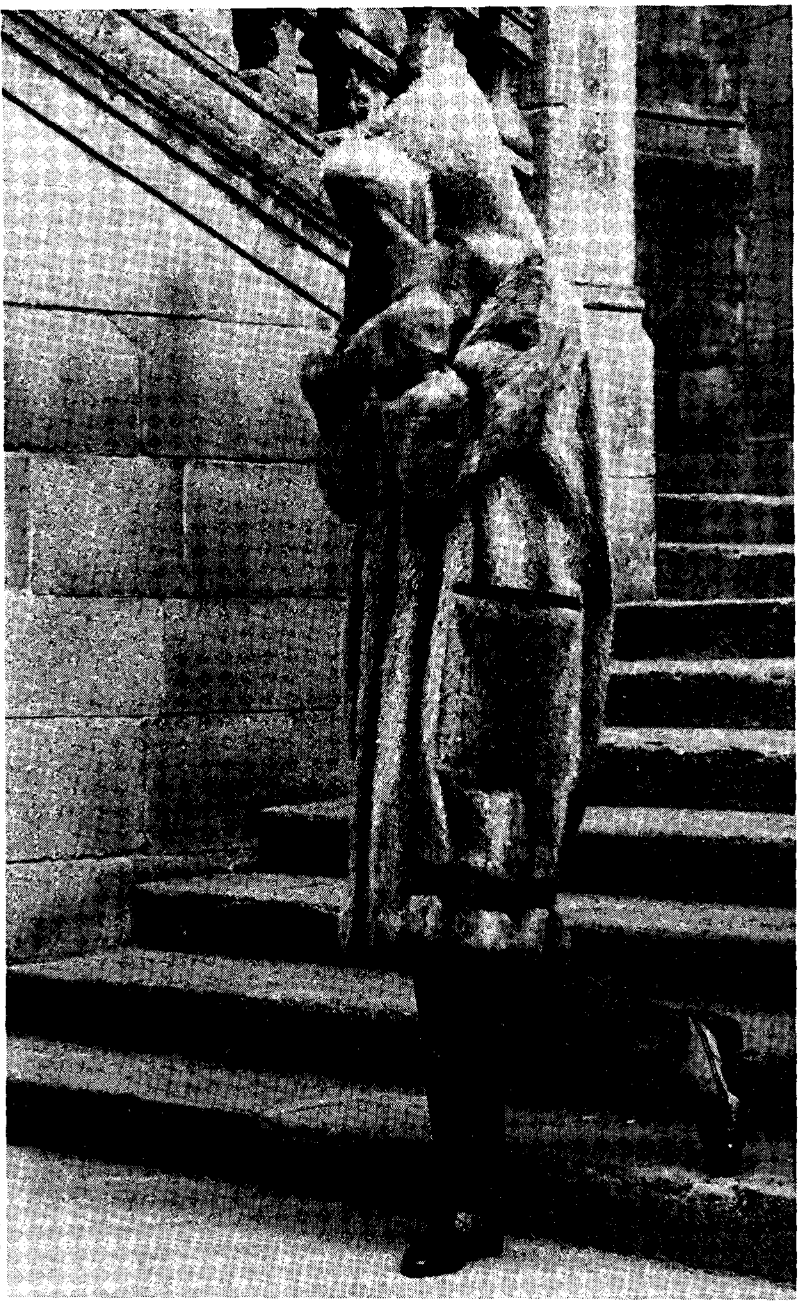
Poetry Readings—Robert Bly reading from his own works and from translations he has made. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8.) . . . ¶ Yehuda Amichai reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 27, at 8.) . . . ¶ John Hollander and William Jay Smith reading from their own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.)

Fall Antiques Show—An Americana show, including Shaker furniture and accessories, nineteenth-century tin advertising signs, and Art Deco objects. (Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 54th St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, from 1 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 2, noon to 5.)

Walking Tour—"Upper Fifth Avenue," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 26, starting at Fifth Avenue and 89th Street, at 2. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 23, at 10:15: Modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 2: Impressionist and modern drawings and watercolors. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, including a group of German works from the estate of Helen Janssen Wetzel, as well as two allegorical paintings by Gustave Doré. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 23. . . . **SOTHEBY'S YORK AVENUE GALLERIES**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 22-23, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Oct. 24, at 10:15: Watches, clocks, and *objets de vertu*. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 23, at 2: Contemporary Chinese paintings. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese ceramics and other works of art. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 24, at 2, and Saturday, Oct. 25, at 10:15: Gold, enamel, and hardstone boxes; portrait miniatures; Continental ivories; Chinese Export porcelain; European ceramics; and Chinese works of art. The property of Mr. and Mrs. Harris Masterson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 25, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese furniture, rugs, textiles, and decorative paintings. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 10:15 and 2: English and Continental silver. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Oriental works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 2; Friday, Oct. 31, at 10:15 and 2; and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 10:15: French and American furniture; Berlin, Meissen, and Viennese enamels; Continental ivories; figural and animalier bronzes; English, Continental, and American silver; clocks; and rugs—all from the Victorian Era. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 10: English and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu*. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **PHILLIPS**, 525 E. 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Tuesday, Oct. 28, at 2: Oriental rugs. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 25.

Daylight Saving Time—Ends on Sunday, Oct. 26. Turn the clock back an hour



Photographed at the Gaudi Gardens, Barcelona, Spain.

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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 30. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; Tuesdays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Third Generation." (No performances on Monday, Oct. 27.)

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Oct. 28: "Blood Feud" and "Swept Away."
From Oct. 29: "Cousin, Cousine" and "Till Marriage Do Us Part."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 23: "Fame" and "Carny."
Oct. 24-30: "My Bodyguard" and "Rich Kids."
From Oct. 31: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 23: "The Baltimore Bullet."
From Oct. 24: "Loving Couples."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Stardust Memories."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 23: "Divine Madness."
From Oct. 24: "The First Deadly Sin."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Elephant Man."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Middle Age Crazy."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Private Benjamin."

Penthouse East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior."

Manhattan 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through Oct. 30: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."
From Oct. 31: "Gloria."

Manhattan 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
"Worlds Apart."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Stardust Memories."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Elephant Man."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Fade to Black."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Oct. 30: "Gloria."
From Oct. 31: "Touched by Love."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through Oct. 23: "Eraserhead."
From Oct. 24: "Loving Couples."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Oct. 23: "Somewhere in Time."
From Oct. 24: "Motel Hell."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"One-Trick Pony."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Melvin and Howard."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through Oct. 23: "Hopscotch."
From Oct. 24: "It's My Turn."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
"The Stunt Man."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ordinary People."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Oct. 23: "Fame."
Oct. 24-30: "My Brilliant Career."
From Oct. 31: "My Bodyguard."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through Oct. 23: "Somewhere in Time."
From Oct. 24: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 23: "Song of the South."
Oct. 24-30: "Schizoid."
From Oct. 31: "Borderline."

Loews Orpheum 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 23: "The Chinese Connection" and "Fists of Fury."
From Oct. 24: "The First Deadly Sin."

Loews Orpheum 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Oct. 23: "Middle Age Crazy."
From Oct. 24: "Loving Couples."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 23: "The Baltimore Bullet."
From Oct. 24: "Motel Hell."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Fade to Black."
Theatre 2: "Private Benjamin."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Oct. 23: "Somewhere in Time."
From Oct. 24: "Hopscotch."

Greenwich Playhouse 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 30: "The Great Santini."
From Oct. 31: "Gloria."

Greenwich Playhouse 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 23: "Willie & Phil."
From Oct. 24 (tentative): "Private Benjamin."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."
Theatre 2: "Fade to Black."
Theatre 3: "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith."
Theatre 4: "Middle Age Crazy."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Oct. 23: "The Great Santini."
From Oct. 24: "Song of the South."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Times Square."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The Elephant Man."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Stunt Man."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Stardust Memories."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Bye Bye Brazil."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Man Who Fell to Earth."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Oct. 23: "Airplane!"
From Oct. 24: "Loving Couples."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Every Man for Himself."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Loulou."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Through Oct. 30: "Make Room for Tomorrow."
From Oct. 31: "Gloria."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Airplane!"
Theatre 2: "Song of the South."
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 23: "The Baltimore Bullet." From Oct. 24: "Private Benjamin."
Theatre 4: "Middle Age Crazy."

New Yorker 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Oct. 23: "Bad Timing/A Sensua Obsession."
From Oct. 24: "Hopscotch."

New Yorker 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Through Oct. 23: "The Arabian Nights."
Oct. 24-30: "Bad Timing/A Sensual Obsession."
From Oct. 31: "Rockers."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-3128)
Through Oct. 23: "Smokey and the Bandi II" and "The Nude Bomb."
Oct. 24-30: "The Great Santini" and "Jus Tell Me What You Want."
From Oct. 31: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Theatre closed.
Theatre 2: "Somewhere in Time." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 23: "Mother's Day.' From Oct. 24: "Hopscotch." (†)
Theatre 4: "Fame." (†)
Theatre 5: "Divine Madness." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 23: "Song of the South." (†)
Oct. 24-30: "Fists of Fury" (†) and "Th Chinese Connection." (†)
From Oct. 31: "Gloria." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 23: "Airplane!" († From Oct. 24: "Loving Couples." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 23: "Middle Ag Crazy." (†) From Oct. 24: "Airplane!" (†)
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 23: "Foolir Around." From Oct. 24: "Terror Train."

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Oct. 23: "Terror Train."
From Oct. 24: "Motel Hell." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Ordinary People." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Oct. 23: "The Chinese Connection (†) and "Fists of Fury." (†)
From Oct. 24: "It's My Turn." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Oct. 23: "Hopscotch." (†)
From Oct. 24: "The First Deadly Sin." (†)

Movieland (formerly called the Forum), B'wa at 47th. (757-8320)
"Private Benjamin." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Fade to Black." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Oct. 23: "Bloodeaters" and "Nigl of the Demon."
Oct. 24-30: "Beneath the Valley of the U travixens" and "Supervixens."
From Oct. 31: "Borderline." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Oct. 23: "The Exterminator" ar "Death Ship."
From Oct. 24: "The Exterminator" ar "Prom Night."

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Oct. 23: "The Baltimore Bullet." (†)
From Oct. 24: "Schizoid." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560
Oct. 22: "The Ruling Class" (1972), directe by Peter Medak, with Peter O'Toole.
Oct. 23: "Abashiri Prison #3: Duel on tl Wharf" (1965), in Japanese, directed t Teruo Ishi, with Ken Takakura; ar "Samurai Rebellion" (1967), in Japanes directed by Masaki Kobayashi, with T shiro Mifune.
Oct. 24: "Coming Home" (1978), directed t Hal Ashby, with Jane Fonda, Jon Voigh and Bruce Dern; and "Norma Rae" (197 directed by Martin Ritt, with Sally Fiel Ron Leibman, and Beau Bridges.
Oct. 25: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970), Italian, directed by Federico Fellini.
Oct. 26: "North by Northwest" (1959), d rected by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ca Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason.
Oct. 27: "Gates of Heaven" (1978), documentary, directed by Errol Morris.
Oct. 28: "Samurai, Part I: The Legend Musashi" (1954), in Japanese, directed t Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; ar

"Enter Kyoshiro, the Swordsman" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Tokuzo Tanaka.

Oct. 29: "Love in the Afternoon" (†); and "Two for the Road" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney.

Oct. 30: "Samurai, Part II: "Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Kyoshiro: A Trail of Traps" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Kazuo Ikehiro.

Oct. 31: "The Exorcist" (1973), directed by William Friedkin, with Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, and Linda Blair; and "Exorcist II: The Heretic" (1977), directed by John Boorman, with Linda Blair, Richard Burton, Louise Fletcher, and Max von Sydow.

Nov. 1: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Oct. 23: A program of films starring Giulietta Masina—"Nights of Cabiria" and "Juliet of the Spirits" on Oct. 22, and "The White Sheik" and "La Strada" on Oct. 23. Miss Masina will be present on Wednesday at 8:35, and is expected on Thursday, at around 9:07.

Oct. 24: "New York, New York" (1977), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Liza Minnelli and Robert De Niro; and "The Man I Love" (1947), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Ida Lupino and Robert Alda.

Oct. 25: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Malcolm McDowell.

Oct. 26: "Mozart—A Childhood Chronicle" (1980), in German, directed by Klaus Kirschner.

Oct. 27: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.

Oct. 28: "Hearts of the West" (1975), directed by Howard Zieff, with Jeff Bridges, Andy Griffith, Donald Pleasence, Blythe Danner, and Alan Arkin; "Studs Lonigan" (1960), directed by Irving Lerner, with Christopher Knight, Venetia Stevenson, Frank Gorshin, and Jack Nicholson; "That Man from Rio" (1964), in French, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Jean-Paul Belmondo, François Dorléac, and Jean Servais; "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, and Susan Harrison; and "The Great Escape" (1963), directed by John Sturges, with Steve McQueen, James Garner, and Richard Attenborough.

Oct. 29: "The Pawnbroker" (1965), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Rod Steiger, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez; and "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Al Pacino and John Cazale.

Oct. 30: "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavski, with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, and Thomas Mitchell; and "She Married Her Boss." (†)

Oct. 31: "Carrie" (1976), directed by Brian De Palma, with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, and Piper Laurie; and "Obsession" (1976), directed by Brian De Palma, with Cliff Robertson and Geneviève Bujold.

Nov. 1: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Oct. 23: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Oct. 24-25: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), a Soviet-Japanese co-production, in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Oct. 26-27: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Oct. 28: "The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu" (1980), directed by Piers Haggard, with Peter Sellers; and "Murder by Death." (†)

Oct. 29-30: "The Tin Drum" (1980), in German, directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with David Bennent.

Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Blow-Up" (1966), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings; and "Zabriskie Point." (†)

th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Oct. 23: "Wings" (1927), a silent film, directed by William A. Wellman, with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers.

From Oct. 24: "Motel Hell." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813)

Through Oct. 23: "Hold Your Man" (1933), directed by Sam Wood, with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Stuart Erwin, and Dorothy Burgess; and "Viva Zapata!" (1952), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn.

Oct. 24-26: "Jane Eyre" (1944), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles; and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier.

Oct. 27-28: "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "Two-Faced Woman." (†)

Oct. 29-30: "Stagecoach" (†) and "Lady in the Lake." (†)

From Oct. 31: "Gaslight" (†); and "A Life of Her Own" (1950), directed by George Cukor, with Lana Turner and Ray Milland.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 22: "Tennessee Johnson" (1943), directed by William Dieterle, with Van Heflin, Ruth Hussey, and Lionel Barrymore; and "Young Mr. Lincoln" (1939), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda, Alice Brady, and Marjorie Weaver.

Oct. 23-25: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940), directed by John Ford, with Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell, John Carradine, and Charley Grapewin.

Oct. 26-27: "The Last Hurrah" (†); and "Sunrise at Campobello" (1960), directed by Vincent J. Donehue, with Ralph Bellamy, Greer Garson, and Hume Cronyn.

Oct. 28-29: "A Face in the Crowd" (†); and "The Candidate" (1972), directed by Michael Ritchie, with Robert Redford, Peter Boyle, and Melvyn Douglas.

Oct. 30-Nov. 1: "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" (†); and "State of the Union" (1948), directed by Frank Capra, with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, and Adolphe Menjou.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 22: "The Killers" (1964), directed by Don Siegel, with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, Ronald Reagan, and John Cassavetes; and "Hellcats of the Navy" (1957), directed by Nathan G. Juran, with Ronald Reagan, Nancy Davis, and Arthur Franz.

Oct. 23: "Hollywood Revels" (1948), with strippers Eileen Dupree, Lotus Wing, and Hilary Dawn, filmed at the Follies Theatre, Los Angeles.

Oct. 24-25: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door" (1937), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou.

Oct. 26: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.; and "M." (†)

Oct. 27: A program of Tex Avery cartoons and a program of eight Tom & Jerry cartoons.

Oct. 28: "Bizarre, Bizarre" (†) and "Voyage Surprise." (†)

Oct. 29: "Ladies in Retirement" (†); and "The Trouble with Angels" (1966), directed by Ida Lupino, with Rosalind Russell and Hayley Mills.

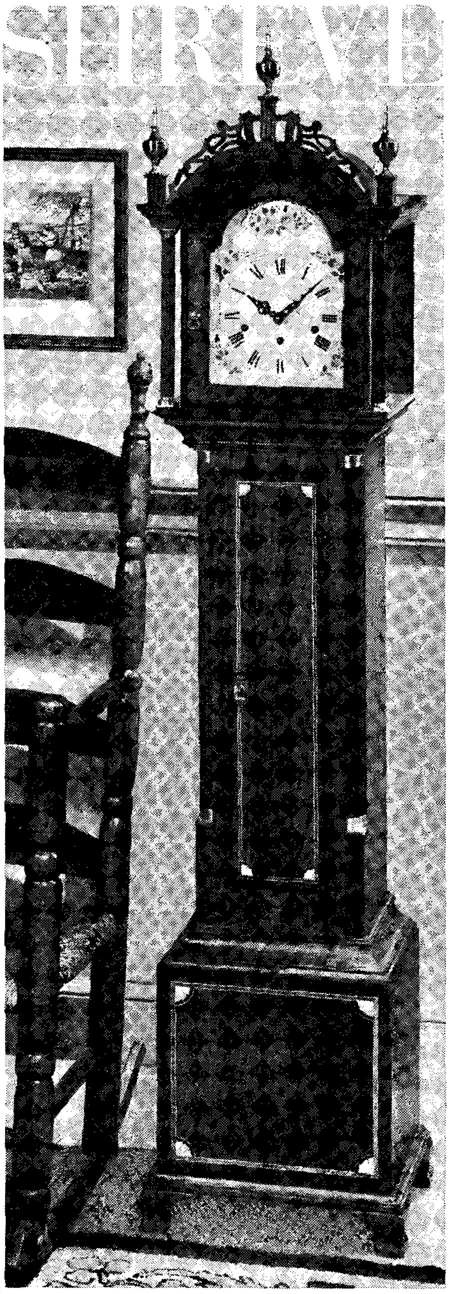
Oct. 30: "A Doll's House" (1973), directed by Joseph Losey, with Jane Fonda, David Warner, Trevor Howard, Delphine Seyrig, and Edward Fox; and "Come Back, Little Sheba" (1952), directed by Daniel Mann, with Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, and Richard Jaeckel.

Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Night of the Living Dead" (1968), directed by George A. Romero, with Duane Jones; and "Carnivel of Souls" (1962), directed by Herk Harvey.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 22: "Dark Passage" (1947), directed by Delmar Daves, with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "Across the Pacific" (1942), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet.

Oct. 23: "As You Desire Me" (1932), directed by George Fitzmaurice, with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Erich von



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Stroheim; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Oct. 24-25: "Blackmail" (1929), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" (1936; "The Woman Alone"), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka.

Oct. 26: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.

Oct. 27: "There's Always a Woman" (1938), directed by Alexander Hall, with Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas, and Mary Astor; and "And So They Were Married" (1936), directed by Elliott Nugent, with Mary Astor, Melvyn Douglas, and Edith Fellows.

Oct. 28: "Paramount on Parade" (1930), staged by ten directors, including Dorothy Arzner and Ernst Lubitsch, and with an all-star cast of that day (Fredric March, Clara Bow, Jack Oakie, and Skeets Gallagher, to mention a few); and "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929), directed by Millard Webb, with Mary Eaton and Edward Crandall.

Oct. 29: "Laughter" (†); and "Honey" (1930), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Nancy *Carroll, Skeets Gallagher,* Lillian Roth, Mitzi Green, and ZaSu Pitts.

Oct. 30: "Gypsy Wildcat" (1944), directed by Roy William Neill, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Nigel Bruce, Leo Carrillo, and Gale Sondergaard; and "White Savage" (1943), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and Sabu.

Oct. 31: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; "Mark of the Vampire" (1935), directed by Tod Browning, with Lionel Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Carol Borland, and Lionel Atwill; and "The Devil Doll." (†)

From Nov. 1: "The Secret of the Blue Room" (1933), directed by Kurt Neumann, with Lionel Atwill, Gloria Stuart, and Paul Lukas; and "The Uninvited." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Oct. 23 at 2:30, 6, and 8:30 and Oct. 24 at 2:30: Four different programs of new animated films from festivals this year at Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . Oct. 24 at 6: A program of early silent animated films (1905-18) by Segundo de Chomon. . . . Oct. 25 at noon "Million Dollar Legs" (1932), directed by *Edward Cline, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie,* and Lyda Roberti. . . . Oct. 25 at 2:30 and 5: Two different programs of Soviet animated films. . . . Oct. 26 at noon: "Million Dollar Legs." . . . Oct. 26 at 2:30 and 5 and Oct. 27 at noon: Three different programs of new animated films from festivals this year at Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . Oct. 27 at 2:30 and 6: Two different programs of Soviet animated films. . . . Oct. 28 at noon: A program of new animated films from festivals this year at Zagreb and Ottawa. . . . Oct. 28 at 2:30: A program of early silent animated films (1905-18) by Segundo de Chomon. . . . Oct. 28 at 6: "Poto and Cabengo" (1980), a documentary, directed by Jean-Pierre Gorin (who will be present). . . . ¶ Nine programs in a series of films from Scandinavia, all with English subtitles: Oct. 30 at 2:30: "The Revelation" (1977), a Norwegian film, directed by Vibeke Løkkeberg, with Marie Takvam. . . . Oct. 30 at 4: "Conversations with Ingmar Bergman" (1976), a Swedish documentary, directed by Jörn Donner. . . . Oct. 30 at 6: "Faro Document 1979" (1979), a Swedish documentary, directed by Ingmar Bergman (who will be present). . . . Oct. 30 at 8:30: "In My Life" (1978), a Danish film, directed by Bille August (who will be present), with Claus Strandberg and Kirsten Olesen. . . . Oct. 31 at 2:30: "Men Can't Be Raped" (1978), a Finnish/Swedish film, directed by Jörn Donner (who will be present), with Anna Goedenius and Gösta Bredfeldt. . . . Oct. 31 at 6: "Marmalade Revolution" (1979), a Swedish film, directed by Erland Josephson (who will be present), with Josephson and Bibi Andersson. . . . Nov. 1 at noon: "I Am Maria" (1979), a Swedish film, directed by Karsten Wedel, with Lise Lotte Hjelm and Peter Lindgren; recommended for adults only. . . . Nov. 1 at 2:30: "Father-to-Be" (1979), a Swedish film, directed by Lasse Hallström (who will be present), with Magnus Härenstam and Anki Lidén. . . . Nov. 1 at 5: "Land and Sons" (1980), an Icelandic film, directed by Agúst Gudmundsson (who will be present), with Sigurdur Sigurjónsson and Jon Sigurbjörnsson. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Performances of "Chevrolet Training Film: The Remake," a nineteen-sixties training film for Chevrolet salesmen, enhanced by live appearances by Chip Lord and Phil Garner as a pair of aggressive salesmen, Friday, Oct. 24, at 6:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 25-26, at 3. The whole thing will be videotaped, and, starting Oct. 28, the tape will be shown hourly—on Tuesday from noon to 7, and Wednesday through Sunday from noon to 5. Lord and Garner will be present on Thursday, Oct. 30, at 2:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Oct. 22 at 7 and 9: "The Silent Cry" (1977), directed by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 8: Two video programs—"WGBH Retrospective: The Medium Is the Medium" (1969) and "Video Variations: Boston Symphony Orchestra" (1972). . . . ¶ Oct. 24 at 8: "La Nuit Claire" (1978), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun (who will be present); no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 11 A.M.: Two video programs—"WGBH Retrospective: The Medium Is the Medium" and "Video Variations: Boston Symphony Orchestra." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2: A program of films shown at the Sixth Annual Ithaca Video Festival. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 7: "La Nuit Claire." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 9 and Oct. 26 at 7: "L'Automne" (1971), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 9: "Le Printemps" (1970), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 7: "L'Authentique Procès de Carl-Emmanuel Jung" (1966-67), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 9: "Une Simple Histoire" (1958), in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 7: "L'Authentique Procès de Carl-Emmanuel Jung." . . . ¶ Oct. 28 at 9: "Octobre â Madrid" (1965), "Ego Sum" (1963), and "La Rose et la Barrage" (1962), all films in French, directed by Marcel Hanoun; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 3: A program of four video films by Peter Campus. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 8: A program of films (1943-46), all silent, by Maya Deren. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 8: "Prästänken" (1921), a silent Swedish film, directed by Carl Dreyer. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 8: "Fluxus Film" (1963-70). . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 11 A.M.: Two video programs—"WGBH Retrospective: The Medium Is the Medium" and "Video Variations: Boston Symphony Orchestra." . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2: A video program by Terry Fox. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 8: "Michaël" (1924), a German silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Airplane!—Cheerfully clunky gags. The movie is compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Oct. 23.)

The Arabian Nights (1973)—Directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. X-rated. (New Yorker 2; through Oct. 23.)

Bad Timing / A Sensual Obsession—With Art Garfunkel, *Theresa Russell,* Harvey Keitel, and Denholm Elliott; directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ New Yorker 1; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ New Yorker 2; Oct. 24-30.)

The Baltimore Bullet—With James Coburn, Omar Sharif, Bruce Boxleitner, and Ronee Blakley; directed by Robert Ellis Miller. (Gramercy, 86th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Oct. 23.)

Bizarre, Bizarre (1937)—Dadaist frivolity, with some choice sequences that one giggles over for years. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic satirical comedy about the English mania for detective fiction, set in Edwardian England. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata, Louis Jouvet as a clergyman, and Jean-Pierre Aumont as a lovesick milkman. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 28.)

Blood Feud—Lina Wertmüller wrote and directed this sensual, shallow period drama about bloody skirmishings among Sicilian peasants and padrones and rising Fascisti in the early nineteen-twenties, but the picture is more notable for the presence of Sophia Loren (as a vengeful widow), Marcello Mastroianni (as an idealistic, self-doubting lawyer), and Giancarlo Giannini (as a blustering gangster, back from New York). The three vivid stars are observed in immense closeups, which are balanced by stunning panoramas of the sun-wasted countryside, but these pleasures appear to have distracted the director away from that special ludicrous and serious consideration of human difficulties that has distinguished her previous work. Wertmüller is always excessive, and this time she is excessively entertaining. In Italian. (3/3/80) (Art; through Oct. 28.)

Borderline—With Charles Bronson, directed by Jerrold Freedman. (U. A. East, and Rivoli; starting Oct. 31.)

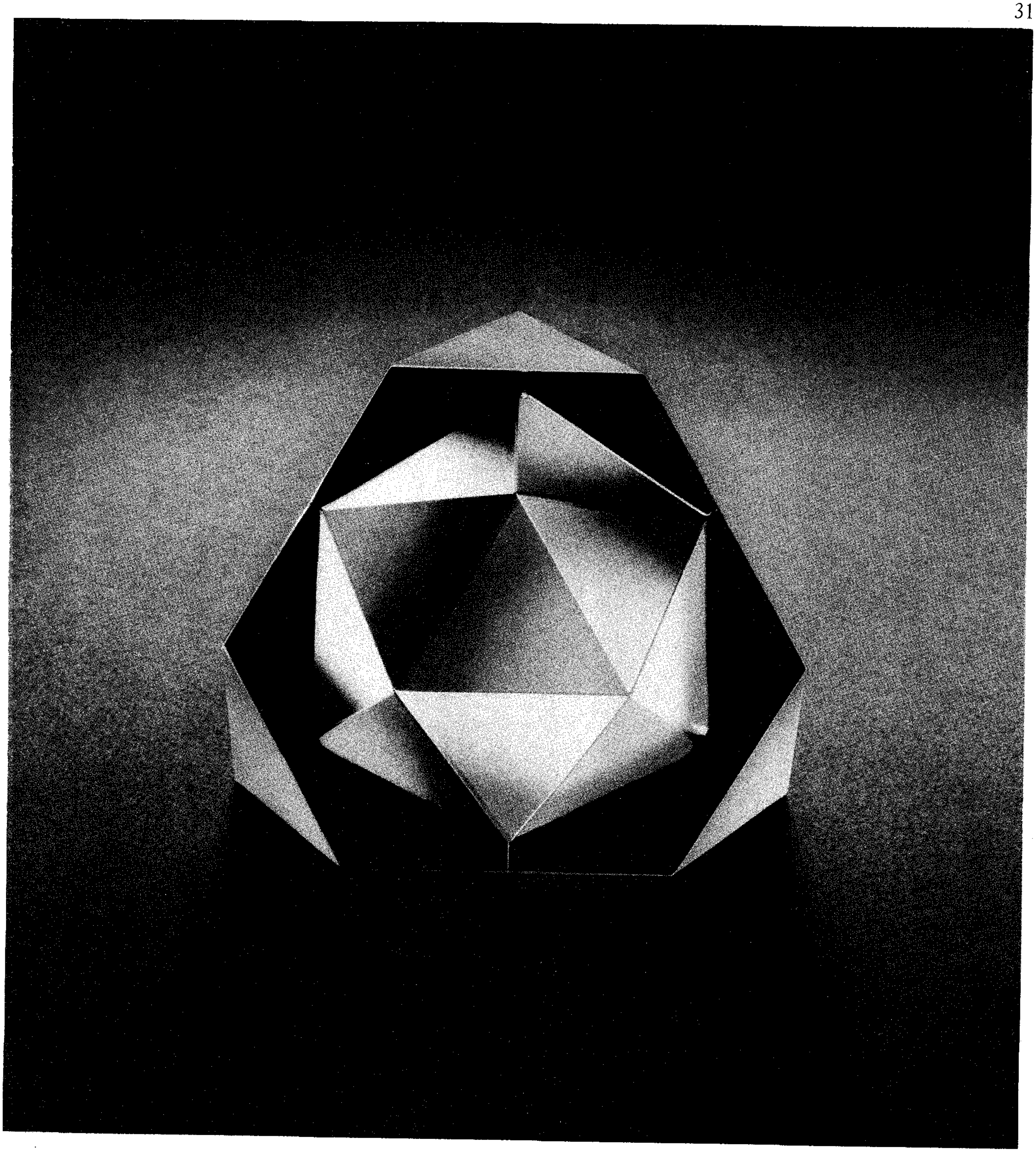
Bye Bye Brazil—A Brazilian film with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker, directed by Carlos Diegues. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

Carny—With Gary Busey, Jodie Foster, Robbie Robertson, and Meg Foster; directed by Robert Kaylor. (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 23.)

The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith—This great Australian film was taken from Thomas Keneally's novel, which is like Nat Turner's story as a lusty ironist—an Irish Nabokov, perhaps—might have written it. The director, Fred Schepisi, dramatizes the inability of the displaced Europeans at the turn of the century to understand the aborigines who live in the remnants of a tribal society. The white men treat the aboriginal settlements as brothels, and Jimmie Blacksmith is a product of one of these visits to a tin shanty. A half-caste who is taught by a Methodist minister, he grows up determined to escape the debased existence of aborigines in their hovels by working hard, buying land, and, as the minister's wife has advised him, marrying a nice white girl off a farm, so his children will be only a quarter black and the next generation scarcely black at all. The film is the grotesque, explosive comedy of what happens to this young man trying to improve himself. When he rebels, it isn't out of conscious militancy or a demand for political justice, it's



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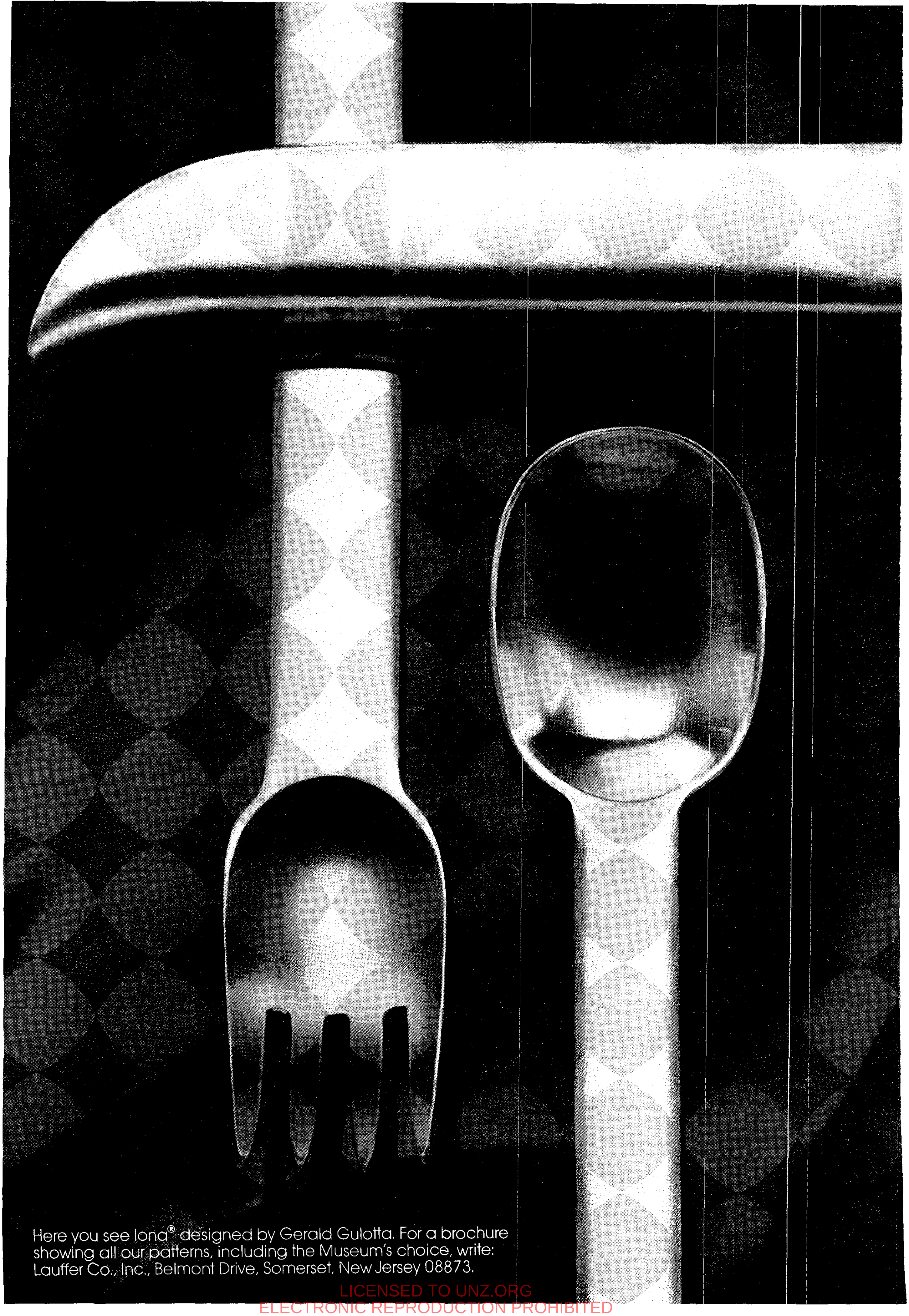

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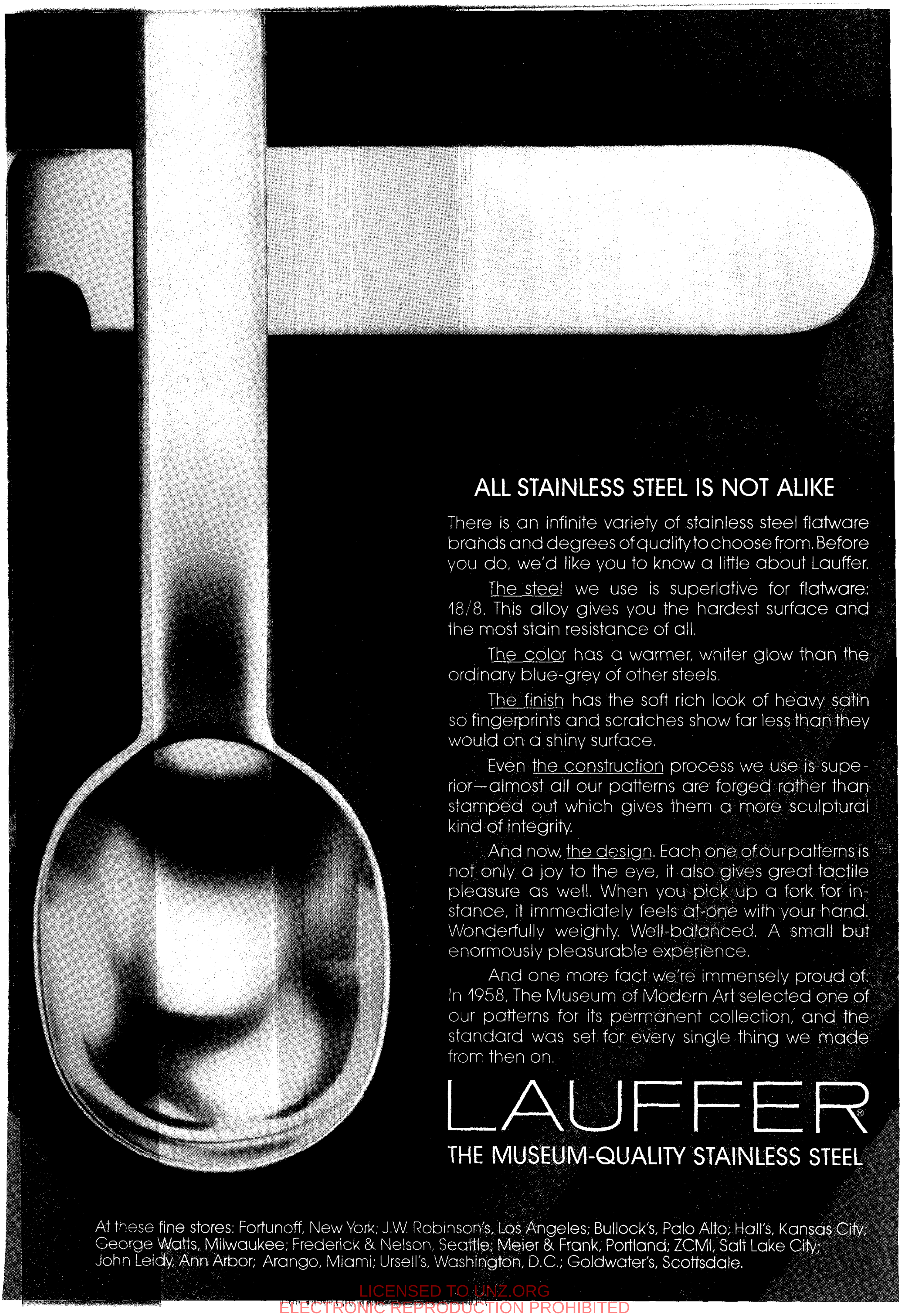

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

out of helplessness and frustration. It's as if he had let his unconscious take over. He says he has declared war, but he doesn't wage war directly against the men; he attacks the men's most prized possessions—their robust, well-fed women, their pink-and-white children. With Tommy Lewis as Jimmie, and Freddy Reynolds as laughing Mort, his aborigine half brother, a loyal, easygoing bum in ragged tweeds who makes us understand what the Europeans have destroyed. This is a large-scale film—a visually impassioned epic. (9/15/80) (Quad Cinema.)

The Chinese Connection (1972)—A kung-fu film with Bruce Lee. (Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; Oct. 24-30.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (Art; starting Oct. 29.)

The Devil Doll (1936)—Creepy. Some bits are fairly certain to return in nightmares. Lionel Barrymore, a fugitive convict masquerading as an old lady, sells dolls to his enemies. The dolls are miniaturized people (Grace Ford and Arthur Hohl) who steal and kill. Tod Browning directed this adaptation of A. A. Merritt's "Burn Witch Burn!" With Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Lawton, and Rafaela Ottiano. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 31.)

Divine Madness—Filmed at several live performances of Bette Midler's stage show of the same name, by Michael Ritchie. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through Oct. 23.)

The Elephant Man—With Anthony Hopkins as Dr. Frederick Treves, and John Hurt as John Merrick, the Elephant Man. Directed by David Lynch. Based on an original journal by Dr. Treves, and not on the current Broadway show. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Festival.)

Eraserhead—Directed by David Lynch. (Cinema II; through Oct. 23.)

Every Man for Himself—With Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc, and Nathalie Baye; directed by Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television in Elia Kazan's blast at the Fascist potential in this country. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are hysterical and discordant. With Patricia Neal, Lee Remick, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Budd Schulberg wrote the script. (Regency; Oct. 28-29.)

Fade to Black—With Dennis Christopher, directed by Vernon Zimmerman. (D. W. Griffith, R.K.O. 86th St., Quad Cinema, and National.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. Directed by Alan Parker; with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Oct. 23.)

The First Deadly Sin—With Frank Sinatra and Faye Dunaway, directed by Brian Hutton. (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 2; starting Oct. 24.)

Fists of Fury (1971)—A kung-fu film with Bruce Lee. (Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews State 1; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; Oct. 24-30.)

Gaslight (1944)—Ingrid Bergman is the cherubic bride who is terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. She runs the gamut from antimacassar to antimacassar, and it's good scary fun all the way (with a prize at the end—the Academy Award as Best Actress of 1944). This pseudo-Victorian thriller is rather more enjoyable than one might expect. Bergman is, intermittently, genuinely moving. (Though one may suspect at times that she is feeling rather than acting, her hysteria in the musicale sequence is a good demonstration of how hard it sometimes is to tell the difference.) Boyer is expert, and the cast includes Joseph Cotten, Dame May Whitty, and Angela Lansbury (only in her teens, but you couldn't guess it). Patrick Hamilton's play has been toned up with smooth dialogue from John Van Druten, Walter Reisch, and John Balderston, and the full-dress production is directed by George Cukor. When you watch a picture like this one, you're so aware of how expensively careful it is that you can't help being a little impressed and more than a little depressed. (In this case, the expense included the cost of holding back the 1941 English version by Thorold Dickinson.) (Mini Cinema; starting Oct. 31.)

Gloria—With Gena Rowlands, John Adames, and Buck Henry; directed by John Cassavetes. (Cinema I; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1, Greenwich Playhouse 1, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1; starting Oct. 31.)

The Great Santini (called "The Ace" on Home Box Office)—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall in the Bruce Dern role (the military-psychopath father) and Michael O'Keefe in the Richard Thomas role (the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son). Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—the plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure, and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keefe as a redneck, and Paul Mantee. (9/1/80) (Guild; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 1; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Olympia; Oct. 24-30.)

Hopscotch—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, and Ned Beatty; directed by Ronald Neame. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 2; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Waverly, New Yorker 1, and Criterion Center; starting Oct. 24.)

It's My Turn—With Jill Clayburgh, Michael Douglas, and Charles Grodin; directed by Claudia Weill. (Loews New York 1, and Loews State 1; starting Oct. 24.)

Just Tell Me What You Want—Alan King, the television and night-club comedian, comes up with a considerable performance as the shouting, self-pitying Max Herschel, a millionaire conglomerate wheeler-dealer who compulsively bullies, seduces, or swindles everyone in his life, but the movie, which was directed by Sidney Lumet, is so ugly and cold-blooded that it defeats its own cynical intentions. Ali MacGraw is Max's shrill victimized longtime mistress, who gets even by beating him up in Bergdorf Goodman; the inevitable reunion of the lovers is like sharks mating. With Myrna Loy, Keenan Wynn, Tony Roberts, Peter Weller, and Dina Merrill. (2/11/80) (Olympia; Oct. 24-30.)

Kagemusha the Shadow Warrior—With Tatsuya Nakadai, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

Ladies in Retirement (1941)—An entertainingly hokey murder chiller on the stage, but not very successfully adapted to the screen. With Charles Vidor directing, this lonely-rural-cottage Gothic seems to take itself too seriously, as if it were really a psychological study. Ida Lupino works hard as a severe, plain-faced murderess, Isobel Elsom sips her wine and nibbles her bonbons as the woman who innocently befriends her, and Elsa Lanchester and Edith Barrett are Lupino's loony sisters, who stuff their neat rooms with their collections of crows' feathers, dead birds, and underbrush. From the play by Reginald Denham and Edward Percy; with Louis Hayward. (Thalia; Oct. 29.)

Lady in the Lake (1947)—A Raymond Chandler murder mystery with the camera functioning as the Private Eye—that is, as the eyes of Philip Marlowe, the narrator-protagonist (Robert Montgomery), who is seen in his entirety only when his reflection is caught in mirrors. This novelty is a nuisance, and is frustrating besides, since Montgomery (who

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also directed) is the only star; the plot isn't involving enough to compensate for the absence of star byplay. At one point, the face of Audrey Totter, the feminine lead, comes swimming out at you, lips ajar, as if to honor you with a great big kiss; then she's lost in shadows. That's about as close as you get to any fun. With Lloyd Nolan, Leon Ames, and Jayne Meadows. (Mini Cinema; Oct. 29-30.)

The Last Hurrah (1958)—John Ford turned into a sentimental faker whenever he got near the Blarney stone, and Edwin O'Connor's novel about the final campaign and last days of Frank Skeffington, an old-style Boston mayor (Spencer Tracy), gave him an opportunity he couldn't resist. The subject is richly comic, and the picture has its moments despite the sprightly foolery, but Skeffington is so full of the milk of human kindness that he almost moos. The extraordinary cast includes James Gleason, Pat O'Brien, Ricardo Cortez, Edmund Lowe, John Carradine, Basil Rathbone, Jeffrey Hunter, Donald Crisp, Anna Lee, and Jane Darwell. (Regency; Oct. 26-27.)

Laughter (1930)—Just before his death, Herman J. Mankiewicz, who produced this film, said that of all the movies he'd worked on, it was his favorite. A lovely, sophisticated comedy, an ode to impracticality, it failed commercially, but its attitudes and spirit influenced the screwball hits of the thirties. (Even the famous Bogart exchange with Claude Rains about coming to Casablanca for the waters is paraphrased from "Laughter.") Fredric March is the sculptor hero who returns to New York after some expatriate years in Paris; he finds that the Follies beauty (Nancy Carroll) whom he loved has married for money and lost her gift of laughter. The pacing of the director, Harry D'Arrast, is a little leisurely, and he dawdles just when he should move faster, but he has visual style, especially when he works in interiors or in deliberately artificial sets. (Nature throws him off balance.) The Art Deco sets here are elegant, and the enchanting Nancy Carroll wears perhaps the best clothes ever seen on the screen (with the *possible* exception of Garbo's in "A Woman of Affairs"). And there's a simple scene with March at the piano and Carroll and another girl (Diane Ellis) jazz dancing that is one of the loveliest, happiest moments in the movies of the period. The writing was mostly by Donald Ogden Stewart, though D'Arrast and Douglas Doty had a share in it, and Mankiewicz probably set the tone; the script bogs down a little in conventional melodrama. With Frank Morgan as the beauty's millionaire husband, and Glenn Anders in the boggy subplot. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 29.)

Loulou—With Isabelle Huppert, Gérard Depardieu, and Guy Marchand; directed by Maurice Pialat. In French. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Love in the Afternoon (1957)—Wide-eyed Audrey Hepburn as the Parisian schoolgirl whom Elisabeth Bergner played in "Ariane." A student of the cello, this Ariane falls in love with an aging American roué ensconced in the Paris Ritz—Gary Cooper, looking as if he knows how unappealing he is in the role. The director, Billy Wilder, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, have made her the daughter of a detective (Maurice Chevalier), who is then hired by Cooper to investigate her. It's all meant to be airy and bubbly, but it's obvious, overextended (two hours plus), and overproduced. It was shot in France, and much of it is location work, but the art director, Alexander Trauner, built the first floor of the Paris Conservatoire in a studio, as well as the second floor of the Ritz full-scale, with actual, operating elevators. For the performance of "Tristan and Isolde," Wilder engaged nine hundred and sixty extras in full evening dress. At the end, there's a fine view of a smoking, chugging locomotive in a splendid, vaulted railroad station—and for a moment one wonders if this, too, is a set. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 29.)

Loving Couples—With Shirley MacLaine, James Coburn, Susan Sarandon, Sally Kellerman, and Stephen Collins; directed by Jack Smight. (Gramercy, Cinema II, Loews Orpheum 2, Paramount, and Embassy; starting Oct. 24.)

M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he make
us understand the terrified, suffering huma
being who murders. The film is based on th
case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, i
trying to track him down, disturbed the nor
mal criminal activities of the city, and th
underworld organized to find him, so tha
crime could go on as usual. Lang turns th
movie into a melodramatic thriller by center
ing on this ironic chase; the film is similar t
"The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical us
of beggars and criminals. In German
(Thalia; Oct. 26.)

Make Room for Tomorrow—With Victor Lanou
and Jane Birkin, directed by Peter Kassovitz
In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Oct
30.)

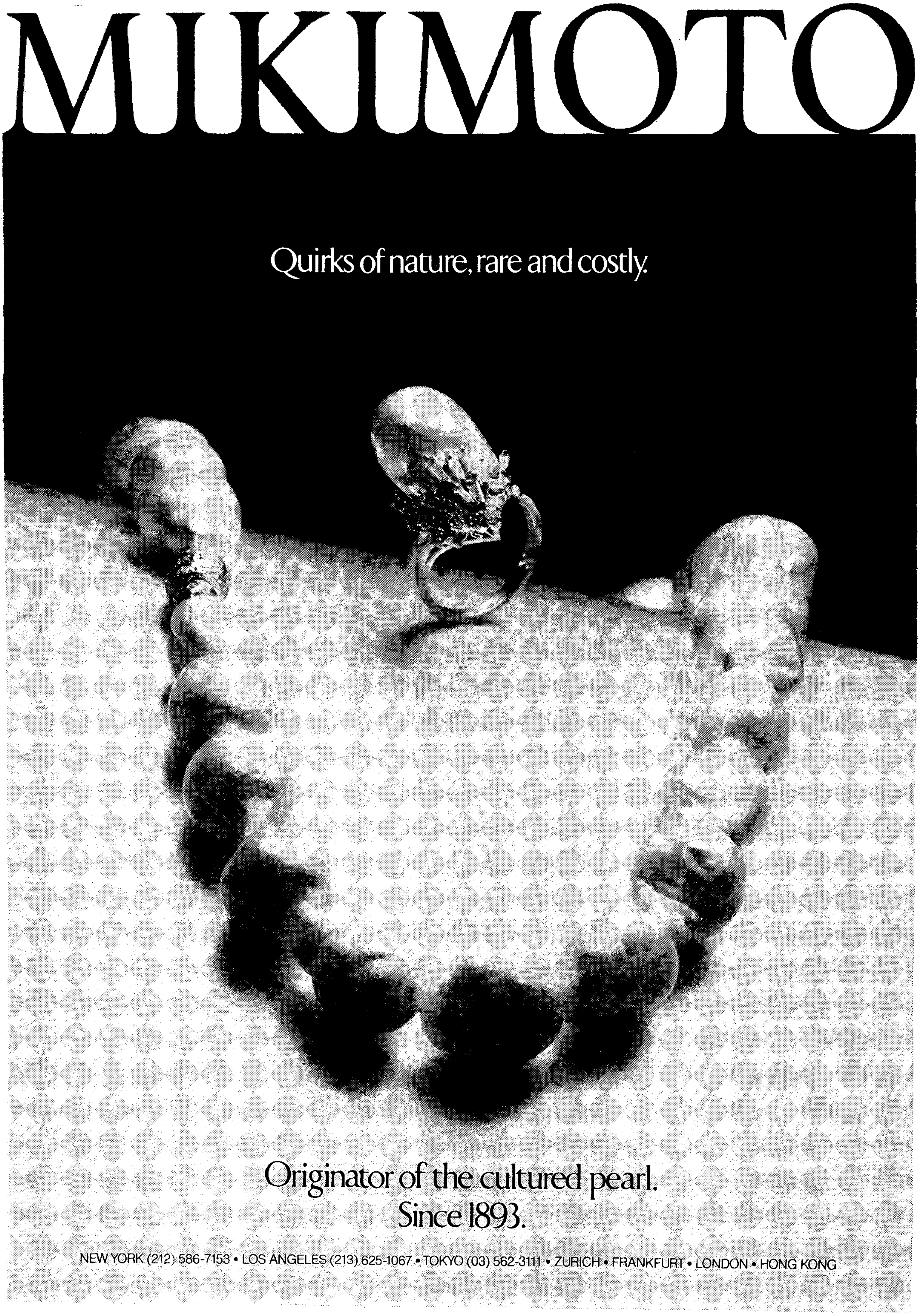
The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicola
Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully com
posed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed ma
(David Bowie) who comes to earth fro
another planet in search of water for hi
drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as
burned-out professor of chemistry. (Cinem
3.)

Melvin and Howard—This lyrical comedy, di
rected by Jonathan Demme, from a script b
Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sym
pathetic imagination. Demme and Goldma
have entered into the soul of American blue
collar suckerdom; they have taken for thei
hero a chucklehead who is hooked on T
game shows, and they have made us unde
stand how it happened that when somethin
big—something legendary—touched his lif
nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat play
big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime mil
man, sometime worker at a magnesium plan
sometime gas-station operator, and hopef
songwriter—the representative debt-ridde
American for whom game shows were create
Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who
lying in the freezing desert at night whe
Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bone
with a dirty beard and straggly long gra
hair. Melvin, thinking him a desert rat, hel
him into his pickup truck but is bothered b
his mean expression; in order to cheer him u
(and give himself some company), he insis
that the old geezer sing with him or get o
and walk. When Robard's Howard Hugh
responds to Melvin's amiable prodding an
begins to enjoy himself on a simple level an
sings "Bye, Bye, Blackbird," it's a gre
moment. With Mary Steenburgen, who has
pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer wif
Lynda; Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-t
earth second wife; Elizabeth Cheshire as t
child Darcy; Jack Kehoe as the dairy for
man; and the real Melvin Dummar as t
lunch counterman at the Reno bus depo
This picture has the same beautiful dip
warmth as its characters; it's what mig
have happened if Jean Renoir had directed
comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinemato
raphy by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (Bee
man.)

Middle Age Crazy—With Bruce Dern and An
Margret, directed by John Trent. (Eastsi
Cinema, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83
Quad. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum 2, and Embass
through Oct. 23.)

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (1939)—Fra
Capra's attempt to repeat the country-bo
defeating-the-city-slickers formula of "M
Deeds" succeeded commercially, but this o
has more of the heartfelt in it than is good f
the stomach, and it goes on for *over* tw
hours. James Stewart is the naïve small-tow
hero sent to the Senate; Jean Arthur is t
cynical young secretary who is at first ho
rified by his simplicity. When the young Se
ator's illusions are shattered, he stages
filibuster, defeats the villains, and reëstal
lishes the whole government on a firm a
honorable basis. No one else can balance t
ups and downs of wistful sentiment and cor
humor the way Capra can—but if anyo
else should learn to, kill him. Sidney Buc
man wrote the screenplay, from a story
Lewis R. Foster. The cast includes Clau
Rains as a corrupt senator, Guy Kibbee as
venal governor, Beulah Bondi as Ma Smit
Edward Arnold, Thomas Mitchell, Ruth Do
nelly, and Eugene Pallette, who gets stuck
a phone booth. Members of the U.S. Sena
were so outraged about the picture that the
was actually talk of a retaliatory bill again
the movie interests; the storm blew ov
when it became apparent that the publ
loved the film. (Regency; Oct. 20-Nov. 1.)

Motel Hell—With Rory Calhoun, directed b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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Kevin Connor. (Gemini 1, 86th St. East, Embassy 5, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting Oct. 24.)

Murder by Death (1976)—A thriller thronged with the world's most famous detectives, written by Neil Simon, directed by Robert Moore. A funny night of a hundred stars, with Truman Capote as the host, a carefully spoken blind butler played by Alec Guinness, and Maggie Smith, never more limp-wristed or full of sophisticated common sense. Estelle Winwood plays the nurse of a Miss Marbles, but the nurse is the one in the wheelchair. (Cinema Village; Oct. 28.)

My Bodyguard—With Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull; directed by Tony Bill. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 24-30. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Oct. 31.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated Down Under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (72nd Street East; Oct. 24-30.)

The Nude Bomb—Don Adams as Maxwell Smart, Secret Agent 86. Directed by Clive Donner. (Olympia; through Oct. 23.)

One-Trick Pony—With Paul Simon, Blair Brown, Rip Torn, Joan Hackett, and Allen Goorwitz; directed by Robert M. Young. (Gemini 2.)

Ordinary People—Autumn leaves and wintry emotions. This is an academic exercise in catharsis; it's earnest, it means to improve people, and it lasts a lifetime. The story is about the Jarretts—Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and their son, Timothy Hutton—a Protestant family living in an imposing brick house in a wealthy suburb of Chicago. There is so little communication in this uptight family that the three Jarretts sit in virtual silence at the perfectly set dinner table in the perfectly boring big dining room. The movie is about the harm that repression can do, but the movie is just as repressive and sanitized as the way of life it means to expose, and it backs away from anything messier than standard TV-style psychiatric explanations. Making his début as a film director, Robert Redford shows talent with the actors, the younger ones especially; Alvin Sargent's adaptation of the popular Judith Guest novel is heavy on psychobabble. The joker about this movie is that the audience weeps for the unloving Wasp-witch mother, who cares only for appearances and who can't change because of the pride and the privacy she was trained in; she seems the gallant last standard-bearer for the Wasp family epic, and the picture somehow turns into a nosegay for Wasp repression. With Judd Hirsch as an idealized warm, friendly Jewish psychiatrist, Elizabeth McGovern as the son's girl friend, and Meg Mundy as the grandmother. (10/13/80) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Private Benjamin—With Goldie Hawn, Eileen Brennan, Armand Assante, and Robert Webber; directed by Howard Zieff. (Sutton, R.K.O. 86th St., and Movieland. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 2; starting Oct. 24, tentative.)

Rich Kids—With Trini Alvarado and Jeremy Levy, directed by Robert M. Young. (St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 24-30.)

Rockers—A Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois, with Leroy Wallace, directed by Theodoros Bafaloukos. (New Yorker 2; starting Oct. 31.)

Schizoid—With Klaus Kinski, Marianna Hill, and Craig Wasson; directed by David Paulsen. (U. A. East; Oct. 24-30. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Oct. 24.)

She Married Her Boss (1935)—The flat title tells the whole story of this uninspired office romance. Claudette Colbert, a chic, hyper-efficient secretary, is in love with her rich, miserable department-store-owner boss (Melvyn Douglas). He has a spoiled brat (Edith Fellows) by a previous marriage and a rotten sister who keeps house for him. When he finally marries Claudette, she takes on his domestic mess and discovers that he expects her to be Miss Efficiency forever. This is one of those movies in which all problems are finally solved by the hero and heroine getting drunk and throwing bricks through plate-glass windows. Gregory La Cava directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 30.)

Smokey and the Bandit II—The further adventures of Smokey, Bandit, and all the others. With Burt Reynolds, Jackie Gleason, Jerry Reed, Sally Field, Pat McCormick, and Paul Williams. Hal Needham is again the director. (Olympia; through Oct. 23.)

Somewhere in Time—With Christopher Reeve, Jane Seymour, and Christopher Plummer; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Gemini I, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Waverly; through Oct. 23.)

Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ U. A. East, and Embassy 1; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Oct. 24.)

Stagecoach (1939)—Perhaps the greatest of all Westerns, and a Grand-Hotel-on-wheels movie that has just about everything—adventure, romance, chivalry. John Ford directed, from a script by Dudley Nichols, based on a story by Ernest Haycox; the cast includes John Wayne (at his most appealing), Claire Trevor, Louise Platt, John Carradine, George Bancroft, Thomas Mitchell, Andy Devine, Donald Meek, and Tim Holt. (Mini Cinema; Oct. 29-30.)

Stardust Memories—With Woody Allen, Charlotte Rampling, Jessica Harper, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Tony Roberts; directed by Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Stunt Man—A virtuoso piece of kinetic moviemaking. Working with material that could, with a few false steps, have turned into a tony reality-and-illusion puzzle, the director, Richard Rush, has kept it all rowdy and funny—it's slapstick metaphysics. Lawrence B. Marcus's script, freely adapted from the Paul Brodeur novel, is about paranoia and the making of movies; Steve Railsback is the fugitive who becomes a stuntman, and Peter O'Toole is the flamboyant, fire-eater director who, Railsback thinks, is out to kill him. Playing a protean figure—visionary, fierce-tempered, and ornery, yet ethereal and fey, O'Toole gives a peerless comic performance. With Allen Goorwitz as the dumpling scriptwriter who plays Sancho Panza to O'Toole's Don Quixote, Barbara Hershey, and Alex Rocco. (9/29/80) (Loews New York 2, and 57th St. Playhouse.)

Swept Away (1975)—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (Art; through Oct. 28.)

The Third Generation—With Eddie Constantine, Hanna Schygulla, and Harry Baer; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. No performances on Monday, Oct. 27.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part (1974)—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Art; starting Oct. 29.)

Times Square—With Tim Curry, Trini Alvarado, and Robin Johnson; directed by Alan Moyle. (Ziegfeld.)

Touched by Love—With Deborah Raffin, Diane Lane, John Amos, and Michael Learned; directed by Gus Trikonis. (Cinema I; starting Oct. 31.)

Two-Faced Woman (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Mini Cinema; Oct. 27-28.)

The Uninvited (1944)—Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey are the brother and sister who buy a house on the Cornish coast only to find it inhabited by an evil presence. Sexy-eyed Gail Russell never could act worth a damn, but she had an eerie lustre, and she's lovely as the mysterious young girl who helps in the exorcism. The picture was popular, though it doesn't come anywhere near fulfilling one's initial hopes that it will be a first-rate ghost movie. Lewis Allen directed this adaptation of Dorothy Macardle's novel. With Alan Napier, Donald Crisp, Dorothy Stickney, and Cornelia Otis Skinner playing the usual Gale Sondergaard role. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 1.)

Voyage Surprise (1946)—The Prévert brothers—director Pierre and scenarist Jacques—got together on this offhand comedy, and there's nothing comparable to its poetic eccentricity in other French movies of the period; the humor suggests early Marx Brothers, but the improvisatory style is that of Mack Sennett two-reelers, or a looser, more amateurish version of René Clair's "The Italian Straw Hat." It can be tedious, but it has a loony, antique grace. In competition with a tourist bureau, a mad old man (Sinoël) collects a busload of uninhibited people, and they go on a "mystery" tour—the route and destination unknown. The surprises follow: they become fugitives from the law; they spend a night in a sumptuous brothel; they are mistaken for a theatrical troupe. Kosma did the music. With Martine Carole, and the dwarf Pierre Piéral, who's like a miniature Bette Davis. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 28.)

Willie & Phil—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psychosocial fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), who meet at a revival showing of "Jules and Jim" in Greenwich Village, become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. The liveliest, funniest performance—it's just a small one—is by Kaki Hunter as Jeannette's cutie younger sister. With Helen Hanft as a used-car saleswoman. Julie Bovasso as Phil's mother, Jan Miner as Willie's mother, Kathleen Maguire as Jeannette's mother, Laurence Fishburne III as the student who recites "To Be or Not to Be," and Kristine DeBell as Rena. (9/1/80) (Greenwich Playhouse 2; through Oct. 23.)

Worlds Apart—An Israeli picture, with Amos Kollek (who also wrote the novel on which the film is based), Shelby Leverington, and Joseph Cortese; directed by Barbara Noble. (Manhattan 2.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Cinema Village; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

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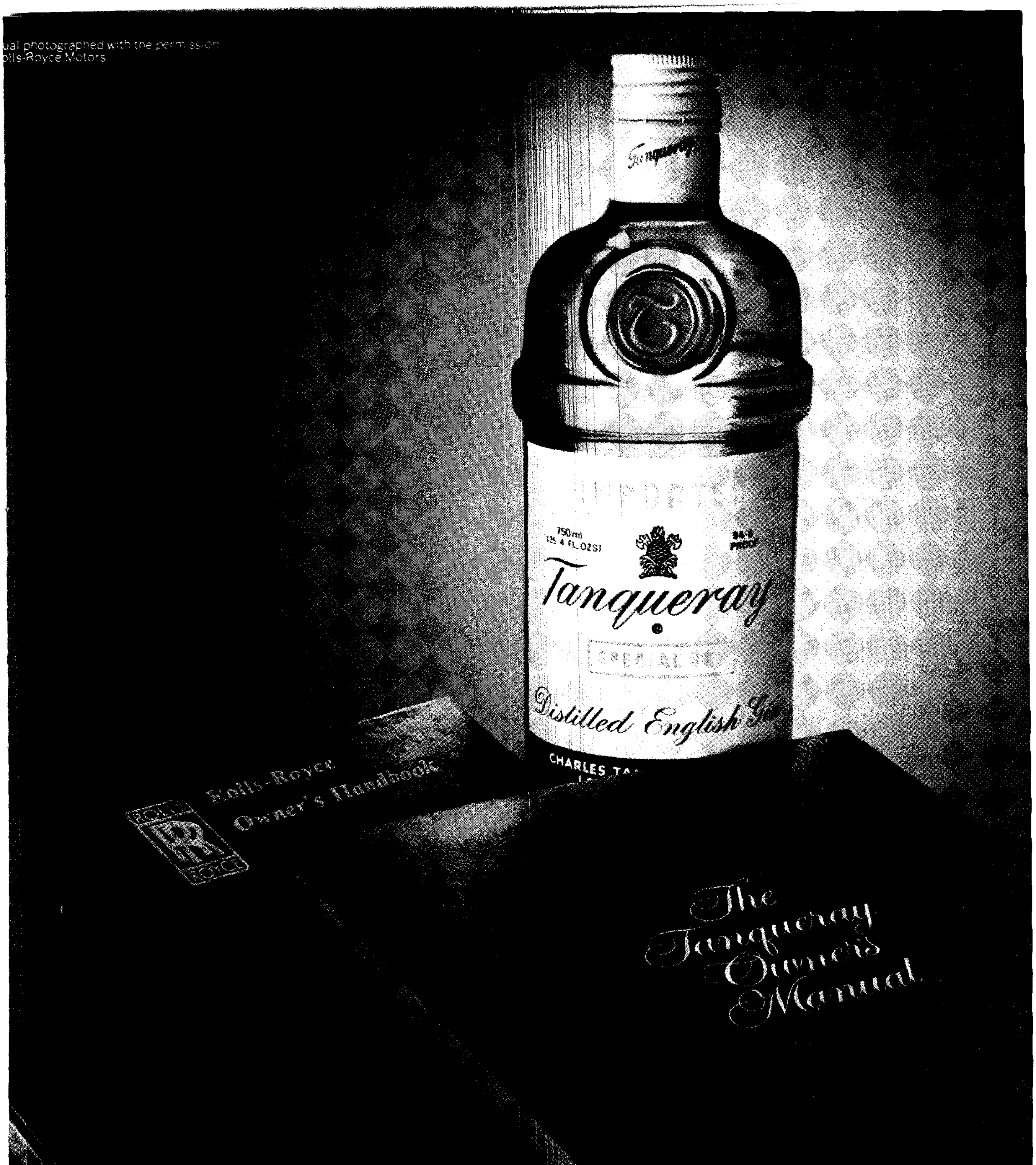
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A COMMUNICATION:

I wrote a letter to the President of the moon, asked him if they had towaway zones up there. The cops had towed away my Honda and I didn't like it. Cost me seventy-five dollars to get it back, plus the mental health. You ever notice how the tow trucks pick on little tiny cars? You ever seen them hauling off a Chrysler Imperial? No, you haven't.

The President of the moon replied most courteously that the moon had no towaway zones whatsoever. Mental health on the moon, he added, cost only a dollar.

Well, I needed mental health real bad that week, so I wrote back saying I thought I could get there by the spring of '81, if the space shuttle fulfilled its porcelain promise, and to keep some mental health warm for me who needed it, and could I interest him in a bucket of ribs in red sauce? Which I would gladly carry on up there to him if he wished?

The President of the moon wrote back that he would be delighted to have a bucket of ribs in red sauce, and that his zip code, if I needed it, was 10011000000000.

I cabled him that I'd bring some six-packs of Rolling Rock beer to drink with the ribs in red sauce, and, by the way, what was the apartment situation up there?

It was bad, he replied by platitudinum plate, apartments were running about a dollar a year, he knew that was high but what could he do? These were four-bedroom apartments, he said, with three baths, library, billiard room, root cellar, and terrace overlooking the Sea of Prosperity. Maybe he could get me a rent abatement, he said, 'cause of me being a friend of the moon.

The moon began to sound like a pretty nice place. I sent a dollar to the Space Shuttle Hurry-Up Fund.

Drumming fiercely on a hollow log with a longitudinal slit tuned to moon frequencies, I asked him about employment, medical coverage, retirement benefits, tax shelterage, Convenience Cards, and Christmas Club accounts.

That's a roger, he moonbeamed back, a dollar covers it all, and if you don't have a dollar we'll *lend* you a dollar through the Greater Moon Development Mechanism.

What about war and peace? I inquired by means of curly little ALGOL circuits I had knitted myself on my Apple computer.

The President of the moon answered (by MIRV'd metaphor) that ticktacktoe was about as far as they'd got in that direction, and about as far as they would go, if he had anything to say about it.

I told him via flights of angels with special instructions that it looked to me like he had things pretty well in hand up there and would he by any chance consider being President of us? Part-time if need be?

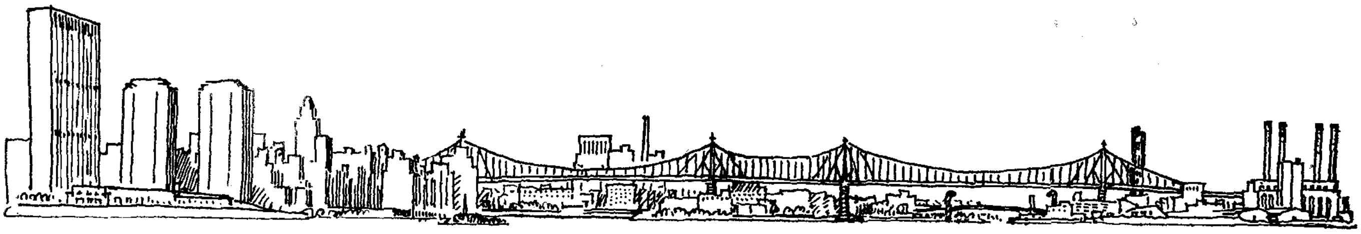
No, he said (in a shower of used-car asteroids with blue-and-green bumper stickers), our Presidential campaigns seemed to damage the candidates, hurt them. They began hitting each other over the head with pneumatic Russians, or saying terminally silly things about the trees. He wouldn't mind being Dizzy Gillespie, he said.

* * *

Hat Forms

THE man behind the vogue for ladies' hat forms is Marvin I. Bornfriend, of Philadelphia. His brother Carl M. Bornfriend and his friend Herbert M. Linsenberg are in on it, too. It happened like this: Mr. Bornfriend, who is an architect, went with a friend to look at a building that had been recommended to him as suitable for renovation. The building had been the working premises of Ann Burrows Millinery (factory, school, and store), and while it was not of interest from the point of view of renovation, it *was* full of hat forms. Mr. Bornfriend had, immediately, an idea of the importance of his discovery, which idea he has developed and burnished, sometimes in print. A one-page flyer he hands out says, quite fulsomely, this:

> These forms vary from intense anthropomorphic shapes taking their inspiration from historical precedence foreign/ethnic



Richard Edes Harrison

culture and military hat design, animals and hair styles through purely fanciful to abstract shapes reminiscent of Brancusi sculpture.

Mr. Bornfriend is a man in his early fifties. He is a little gray and very vivacious. He has given twelve hat forms to the permanent collection of the Smithsonian Institution, which is no doubt a good selling point. Every so often, he piles a few dozen hat forms in his car and drives to New York, where he puts them up for sale in some suitable place at prices that begin at just above one hundred dollars and end at just below three hundred dollars apiece. The other day, he was at the O. K. Harris Gallery, in SoHo, which, for the opening of its season, had made its space available to what one would have to call a fancy tag sale. This was where we met Mr. Bornfriend. Of the hat forms he said, "The men who made them and the milliners who used them had no perception of a form as anything but a tool. When they were finished with a form, they perceived it merely as something taking up room. They burned forms by the thousands. I am very interested in tools. Anything a person uses to make something. When a man makes the thing he uses to make the thing he is making, that tool is really something, and it is almost without exception beautiful."

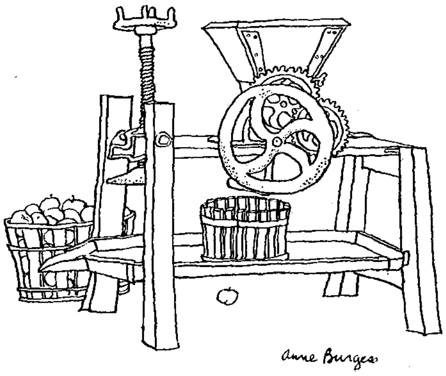
The forms are indeed very handsome. They are all made from one-hundred-year-old poplar, because the heartwood of the poplar (now no longer available; according to Mr. Bornfriend, "You can hardly even get *fifty*-year-old poplar anymore") allows the whittler of the form to achieve the fineness of detail required in millinery. The forms comply with two sets of imperatives at once: the imperative of style, which changes from form to form; and the imperative of the process of manufacture, which stays the same. Thus, the forms may reflect the lines of the cloche or the pillbox or the porkpie or the slouch hat, for instance, but they all have to be constructed in the same pleasing way: which is to say, like a puzzle. The forms are all meant to take felt. The felt is put closely around the form and tied with linen cord (no longer available, according to Mr. Bornfriend); some of the forms are put in a press, and then they are all steamed until the felt acquires the shape of the form. Then, of course, it is necessary to remove the shaped felt from the form, and in the millinery business this is done in a way reminiscent of the lost-wax process: the form is tipped upside down and disaggregated. The base of the form is the first piece to slip out. Others follow in order. If it is a very complicated form, an unobtrusive code in the wood will guide the worker in the proper reassembly of the form. It is all extremely appealing.

Sculpture (Cont'd.)

AT the invitation of the Mildred Andrews Fund, the sculptor George Segal has created a realistic group of four life-size white bronze figures (two men standing, two women seated on a bench) titled "Gay Liberation." It is intended for tiny, triangular Christopher Park, at the intersection of Christopher, Grove, and West Fourth Streets, in Greenwich Village, and the original plaster cast of the sculpture is now on view at the Sidney Janis Gallery. The proposed installation has kicked up a considerable fuss (the sculpture, a gift from the Fund to the city, has been approved—that is, certified as a work of art—by the city's Art Commission, but the site, opposite the former Stonewall Inn, where the first large gay uprising against police harassment occurred, in 1969, has yet to be officially O.K.'d). Community Board No. 2 held a hearing on the matter recently, and these were some of the comments:

An objector: "The purpose of the statue is to attract crowds, bring people in. Noise and crowds are a major problem in the neighborhood. It's a park for the entire community. Gays and straights both say it should not be devoted to one special interest. A little neighborhood park—how are you going to draw the line?"

An advocate: "Mr. Segal's work is a fine work of art, well above the general level of art we usually have in our public places. It presents an image of serenity, well-being, stability."



A woman in a black tunic: "One must thoughtfully conclude that it is nonsensical to place a statue of bronze gay people sitting on bronze benches in a park that is currently devoid of benches for live people to sit on because the park in question has been commandeered by gays engaged in enticing other gays into sexual activity."

A gay anti: "This sculpture is second-rate corporate art in the service of a straight, phony-liberal society that needs to cover up the cruelty and harshness of anti-gay bigotry."

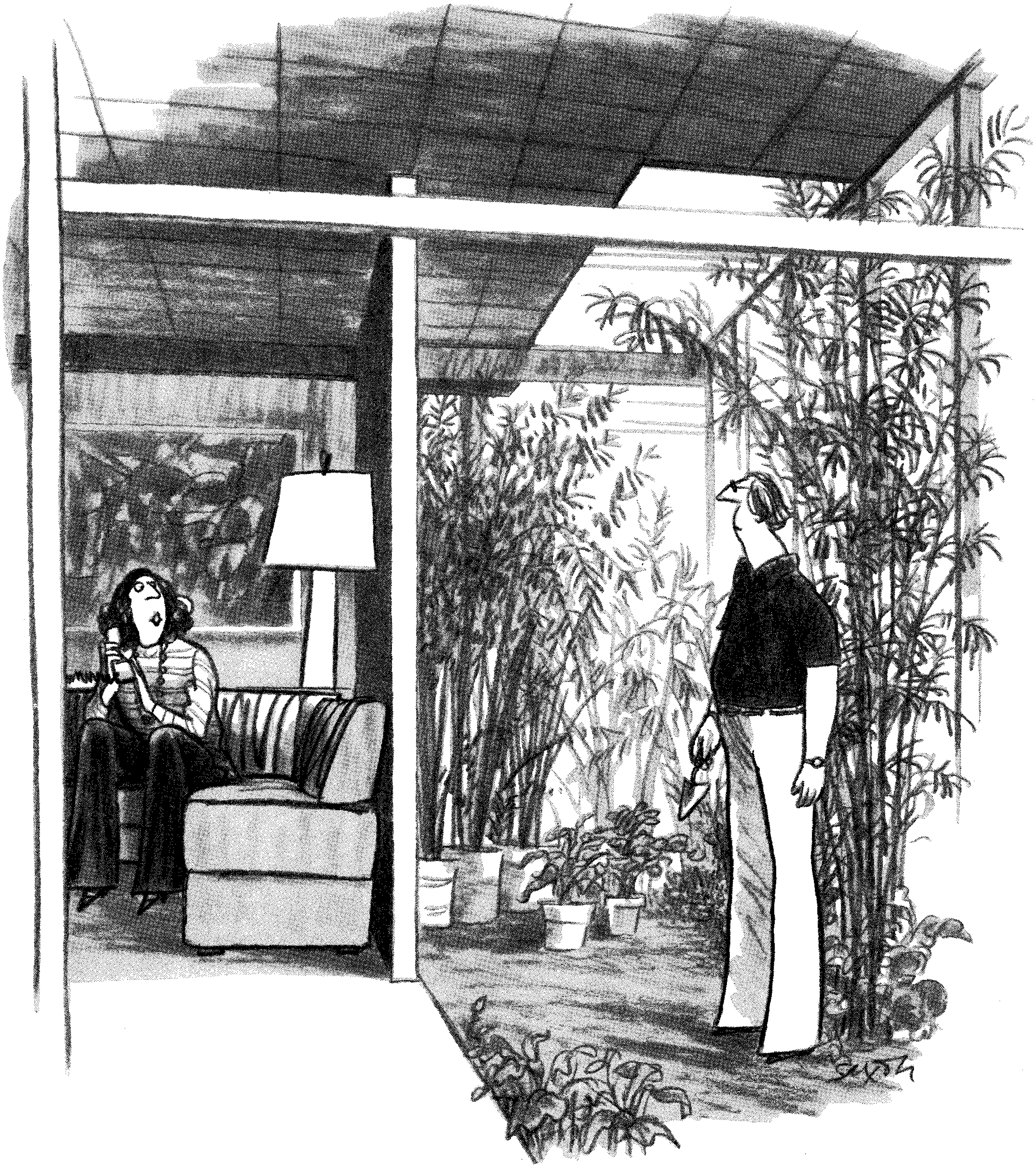
A supporter: "I think we should realize that we are not talking about evil influences radiating from a magic piece of bronze."

An anti: "Cruising clones."

A day earlier, the sculptor himself met with a group of scholars at New York University's Institute for the Humanities, not (emphatically not) to defend his work but to discuss the controversy and the concept of public art in general.

Mr. Segal: "A hundred years ago, it was fashionable to put up monuments to war heroes. You can drive through small towns and see soldiers and sailors, uniformed fallen warriors. The other kind of public art we have in this country is grand corporate decoration, generally abstract, oversized, unfeeling, and uncommitted to emotional experience. The United States doesn't really have much in the way of outdoor public sculpture. Should we have it? What should it look like? I'm an ordinary sculptor. I've been working for twenty-five years privately, doing work that I show in galleries or in private collections or museums. Now, all of a sudden, I find myself asked to do public work. Most of the serious artists of my generation have been engaged in private work, intensely questioning the nature of experience, sensation, feeling. We're at the beginning of a totally new impulse for public sculpture and we have to decide—I have to decide—what kind of work is possible. Do I say yes or no? We've had a history of twentieth-century art that's been brilliant, that's been about the private processes of the mind, and it's been locked up in museums. The cream of this marvellous production is reserved for an educated élite, never gets out into the streets."

Thomas Bender (a historian and the Samuel Rudin Professor of the Hu-



"It's not a cocktail party, dearest. We're just having a few people in for cocktails."

• •

nanities at New York University): 'What is 'proper' is something that unifies the culture, and the question is why one portion of a neighborhood should be represented and not others. This is also true of the writing of American history, which is in a sort of crisis at the moment; the kind of military-Presidential way of organizing history is acceptable as a unifying pattern, but it leaves a lot of people out. When we start getting *all* the people in, in this exceptionally diverse society, there are too many people to handle. One has no conceptual way of saying there is a unity. That's what scares people—how really divided the society is."

Carl Schorske (author of "Fin-de-Siècle Vienna"): "One has to take into account the history of ethnic groups' proposing their own memorials: we have a number—Heine, Garibaldi, Columbus, and so forth. This did unify, in that one didn't pick people who were completely divisive with respect to the not-represented. I think this particular style, Mr. Segal's, concretizes. You're back to some kind of nineteenth-century realism in a twentieth-century setting, shocking, like the kind of thing Rodin did with the 'Burghers of Calais,' moving back and forth between the symbolic and the realistic with tremendous effect. You do that not by making some beautiful winged figure to celebrate gay liberation but just by showing real people. The turn back to something as concrete as this causes people to see themselves, and the people around them, in a way that isn't as acceptable as representing a leading Irishman or a leading German was, in the ethnic statuary of yore."

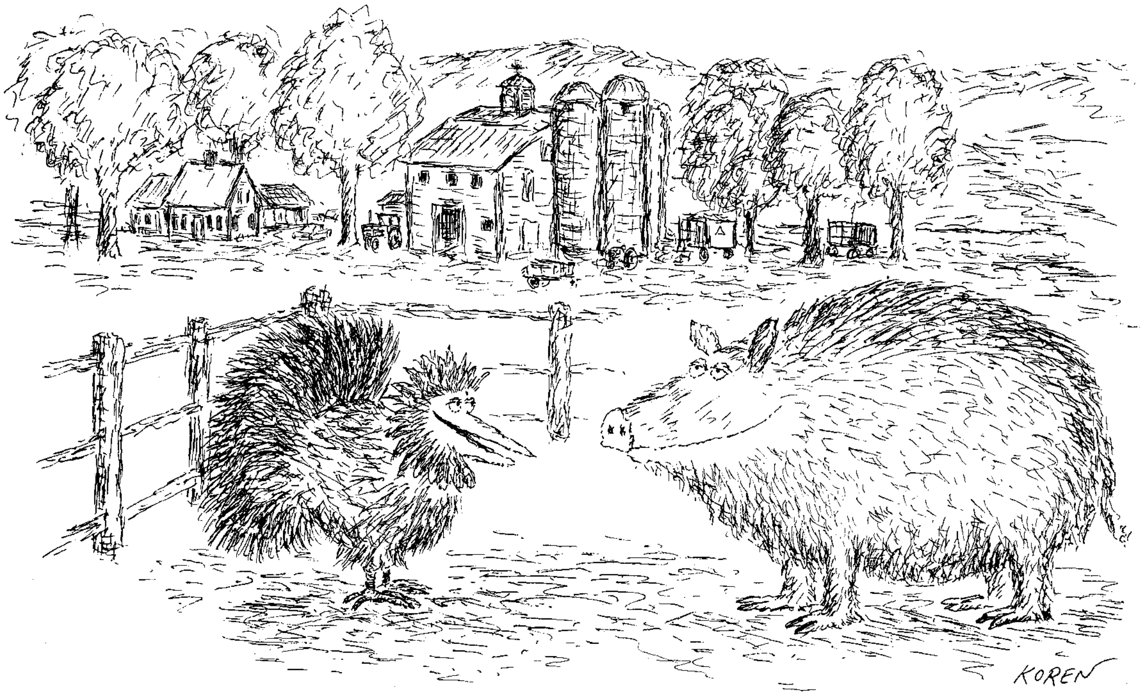
Aryeh Neier (director of the Institute and former executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union): "There's also something that's very permanent about the sculpture; for my neighbors who are incensed about it, it's comforting to think of the gay scene as a passing aberration. The sculpture says that it somehow has a form of official sanction, and that the scene, like the sculpture, is going to be there permanently. Also, the ordinariness of the people—opponents of the sculpture don't want to see this style of life shown as ordinary, portrayed in the form of very ordinary people."

Mr. Segal: "All art deals in mental life—that's all it talks about. Public sculpture is an idealized vision of what America stands for. I've had my head bloodied the three times I've expressed a public opinion. I got a request to make a sculpture and donate it to the state of Israel. I said yes. Two weeks before I go to Israel, I get a fat letter asking for my plans, drawings, blueprints, complete specs, because it had to be passed by some committee. I sent them a light, jocular letter to the effect that I never do that, I don't make plans, I don't work it all out, but my title is 'Abraham and Isaac.' I got a telegram: Either change the subject or change the site. In all these years, I had never dealt with Jewish subject matter. I was furious. They were censoring me before I'd even started. Then I got a second telegram, saying it was O.K., come and do what you want, where you want. I discovered that Abba Eban's wife had heard about it, was horrified at the censorship, and read them the riot act. I did the piece, but it never got publicized; it was consigned to a basement somewhere. I put my spies to work and found that the Israelis were reading the piece as a criticism of Zionism, as saying that Israel was sending its sons out to war, out to die. I don't want single-minded, single-level art. I work very hard to pack in a lot of levels. Those bureaucrats weren't willing to read the piece as a detached philosophic examination—they were interpreting it on the simplest political level.

"The gay-liberation sculpture was commissioned by the same people who asked me to make a sculpture for Kent State, where I also chose to use the Old Testament imagery of Abraham sacrificing Isaac. The president of Kent State at first accepted it, then he thought it over, got advice, and rejected it.

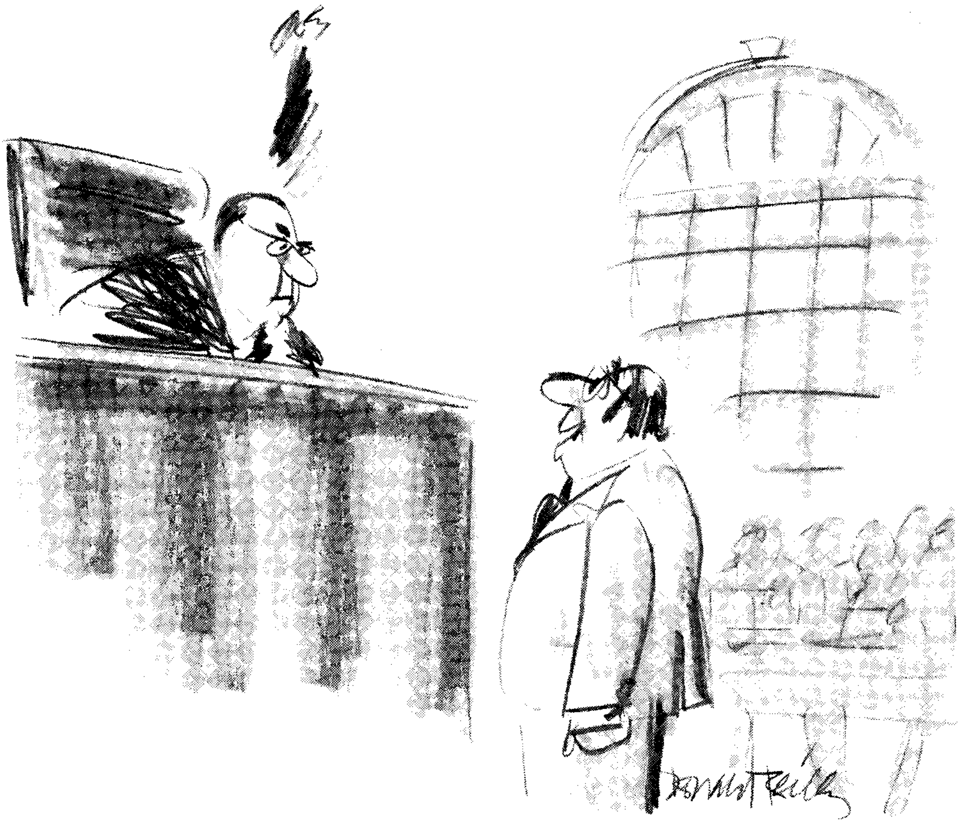
"I did not want this current piece to celebrate the victory at the Stonewall. I conceived it to ruminate philosophically by itself. It could go anywhere, because I think our street environments are visually poverty-stricken, that there's room for a thousand times more art on the streets than we have. Just think of how much you can see walking down the streets of Rome, compared with the streets of New York. I've just finished a piece for Youngstown, Ohio. I get a phone call and I'm told that two and a half miles of steel mills in Youngstown, Ohio, are obsolete and are in the process of shutting down. Ten thousand union workers have been laid off. The Youngstown Area Arts Council, the steel people, the business people, the union people want to hire me to celebrate the steel industry, and I hit my head and I say, 'Is Franklin Roosevelt in office? It sounds like the thirties. We're going to have a socialist revolution in the streets.' And people send me clippings. Some union people and some militant church people wanted to buy these obsolete mills and get a three-hundred-and-forty-million-dollar loan from the U.S. government, modernize the mills, and have the workers own the plants, and Edgar Speer, the chairman of U.S. Steel, called it a Communist conspiracy.

"I thought I'd go there and the town would be seething with this ongoing revolution, and my curiosity is aroused. I go, and everybody is as calm



"My friend, you are weighty in form but light in content."

as a puppy. They showed me the mills and I did the sculpture. I got the mills to donate one complete section of a steel furnace—sixty-five tons. The union said, 'You can't leave us out. We insist on the right to move it to the site'—on the main street of town—'and erect it.' They did. I made two bronze steelworkers doing a real act in front of the furnace, and the furnace has incredibly massive members of rusty steel. It's real. Steelworkers stop to look at it, and they say, 'You got to watch out, because that door blows off when it gets too hot.' Privately, I was knocked out by the fact that these steel members look like classical ruins translated to modern rust. I'm doing my private thing and the town loves it, and it's full of macho strength and it's romantic and oh, boy, terrific, a great success, no scandals. I've done these pieces and I'm trying to deal with a community psyche, where I get out of my own skin and find a truth about a community, something they believe in and feel. Here, too."



"Do you think that after I get out I could have a copy of the videotape?"

• •

Drummer

IF you do your running at about six o'clock on the street-level mall of Riverside Park near Columbia University, which happens to be where and when we often gasp through our duffer's two miles these days, you may find yourself falling into a more sprightly and rhythmic pace than usual along about 123rd Street. That will be because there's a young fellow who sometimes practices the drums at that time of day amid the serene columns of the pergola-like structure that overlooks the Hudson and stands directly across Riverside Drive from Grant's Tomb. He was there on a lovely clear evening last week. Not Grant—the drummer. A little boy, who, it turned out, was the drummer's son, waved at us as we loped by, so we gratefully wheezed to a halt and listened for a few minutes as the drummer, silhouetted against the orange sky above the Jersey Palisades, went through a series of complicated riffs. He was playing on a glittery red bass drum, a glittery red snare, two shiny silver tomtoms, two sets of cymbals, and a high hat, and he was wearing a shiny, silvery sweatshirt and a pair of red slacks. The high roof caught the sound and magnified it until it was like thunder. After a mighty crescendo, which involved returning ever more assertively to the cymbals, as a kind of exclamation mark, and which happened to coincide nicely with the passage on the Drive of a herd of No. 5 buses, the drummer stopped for a breather of his own, and we took the occasion to have a chat with him, as the little boy embraced a column rapturously.

"My name is A'yan Falu," he told us. "I used to play with a regular outfit, and I once played for Dionne Warwick. Yes, I played for Dionne in San Diego. I've been the drummer for a group called the Tymes and a group called Central Park West. But right now I'm an independent, free-lance drummer."

We asked Mr. Falu why he practiced in the pergola. (The little boy was now dodging around the columns as if they were a slalom course.)

"Because it's not near any buildings—you know, residences," he explained patiently. "It's one of the very few places in New York where you can practice the drums and not bother anybody. I come over here for four or five hours when I get a chance—all the way from East One Hundred and Forty-ninth Street, which is where I live. Practicing is one thing—it can drive anybody crazy—and playing is another. I can play my drums downtown on the sidewalk and make enough money to keep things going between gigs. When I do that, I always play the accompaniment to a real song. The rest of the music is always there in my head. Maybe the pedestrians hear it in their heads, too. I hope so."

We asked the name of the little boy, who was now sitting on the ground with his back against one of the columns, as if it were a mighty tree.

"Yes, that's my son, A'yan, Jr.," Mr. Falu said. "He loves to come over here and listen to me play. He plays the drums a little some himself, and he likes instruments of all kinds."

We thanked Mr. Falu for providing such invigorating and professional accompaniment for our running and for that of the countless other wraiths who pant their way along Riverside Drive in the evenings. A'yan, Jr., ran ahead of us for a few yards as we trotted off, but then Mr. Falu started drumming again, and the little boy turned around and ran back to his father.

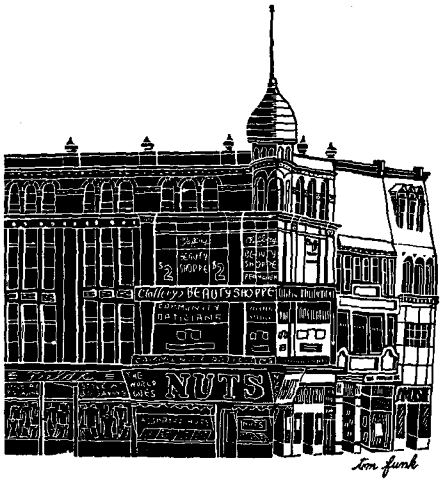
THE BULLFROG POND

IT was the second and final evening of a visit by Sigurd, the Icelander, and Jennifer, his California-born wife, who now taught with him in a secondary school in Reykjavík. As young men, Sigurd and I were colleagues at Cornell, but it was twenty years since he and Jennifer had sold their isolated Finger Lakes house near a stone quarry and gone off with their two children to Sigurd's native land, and ten years since Jean and I and our three boys had most recently visited them in Iceland.

The last decade had aged the four of us while bringing our children to maturity. Jennifer and Sigurd now had three grandchildren—two in Reykjavík, where their son lived, and the third in Scotland, where their daughter and her husband were teachers. Jean and I were not yet grandparents. Two of our sons still lived with us; in the fall, though, Jimmy, our youngest, would enter college. This summer he was away, wilderness-camping with high-school friends in the Adirondacks. Cris, who worked the second shift at the Morse Chain plant, in Ithaca, never got home until after midnight. He was twenty-five. Of our children, Cris was the one most interested in using the farmland surrounding the old country house that all three had grown up in. He kept a herd of goats that he milked in the early-morning hours, and he hoped someday to earn his living through the sale of dairy products; he spent his weekends experimenting with various methods of making cheese.

Waiting for our wives to return from Ithaca, where they had gone after dinner to see one of Jennifer's acquaintances, Sigurd and I sat talking in the living room. He was tired and vaguely depressed, as one is apt to be near the end of a long vacation. On a walk Jennifer and he and I had taken that morning along the rim of Taughannock Gorge, he shouted angrily at her for standing on a rock jutting from the gorge wall. They quarrelled. He apologized, but he remained upset by his bossiness, his tendency to transfer to his wife the feelings of protection he'd once had for his children: it was, he said, the habit he would most like to break. I said that I, too, found it difficult to outgrow fatherhood. I supposed my inability to counsel any of my children, now that they were grown, accounted for the degree to which I remembered the days in which all of them had depended upon my sometimes faulty guardianship. For example, I often found myself reliving the events of the year I had spent with my family in France and Italy. One boy or another—their ages then had ranged from just-three to thirteen—was always teetering in the window of a tower, balancing himself on a parapet, peering into a deep and unprotected well.

If I were to choose one day that seemed a perfect metaphor of fatherhood, I said, it would be our last full day in Europe. Jean and I and our two older children, helped by the desk clerk and porter and chambermaid, spent much of the morning extricating our three-year-old from the Naples hotel bedroom into which he had locked himself. We visited Pompeii in the noonday heat, and in the late afternoon climbed Vesuvius to walk the lip of the cone with a group of other tourists. It wasn't simply the height that I found frightening; it was a sense of desolation, emptiness, and waste. I felt I particularly had to keep Jimmy—he was so young—from that mammoth but constricting cone on one side of us, from the empty sky on the other; I shamed all my children with my panic and anger. Ultimately, Larry, the oldest boy, put Jimmy on his shoulders and—either to prove me too cautionary or just to get away—went right down that mountain of ash, sometimes standing, sometimes using his bottom for a sled and sending up great spumes of dust. "Look at that boy sliding down the mountain with a baby on his shoulders!" another tourist exclaimed, as if it were the chief spectacle Vesuvius provided. Covered with soot but behaving as if nothing extraordinary had happened, they were sitting next to the locked car and drinking from a shared bottle of Coca-Cola when Jean and Cris and I finally made it down the zigzagging trail to the parking lot.



Sigurd remarked that all fathers had some variation of that story to tell. "I'm not through," I said. "I drove back to Naples in the dark, the children in back and Jean beside me, with none of us saying a word. Then I got lost trying to find the garage at the rear of the hotel. 'A simple matter,' you might say. 'Here's the front of the hotel—just drive to the garage in back.' But get off those main streets, and Naples is nothing but a maze of branching alleys so narrow that the fenders of a VW nearly scrape the walls. I had to make three attempts—"

"And fathers, we know, aren't supposed to get lost."

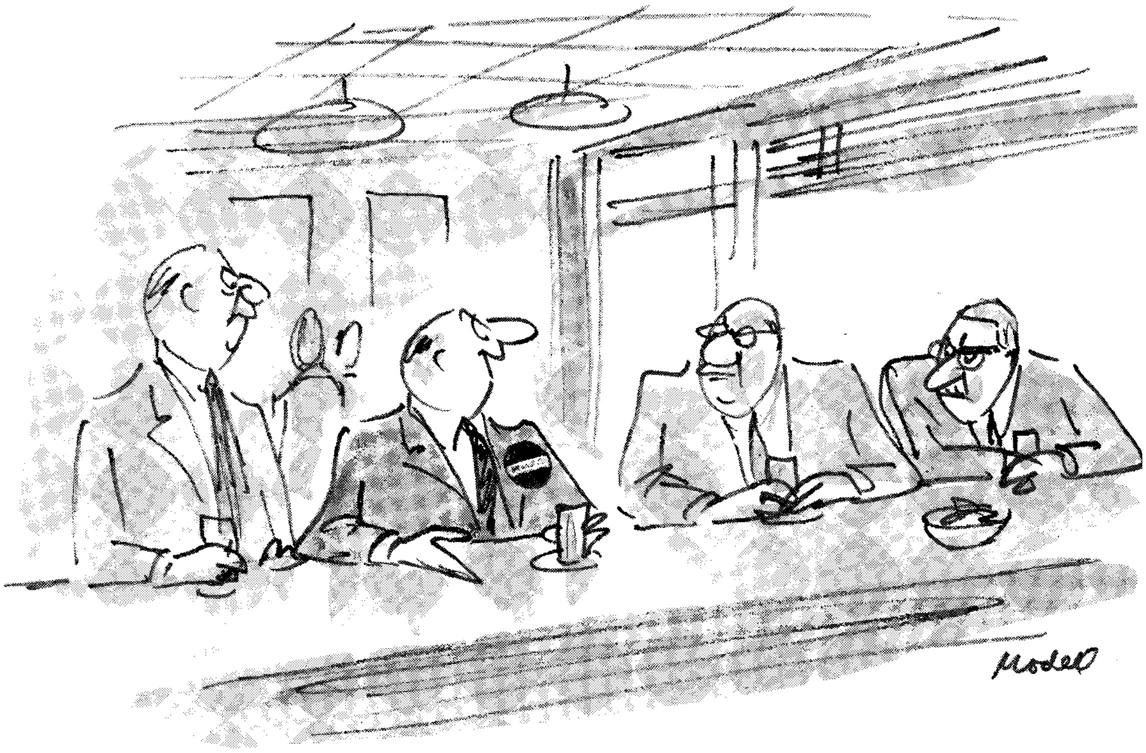
"So our children think. On the first try we came around a bend to discover a family of six or so celebrating a feast day or some other occasion with a dinner on a candlelit table set out in the middle of the alley. They had to remove the dishes and the wine bottles and the candles and a vase of flowers—a lace tablecloth, too!—and cart the table and chairs partway up a staircase in the nearest building to let us by. They were singing and smiling; they bowed to us as we passed, they bore us no grudge. A fine Italian family. We felt almost as if we were part of the celebration. On the second try—"

"I can guess what happened."

"Of course. I entered another alley but came around a bend to see the same candlelit table before us. They weren't so happy this time to remove the dishes and flowers and candles and so on and to retreat up the stairs with the table and chairs. And then, when I took yet another alley and *still* found myself going around a familiar bend to see the candles—well, I turned off the car lights and tried to back up, but managed only to bash a fender in my nervousness. There was no turning back, Sigurd! Our children were all on the floor behind the front seat, piled on top of each other, and hissing at me; even Jean was slumped as far down as you can get in the front of a VW. As the rest of that Italian family moved everything away again, the husband put his head in the car window and asked, in English, 'Why? Why? Why?' "

"One 'why' for each attempt," Sigurd observed. He softly repeated the word three times himself, and then sighed.

I wanted to make him laugh, to return both of us to the light-hearted spirit of the parties he and Jennifer had given in their house by the quarry so many years before. But, as had been true of so many of our conversations during this brief visit, each of us, while feeling our old affection for the other, ended up solemn and discontented. Even to me my tale had seemed lugubrious. "You and I—at least we always tried to be responsible fathers," I said.



"Look, it doesn't necessarily mean I'm for him one hundred per cent."

The windows were open; the breeze occasionally carried the tinkling of goat bells or the twanging of frogs in our pond. We listened to those sounds. "Tell me," Sigurd said. "Isn't it time our wives came back?"

But it was only ten. We had been sipping Scotch; I refilled our glasses. Idly talking, we wandered from room to room, upstairs and down, using one staircase or another—we have three in this sprawling house. I was more or less looking for an album of photographs taken during our three visits to Iceland, but it was nowhere to be found. Nearly every room in the house has at least one bookcase, and old school texts (Jean's and mine as well as those of our children), juvenile fiction, encyclopedias, scrapbooks, scholarly treatises, novels, and volumes of poetry are all jumbled together in them. At one time I carried a memory of the color and shape of each book and where it most likely had been shelved, but the constant addition of new titles, combined with the increased use of my books by the children as they grew, finally resulted in the same kind of disorder that had developed earlier in the closets. At the end of a second-floor hallway, Sigurd and I bent down to go through a small door to enter a large room with a platform; in the nineteenth century it had served as a circuit-court chamber for the judges who travelled about on horseback.

"When the boys were small and had disobeyed Jean or me, I would say to them, 'Let's go to the judge's chamber so I can try the case,'" I said as Sigurd and I sat down on the edge of the platform. "Now look at the room," and I pointed to the various unmade beds. "It's become a bunkhouse!" I told him that Cris often brought out young people in need of guidance or just food; they helped him milk the goats and clean the barn. Sometimes they stayed a night, sometimes a week or longer. One boy named Sam, who frequently returned, was adept at fixing farm machinery, but equally adept at breaking things with it. "Even worse than that, Sigurd, Sam loses all my tools. Not just my hammer. The socket set, the wrenches, the screwdrivers—they're all rusting out there somewhere," and I gestured in the direction of the dark fields.

"A house the size of yours needs people," Sigurd said reasonably. "What would you ever do with a place like this without Cris? You're lucky to have a son still at home, one interested in putting a farm to its proper use."

When Cris was a young child, I said, he helped Larry and Jean and me build the horse barn to replace a much larger barn that had burned down. He remarked at the time that he thought we should construct the barn like a house, so that Jean and I could live in it when we got as old as his grandparents; Larry or Jimmy or he could then live in the farmhouse with a wife and children, and look after us. That a boy hammering next to his father would be dreaming such generous thoughts had given me the kind of happiness that makes one's eyes too blurred to drive a nail properly; but Jean and I, in our late fifties, certainly found no pleasure in contemplating some future retirement to a horse barn while goats wandered about eating our shrubs and the house became a deteriorating and untidy commune.

"Since I became a grandfather, I think in platitudes," Sigurd said, with another sigh. "Still, it's true enough that we can't impose our sense of what's fit on the younger ones."

I felt threatened by the reverse of that, I said. Not long ago, an editor had wanted to know if I would do a book. What she had in mind wasn't quite "Zen and the Art of Goat Raising," she said, but such a title might suggest certain possibilities. . . . "I'm a professor of English," I said to Sigurd, "with courses to teach, with programs to direct. I don't look to goats for spiritual sustenance! When I was younger I was in control of my life. If a roof needed replacing, I replaced it. I built barns, I could pull a screw out of a horse's hoof when my boys weren't strong enough to do it, I painted one side of the house every summer. Now things are getting out of hand, and I *don't like it at all.*"

Jean and Jennifer had come back and were chatting in the living room with Sigurd and me when Cris arrived with Sam, whom he'd found at a downtown corner. Cris had driven home directly from his job—without even washing the grease from his hands—just in case we might still be up. Smiling, he was full of memories of our visits to Iceland—of the sheep and horses that wandered on the mountain slopes and seemed so free; of the lava flow from Hekla that had ponderously moved forward, bathing us in its shimmering heat as we watched; of cold lakes set in volcanic basins. If discontent had led me from one long story to the next, simple happiness had loosened Cris's tongue; he usually came home, as he told Sigurd, to a dark house. He spoke of the sagas he had read as a child, after our first stay in Iceland, and of parallels between them and Greek myths; the latter brought him, by way of Pan, to the subject of goats. As he talked, his excitement and pleasure made him pace the room and pull at his reddish beard—a beard not yet so luxuriant as Sigurd's, which he had always admired. Suddenly aware that he had forgotten the conventional amenities, he introduced Sam to Sigurd and Jennifer and asked us all what we had been doing, how we had been passing the hours.

I said that Jean and Jennifer had been away and that Sigurd and I hadn't done much other than to listen to the sound of the bullfrogs.

"What bullfrogs?" Cris asked.

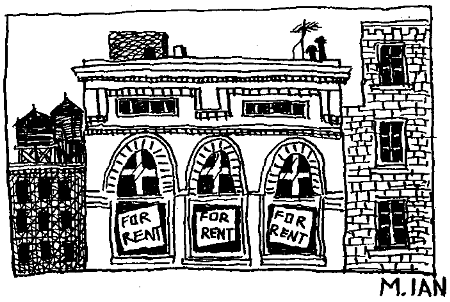
"The ones in the pond," I said. "Listen," and we all sat quietly until we heard a twang, as if a rubber band had snapped, and then another.

Sam had remained standing uncertainly in the doorway even after his introduction, but now he laughed, contemptuous of the sound. "Them ain't *bull*frogs," he said, with a knowing look at Cris.

Sam often contradicted me, and everybody else. He was a pudgy boy who had spent his childhood in a series of foster homes. That spring, after quarrelling with a teacher and other students, he dropped out of his senior year of high school. I could understand his need to be stubborn and assertive; still, his dismissal of that twang irritated me, and I said that for twenty years I had told people bullfrogs twanged like that, and nobody had argued.

Cris said that Sam was right: he and Sam had found a pond with genuine bullfrogs and would be happy to lead us there, if we would like to hear them. I asked him where the pond was; he pointed out the window at the lights blinking from the radio tower on Connecticut Hill, six miles away. "You go almost there, turn right on the Cayutaville Road, make a left, and—well, none of the roads have names."

It was 1 A.M. Sigurd and Jennifer would be leaving for Iceland soon after breakfast. I began, in my old fatherly manner, "I really don't think, Cris—" but Jennifer said she wanted to go. Though she was fond of Iceland, I knew she still had strong attachments not only to her relatives and friends in the United States but to the natural world she once had known—the trees and plants and animal life. (That morning, on our walk along the rim of the gorge, she had stopped to touch and to name ferns and wild flowers that she remembered from the ravine behind their old house by the stone quarry.) Sigurd said he would also like to hear frogs that did more than just twang; he had been cheerful ever since Cris's arrival, and now, eager to be off in search of frogs, he reached for the cane he needed because of back trouble.



"Don't you need to milk your goats?" I asked Cris.

"Never mind!" He was laughing and already heading out the door with Sam, beckoning for us to come.

Cris took Sam in his pickup truck; I followed with the others. Our route consisted chiefly of a succession of roads barely more than fire trails or cart paths, the trees and underbrush so close that branches occasionally scraped the car. Most of these roads, I had been told, were once surrounded by pastures and cornfields, but the land, never very productive, had gradually been abandoned, the owners leaving during the Depression or in the later years of urban prosperity brought about by the Second World War. The New York Department of Conservation managed thousands of acres here, permitting the habitat gradually to

HOUSEWORK

How precise it seems, like a doll house,
and look: the tiniest socks ever knit
are crumpled on a chair in your bedroom.
And how still, like the air inside a church
or basketball. How you could have lived
your boyhood here is hard to know,

unless the blandishing lilacs
and slant rain stippling the lamplight
sustained you, and the friendship of dogs,
and the secrecy that flourishes in vacant lots.
For who would sleep, like a cat in a drawer,
in this house memory is always dusting,

unless it be you? I'd hear you on the stairs,
an avalanche of sneakers, and then the sift
of your absence, and then I'd begin to rub
the house like a lantern until you came back
and grew up to be me, wondering how to sleep
in this lie of memory, unless it be made clean.

—William Matthews

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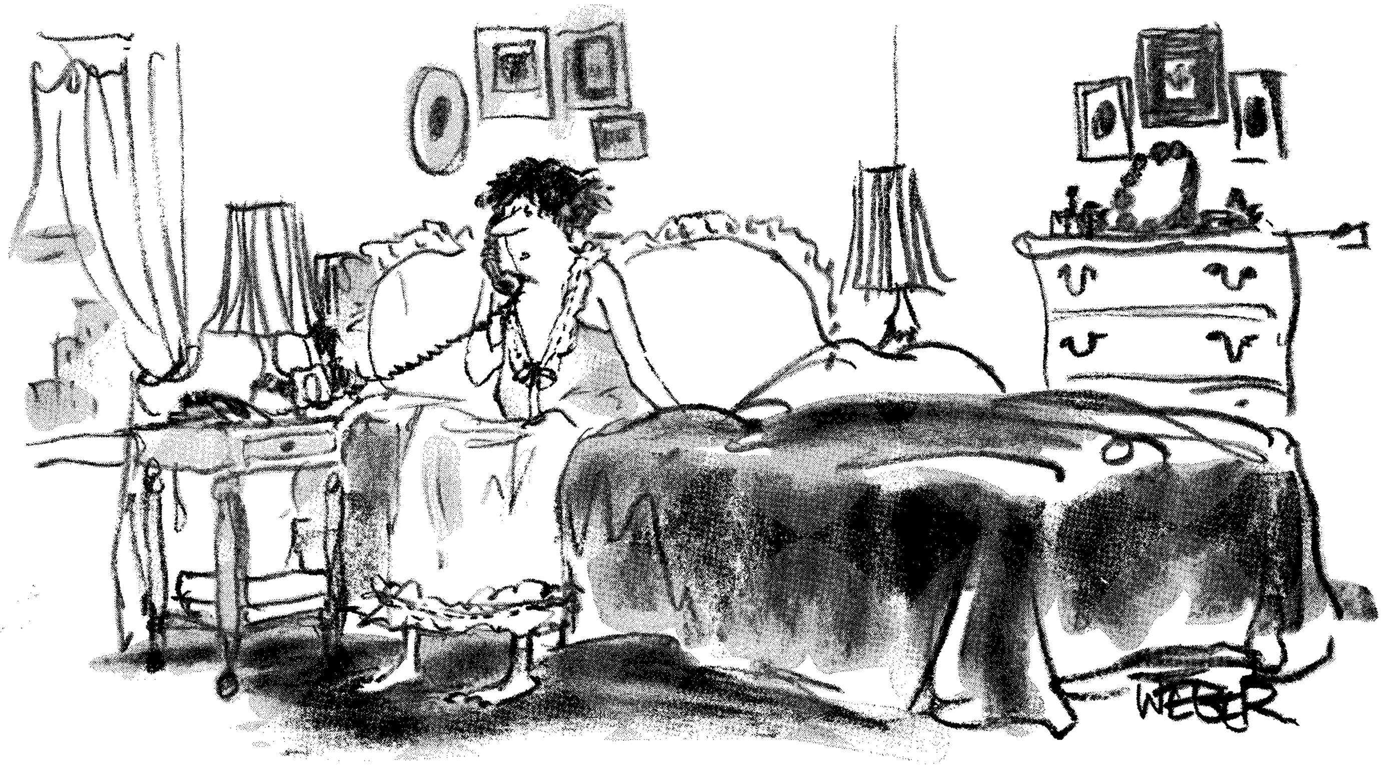

"Listen, I've got to get dressed. I can't think unless I'm dressed."

• •

revert to its original state. Three or four old sugar maples in a row, their thick boles illuminated in our headlights, meant that a house had stood behind them: how odd that houses and barns, and all the life they had contained, could be gone—and so soon! Though all of our children were fascinated by this region, Jean and I never much liked it; the young trees blocked the views and made us feel uneasy and confined. Even the vaguest memory of the Connecticut Hill area, as I mowed a field or replaced a section of rotten house siding, would give me the awareness of both the urgency of my task and its ultimate uselessness.

Now Cris drove through it, flashing his lights to indicate for us passages of some danger or difficulty—a fallen tree partly obstructing the road, a washed-out section, a boulder. Two or three miles into that wilderness, he stopped the truck and came to our car to say apologetically that he had made a wrong turn; he guided me back to the gap in the underbrush, where both vehicles could reverse their direction. After leading us along another road, he stopped again, at what might have been the identical place. "Lost forever!" I said to my passengers as Cris approached once more. He said, "We're here. Turn off your lights."

Then, in the darkness, we stood with Cris and Sam by the side of the road. "Be careful of the drop-off," Cris whispered.

"What drop-off?" The question was a chorus.

"Well, don't move until you can see."

Slowly the blackness took on various unfamiliar shapes. Below us, a few feet away, tiny lights began to shimmer and to spread, as if over a large field.

"What's that, shining everywhere?" Jean asked.

"Glowworms, I think," I said.

"Stars, on the pond," Cris said; and even as he was saying those words I felt as if all of us had moved an immense distance away, and were staring down at our universe. On a summer's night at our farmhouse, one can see friendly lights on distant hills and hear many sounds—a truck backfiring, a dog barking in the hamlet of Meckenburg, the twanging of *our* frogs, and, of course, the comforting tinkling of goat bells. Here the absolute stillness and the tiny points of light were frightening.

"Your frogs, Sam—" I began; but Cris hushed me, a hand on my arm. Then a horn blared: though we were miles from the nearest railroad track, I thought for an instant that a diesel locomotive was bearing down upon us.

"Lord!" Sigurd cried.

"Bullfrogs!" Sam said triumphantly. "I told you, didn't I?"

The horn below us blared again; another replied from the opposite bank. "Cassiopeia answering the Dog Star," Cris said.

The fancy so pleased me that I smiled at the mirrored stars.

"You were scared, weren't you?" Cris asked, his hand still restraining me.

"Oh, not really. Not much. It was Sigurd who cried 'Lord.' "

We stood on the bank, teasing each other like that and listening. Jennifer said she would remember this pond and its sounds during the long nights of the coming Icelandic winter. As for me, I was, for the moment, happy as a child. —JAMES McCONKEY

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Baker said also at that time that Reagan has no intention of debating Anderson again.

Carter already had accepted invitations from three other groups to meet Carter one-on-one.—*Monterey (Calif.) Peninsula Herald.*

Making up for lost time.

PLYMOUTH: 1939

HE was crouched beside the Plymouth, rolling one quarter along the circumference of another, fumbling with them. His left leg, bald on the shin, was propped on the curb. The leg, little more than a bone, was smooth, polished, latticed by veins burst or bursting—distinguished from the curb only by its whiteness. It gleamed like the coins in his hand. That night, the Brooklyn street embraced him, cast its darkness around him. The trees were a tangle above the street, the cars dark, and my father sat on the curb. He tossed me one of the quarters.

"Get me a bucket of beer and a pack of saltines," he said. "Keep it cold." Running with long strides and short, to miss every crack in the four blocks of sidewalk between our house and the bar, I took the bucket to Skelly's. The bucket bounced round my legs, banging and clanking, ringing off my knees, its handle creaking as I ran.

"I just gotta piss in this someday," Skelly said as I passed the bucket over the bar. He dunked the bucket in a soapy trough, rinsed it, smacked its bottom, and then jockeyed it beneath the tap. It sounded as if he was pissing in it. A dull rattle. Skelly scooped the foam off with a mug. "Elephant Boy" he called me, and each time he did a voice from the dark end of the bar bellowed, "Gunga Din," and laughed. I could see a glint from a glass, the end of a cigarette pulsing red. Those nights the man wasn't there, I would say "Gunga Din" to myself, at first not wanting to, but unable not to. I would say "Gunga Din" and leave Skelly's with the bucket, bent low to my left.

The tin brightened as I stepped outside. I hobbled home, never changing hands, afraid that I might drop my father's beer. I felt my palm swell.

"I could wash the car with what you spill every week," my father said.

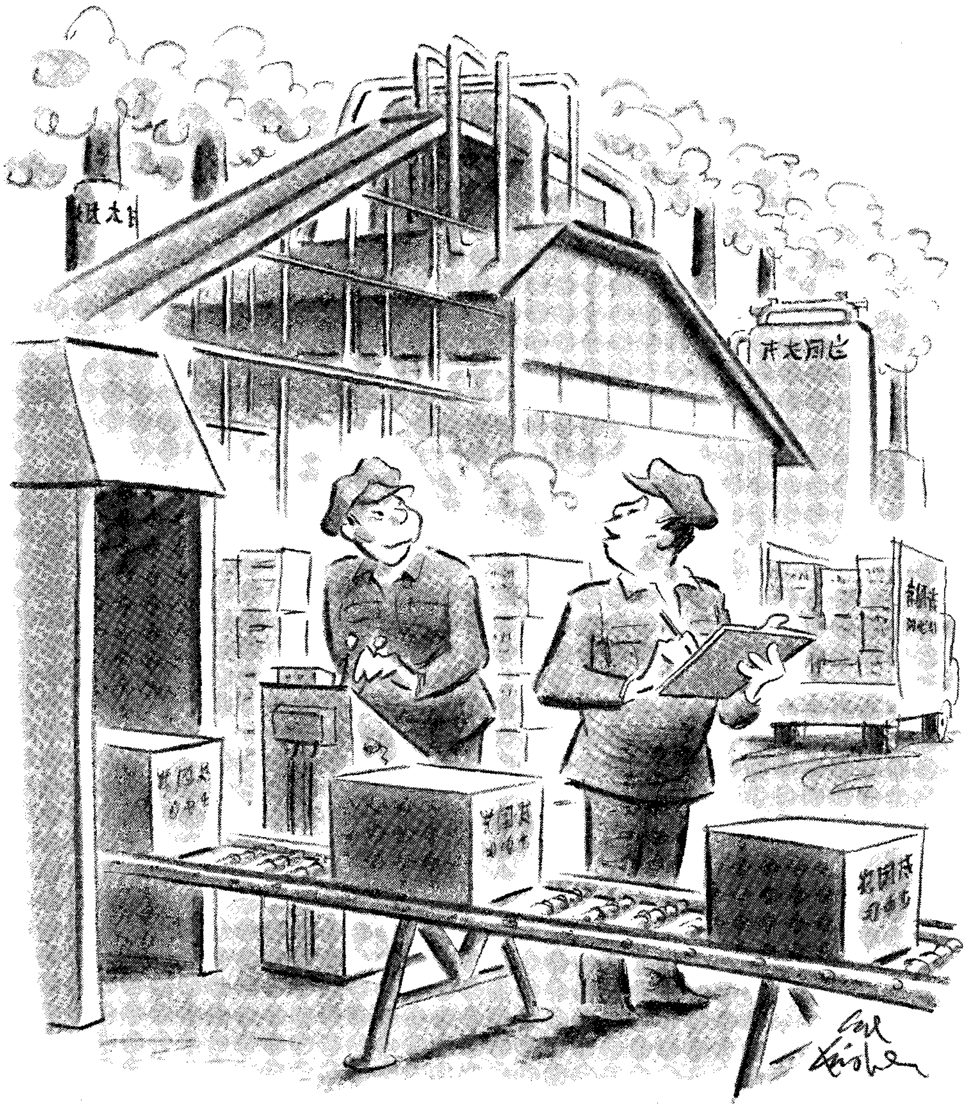
"You can't drive it with what I don't," I said.

My mother brought him a glass and a teacup. He ladled one full with the other, leaving the cup bobbing in the foam. She always brought the same cup. The glass might change but never the cup. It was a china cup, white with a pale-blue town on it. The handle was like a blade of grass—narrow where it touched the cup and wider, gently curved, where you held it.

"Give me a leg rub," my father said.

My mother took hold of his ankle, whitening her knuckles against his stunted leg. His left leg was short. It made every step a lunge. My mother had to take hitches in his pants, had to fold an inch of fabric back upon itself and tuck it into the crotch, stitching a thick wrinkle across the thigh and playing it out over the curve of the buttock.

DURING the war my father was a designer. Every week or so, he stuffed an envelope full of sketches and carefully lettered legends, and mailed it to the War Department. Every night he sharpened his pencils. Sometimes he sharpened them twice. I could hear the rhythm of his hand and the growl of the sharpener from my room. He and Cullen, another man from the fire company, met Tuesday nights. My father met him at the corner, and it always sounded as if they had never met before or might never meet again. They were loud and backslapping. Every Tuesday night they walked back and forth from our dining room to the Plymouth, each holding a flashlight. They poked beneath the hood, under the chassis, finding approximations of ideas, illustrations of joints, gears, and wiring. There was not a single idea that did not exist somewhere within the Plymouth. They would reason from the Plymouth, backward or forward—the direction didn't matter. From torpedo design to commodes on troop trains, the 1939 Plymouth was their drafting board. They blinked the headlights on and off, opened and closed the doors, proved theories or disproved them by roaring halfway out the driveway and



"Adam Smith say, 'Buy cheap, sell dear.'"

slamming on the brakes. Their most popular idea—the only one the War Department ever acknowledged—was a question:

> Would you like us to figure out a headlight that gives maximum visibility but is minimally visible itself? So the enemy can't see us?

They received a card from the War Department, which they slipped between the salt and pepper shakers on the dining table:

> The United States Government appreciates your contribution to the war effort. Your suggestions receive the fullest consideration. Thank you.

My father and Cullen worked on the headlight for weeks. Their sessions always began with a reading of the note from the War Department. My father maintained that there was a place for the man with a simple mind.

"Not everyone can invent a bomb," he said. "Inventing gases that can shrivel a man up like a bug has been, and will always be, the work of a certain class person. It's the simple things that get overlooked. No one troubles with them. A great mind won't stoop to them, but a simple mind can go right in and get them. For the asking, really."

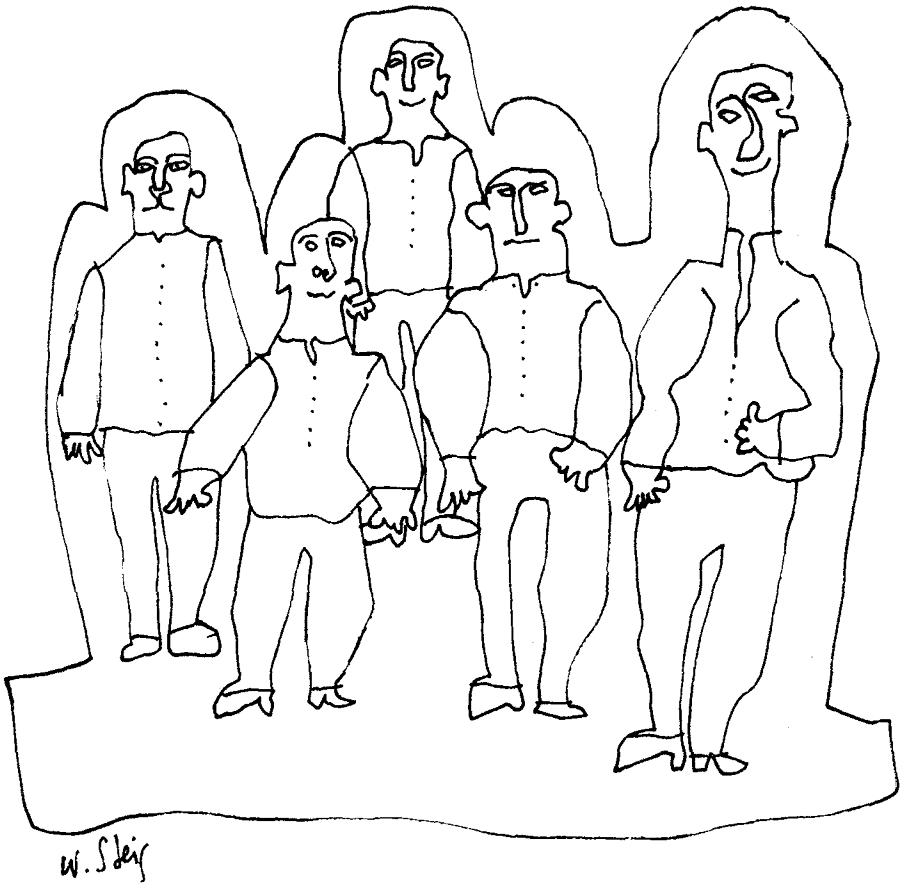
My father draped gauze over the headlights on the Plymouth. He tried linen doilies, colored plastic, cotton shirts, perforated sheets of paper. Cullen walked up and down the block, taking notes, measuring the sweep of the headlights. He came up with equations, ratios, x. From my window I could see my father hunched over the steering wheel, peering down the street, trying to spot Cullen in the darkness. They shouted back and forth. Cullen put his jacket on and took it off and put it on again, testing different colors. He ran up and back, lit a match, flashed a mirror. Finally, they settled on an eerie glow that brightened the length of the driveway but could still be seen halfway to Enright's.

"Given the right terrain, it will work," my father said. "It needs hills. Europe has hills. Japan's one big, bloody mountain. There's no place as flat as Brooklyn."

The two of them collected tables and graphs and measurement converters. They listed the boiling point of water under varying pressure. They had booklets on recommended tire inflations, carburetors, and vacuum tubes; and they had books. Stacks of books. They had chemistry books, popular and technical; physics manuals; examination manuals. If they needed a fact, they intended to have it on hand. My father included these graphs and tables when he sent his designs off to the War Department, adding simply:

> Please refer to the enclosed tables to meet specifications for final design.

He figured that the general idea was what they were after.

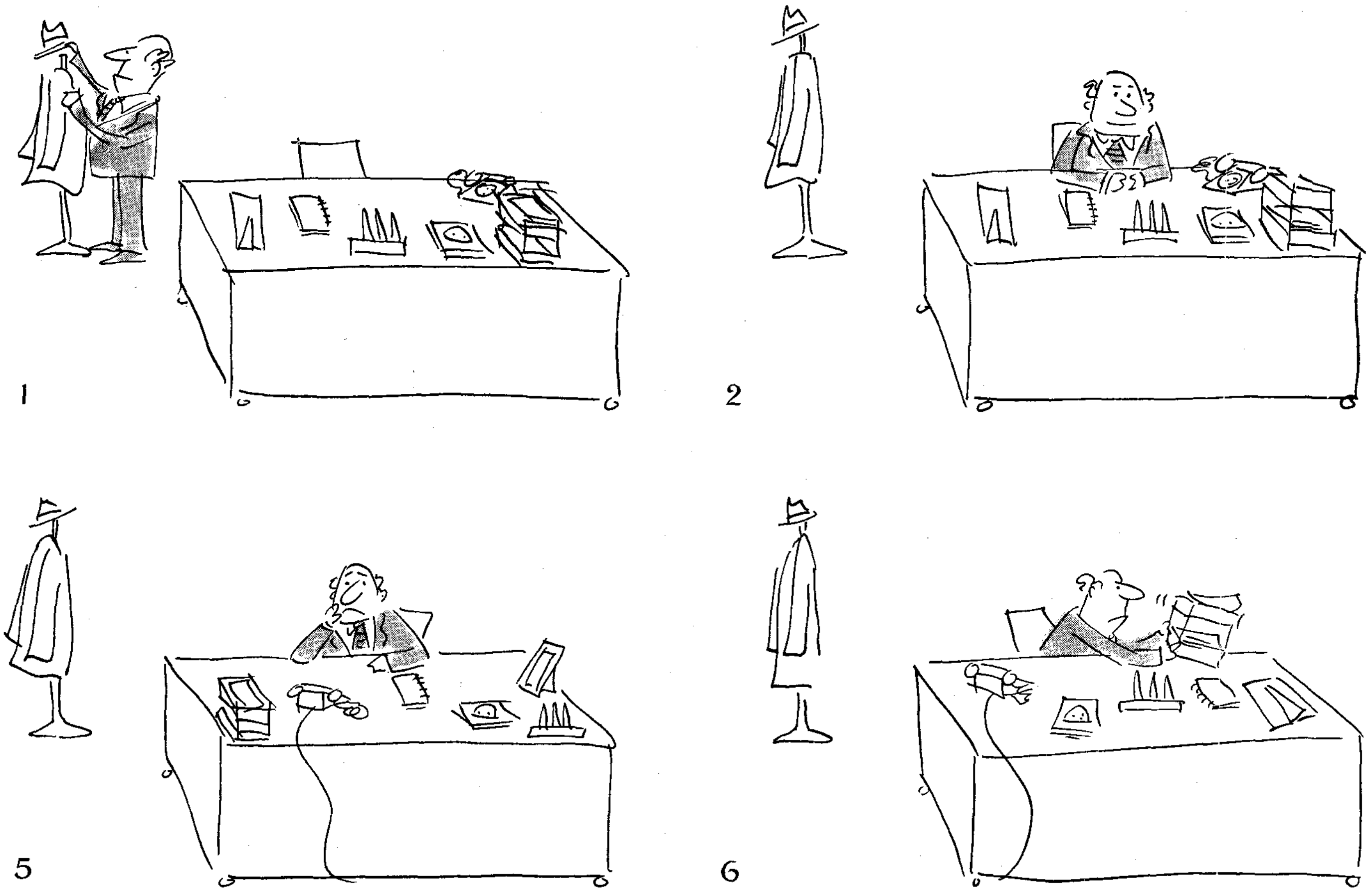


Kinfolk

My mother supplied my father with pins, string, coffee cans, mirror fragments, shoelaces, staples, thumbtacks, and boxes. He collected trinkets, like a nesting bird. He hoarded the parts he used often: bent hair clips for torque, bottlecaps for gears. He called them guinea nickels, jap caps. He collected shapes: circles, squares, triangles, cutout designs, angles. He traced matchbooks, coasters, pulled the knobs off the radio and traced those, too. He amassed an encyclopedia of practical geometry—the shapes of things in daily use. He knew the weights and measures of the objects that filled his life in the same way that Einstein knew the dimensions, real and theoretical, of space.

And from this understanding he hoped to arrive at another one. He hoped to find, somewhere, an answer that no one else could provide. He hoped, through diligence and his own simplemindedness, to utter his own "Eureka!" Cullen was his gofer, his bagman. During all those months I cannot remember hearing Cullen tell my father to do anything. From the very first day it was like that. Cullen remained unremittingly loyal, hustling about my father's business.

The headlight idea was one that would work, my father said. "The war isn't even under way. It'll spread from one place to another, just like bad news." He talked more and more about it. He could see soldiers getting blasted out of the front seat of a jeep because the enemy could draw a bead from far away. "That's why," he said, "policemen carry their flashlights way out here, away from their bodies." He showed both of us. Cullen toyed with a



propeller my father had made. My father squinted hard, as if he were in the dark. He prowled around the parlor, squinting, one hand feeling the way, the other held high and away from him, his slender fingers curved around a flashlight. "You ask any one of them. Guinan, Mike, Joe. There's not a one of them be fool enough to carry a lit flashlight out in front and make himself a sitting duck. All the enemy's got to do," he said, looking out the street-side window on the second floor, "is aim just up and to the left of the right headlight, and boom, our boys got their brains in the back seat."

Every third weekend, my father and Cullen went to the country. Friday evenings, with a hundred other men, they met at the armory and rode buses north. They left the armory carrying brown bags and shoeboxes. They packed lunches. They tied handkerchiefs around their necks, hiked the sleeves of their undershirts high on their shoulders. They were pale men and darkly dressed.

What they did up there had something to do with what was expected of the men back home—the men who didn't leave. They went to Mass in a field, confided in chaplains. They labored in the woods and slept like immigrants in steerage, stacked one above the other. They smiled, gritted their teeth, drew their hands across the backs of their necks, shook their heads. It looked as if they worked hard. They broke ground, raised fences, ran their palms along lengths of wood, set blades of grass between their teeth. They brought back pictures: ten men joined, sagging together arm over arm. And if you didn't know it was Poughkeepsie, you might have thought it was Berlin.

They returned on Sunday nights, emptying from the bus like spilled fruit. They had burned faces, bodies full of dust, and mud caked on their shoes. Family met them. My father, coming off the bus, took all of the steps at once or he touched lightly on each, swinging his left leg out and down, onto the black cracked asphalt of the armory lot. And he had papers, as any soldier did—his face and his name lost in a riot of blurred stamps and seals. And these papers he kept on the bureau in our parlor. He would pick them up on his way out Fridays and put them back on his way in Sundays, like a hat.

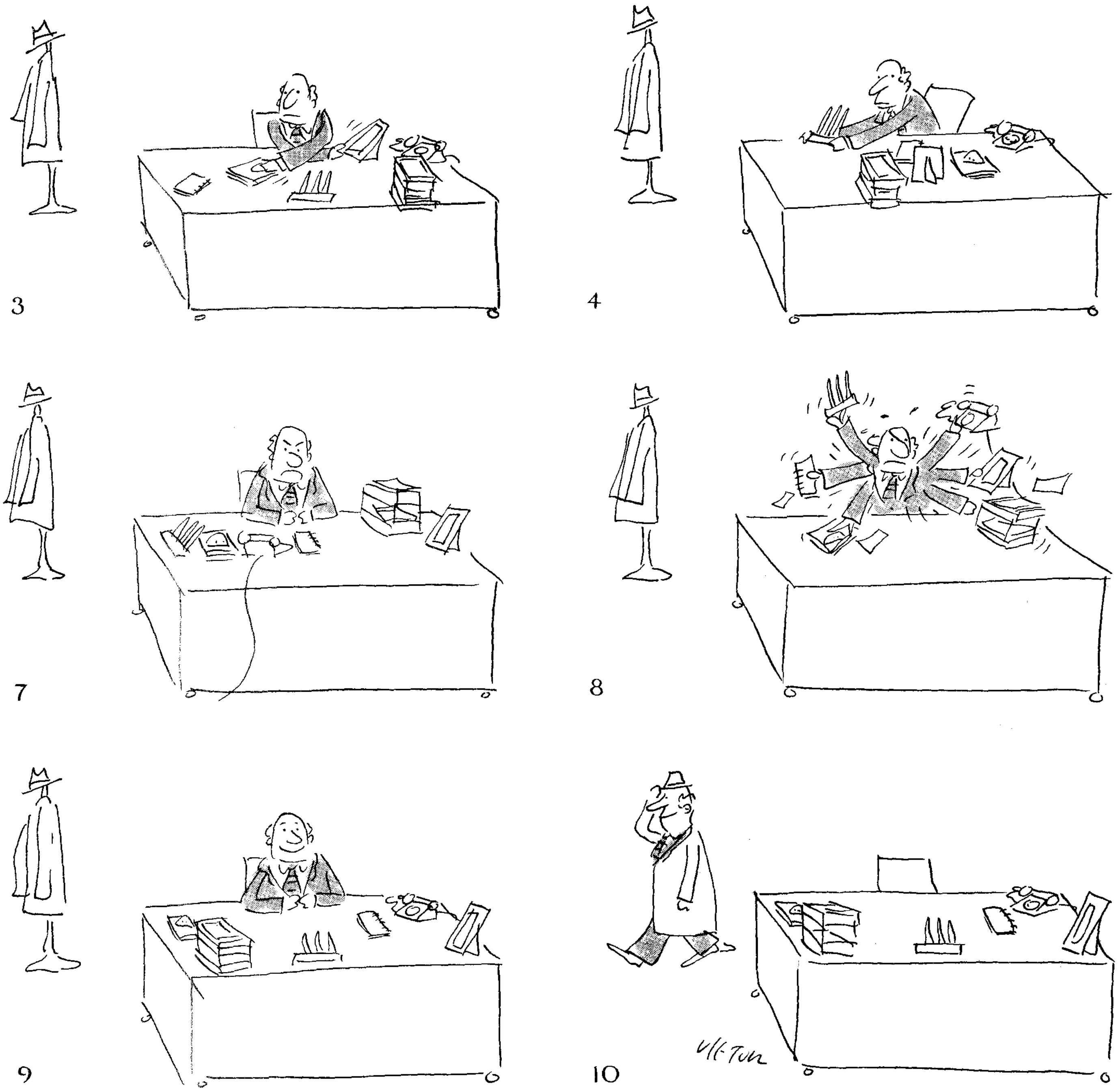
My mother spent her afternoons listening to letters—letters from husbands serving their country. Her friends left out the romantic parts, and these, she said, were abundant; at least that's what she guessed from the number of times women like Mrs. Ippolito would pause, look up, smile or sneer, and skip down the page to a passage more suitable for my mother's ear. "You'd think," she said, "all those fellas have to do is write letters."

My mother imagined getting letters. I know she did. She mentioned it once. She said she wondered what letters from my father would be like. She said she'd only gotten one in all her life. It was a note mailed from the Royal Hotel in Atlantic City when my father drove down to bury a second cousin:

> DEAR BEA,
>
> I wouldn't mind living down here at all. It's very clean. Being near the ocean makes it feel that way like Breezy Point. I picked something up for you. Hope you like it.
>
> Love,
> JACK

He arrived home before the letter did.

Every day, my father waited for the mail or the call, or the long black car that he was certain would pull up in front of the house. When the War Department didn't respond to his final plan for the headlights, he began to



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show some pain. He began to lose the certainty that he would get out of the war with at least this satisfaction: that he had worked, in his own way, harder than lots of them, harder than those who goldbricked at Fort Dix and in the Carolinas; that here in his Brooklyn workshop he had arrived at something worthy of this war. He and Cullen continued to invent. But you could see in the way they looked at each other and in the way they spoke that there was little chance they'd top the headlight idea. They toyed with new splints, shirts with bandaging sewn in, tire treads. But the small card they had received from the War Department began to look like a monument, standing upright between the salt and pepper shakers. My father waited for someone to get in touch with him or drive up, step out of the heavy silence of a sedan, and ask his permission. It was the permission that he wanted to give, more than the idea itself.

THAT summer, the street bristled with heat. At 101 degrees, I expected the cars to explode. They just sat there baking, the Plymouth behind the Oldsmobile, the Buick in front. You could look down the street, along the shaded corridor of the sidewalk, and see the bright eruption of the avenue at the corner. People walked past, glowing, captured for a moment in what little light penetrated the block. Then one afternoon a man emerged from the light of the avenue. He had parked his car in front of Ippolito's house. I was sitting on the lawn, watching him. I had never seen him before. He held a briefcase in the crook of his arm. His suit was as dark as the darkest hollow in the trees, and his shape turned black a step or two from the corner. He took off his hat and checked his watch and the contents of his briefcase. He turned and walked to the Ippolitos', and up the steps. I listened to the clack of his heel on the porch, his knock on the door, and the wheeze of the door opening.

Marcus, a kid from across the street, challenged me to a game of stoopball, and we played. I was fourteen, two years older than Marcus, but he always beat me when we played on his stoop. There was a brick missing and, through years of practice, he had discovered and developed an ability to rocket the pink blur of his Spalding off a ragged edge of brick and send it one of two places: a hundred and fifty feet skyward and into the trees for a home run or directly into my eye. Our steps were wooden and never produced games of any consequence. A rounded step edge had its subtleties but would never detonate a four-bagger with any regularity.

The man left Ippolito's, walked to the sidewalk, and continued toward me. I thought he might have bad news. I remembered seeing the man who came when Singer was killed in Italy.

Ippolito was in France. Tierney in England. Owen was somewhere in Montana, fixing radios. "Or breaking them," my father said. Maybe they had all died at once. Somebody was dying all the time, and maybe they had all died. Maybe the enemy had wiped out our street. Andrews and Butler, Rourke, Garrett, Reynolds, Skelly's kid, Plunkett, Marcus, Fitzhugh, and Tierney. The man walked up to the Tierneys'. I heard the clack, a knock, and the screen door open.

When a train derailed, somebody always lived. Even the Titanic had survivors. But there aren't any odds when you're alone. To have one chance in fifty, you've got to find another forty-nine. If heads was living and tails was dying, I could have killed every guy on our block with one penny, sitting in the street tossing it. But give me a penny for every guy over there, and let me toss them all into the street, and a couple would make it. So it was possible they were all gone. I thought of them dying alone. Even if they were in a crowd, they all died alone, because none of the other guys from the block were with them.

In the movies, Americans never die right away. Not in the Army, anyway. The enemy always dies right away. They're shot and fall away as if they've been peeled off the sky and slammed to the ground. But our soldiers always have a moment when they get a certain look on their faces. It's a surprised look, in a way. Like they've just turned a corner and found their mother shooting at them. It has a surprise like that in it. But then they stand there, grabbing a piece of bloody cloth, trying to wrench the bullet from the place where it's killing them. And then they fall down. The guys who were scared died with their eyes open, every time, like a punishment or something. But if all the guys on our block were dead, the Army would have done something special. Or at least sent another man to help the one in the hat. They would have sent another man in a hat and they could have worked both sides of the street, as if they were delivering the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

The man moved to the house next door. Marcus and I stopped playing. I sat and watched the house, waiting for him. I felt I had to, seeing as I had watched him make his way down the street for the better part of two hours. Soon he was finished. Again he took the trouble to walk on the sidewalk. He never cut across anyone's lawn. I could see now that his hat was large, dark, almost black. He kept his head down, and it seemed as if just a hat was coming to say hello. I could see his briefcase was leather. I ran to our door and called out, "Dad, there's a man here to see you." I heard my father say "Jesus Christ" twice. The man's hat seemed to fill the porch, until he tilted back his head and said hello.

"Mind if I sit down?" he asked.

My father skipped out onto the porch, combing his hair with his hand. He seemed out of breath. "Not at all,"

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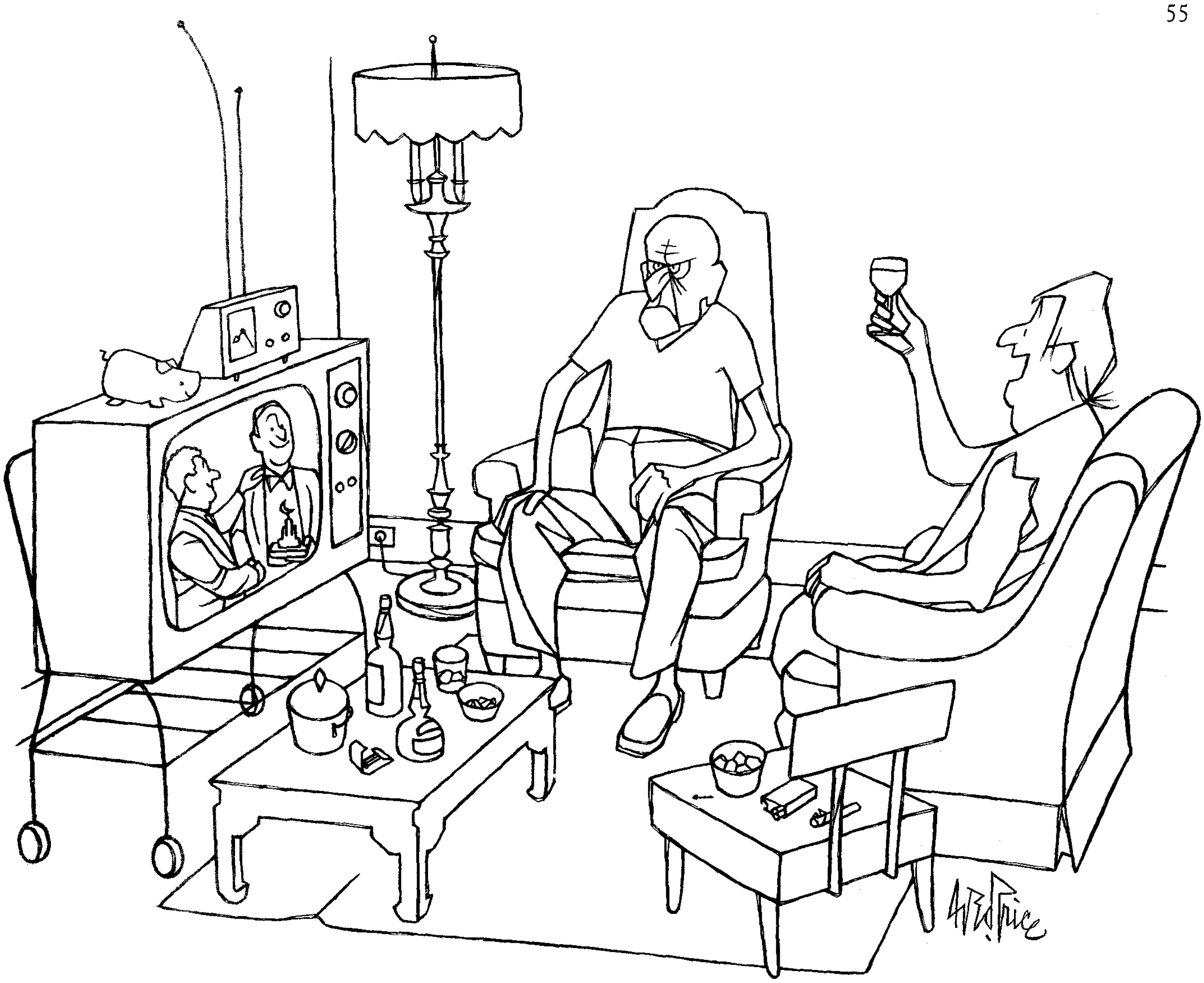
THE SEASON OF PHANTASMAL PEACE

Then all the nations of birds lifted together
the huge net of the shadows of this earth
in multitudinous dialects, twittering tongues,
stitching and crossing it. They lifted up
the shadows of long pines down trackless slopes,
the shadows of glass-faced towers down evening streets,
the shadow of a frail plant on a city sill—
the net rising soundless as night, the birds' cries soundless, until
there was no longer dusk, or season, decline, or weather,
only this passage of phantasmal light
that not the narrowest shadow dared to sever.

And men could not see, looking up, what the wild geese drew,
what the ospreys trailed behind them in silvery ropes
that flashed in the icy sunlight; they could not hear
battalions of starlings waging peaceful cries,
bearing the net higher, covering this world
like the vines of an orchard, or a mother drawing
the trembling gauze over the trembling eyes
of a child fluttering to sleep;
                                        it was the light
that you will see at evening on the side of a hill
in quiet October, and no one hearing knew
what change had brought into the raven's cawing,
the killdeer's screech, the ember-circling chough
such an immense, soundless, and high concern
for the fields and cities where the birds belong,
except it was their seasonal passing, Love,
made seasonless, or, from the high privilege of their birth,
something brighter than pity for the wingless ones
below them who shared dark holes in windows and in houses,
and higher they lifted the net with soundless voices
above all change, betrayals of falling suns,
and this season lasted one moment, like the pause
between dusk and darkness, between fury and peace,
but, for such as our earth is now, it lasted long.

—Derek Walcott



"And the winner is Anton Schmegler, Sourball of the Year."

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my father answered. He slid a chair across the porch to the man, and then seated himself in front of him. He started tapping his foot. His short leg jiggled a bit because it didn't quite reach the floor.

"We're at war," the man said, and he grasped his briefcase as if someone were about to grab it from him. He leaned closer to my father. "We're at war, Mr. Harmon."

"Indeed we are," my father said.

"I am acting on behalf of the federal government," the man continued. "And, in fact, they've really sent me to your door."

My father's face relaxed and then stiffened. He took on as serious a look as I'd ever seen on his face. If this was the man my father had been waiting for, I couldn't understand why he had visited the other houses on the block.

"We don't have anyone over there," my mother said from inside the house.

"I know," the man said. "Mrs. Ippolito told me."

"Ippolito told you where to find me, then," my father said. "You're here for the government? They told you to find me?"

"Yes, they did, Mr. Harmon. My purpose in coming here is to help protect all the boys overseas who can't get this protection themselves. And it's people like you, Mr. Harmon, that'll make sure they get this protection." He put his case down and, standing up, walked to the railing on the porch and looked out over the street.

"Have you seen Cullen?" my father said.

"No, where do the Cullens live?"

"Ocean and Cortelyou. Just a couple of blocks from here." The man wrote down Cullen's name and address. My father gave him the number.

"If you owned a store in New Hampshire, Mr. Harmon, or a farm in Indiana, or even an apartment in Los Angeles, it wouldn't make any difference. No matter where you were I would find you. But I'm afraid they might find you, too."

"They?" my father asked. "Who?"

"The enemy, Mr. Harmon."

"Oh, my God," my mother said. "I knew your tinkering would have a bad end."

"Is it someone in the neighborhood?" my father asked.

"What do you mean, Mr. Harmon?"

"The enemy," my father said, dropping his voice to a whisper.

"It could happen right on this street, Mr. Harmon. But no one can say where or when or what damage will result. My purpose is to protect you, Mr. Harmon, and your family."

"We're safe here."

"It isn't a question of whether or not there's going to be a bombing or invasion. The question is, how would you be fixed if there were one. Did you know it's a shorter distance by air from Tokyo to Salt Lake City than from Tokyo to San Diego? Hartford provides practically every form of protection, including war-damage policies. I'll bet your present coverage doesn't cover bombings."

"No, it doesn't," my father said. "It doesn't cover bombings."

"Look, I don't want to scare you. I just want you to know what's available. If you did have someone over there, don't you think he'd want to know that he had something to come home to?"

"You're not here about the headlights?" my mother said, and it was the gentlest sound I'd ever heard. It was there and gone, lost in the columns of light that sliced across the porch, the light busy with dust, the thin fabric of her voice unwound by the sound of the two men shifting their weight in the chairs.

The man looked toward her, waited for her to continue. He turned again to my father. "The Hartford Fire Insurance and Accident and Indemnity Companies have been in business for a long, long time. We've helped America in peace and we'll help her in war. A five-thousand-dollar home can be insured for as little as five dollars."

"Doesn't sound like you expect to have to pay off," my father said. He asked the man what his name was.

"Robinson. I'm Jerry Robinson. Mr. Harmon, the enemy is unpredictable."

"It would be a surprise if they bombed Flatbush, Mr. Robinson." My father leaned forward, resting his hands on his knees.

"This is all those boys have, Mr. Harmon." The man indicated the street, and his glance moved down the street, pausing at every third or fourth house. "Homes like these. In Maine, Pennsylvania, the Dakotas, Arizona. You don't expect a fire when you buy fire insurance, do you, Mr. Harmon? You don't expect a tornado when you buy wind-damage coverage, do you? Don't ask when; ask if. If, if, if, if it happens, where'll that leave you?"

My father skipped across the porch and kicked Robinson in the groin. My father's mouth was open, and his tongue showed as a pink sliver across his teeth. He kicked Robinson again in the chest, picked up his briefcase, and threw it spinning, floating like a pie plate, into the street.

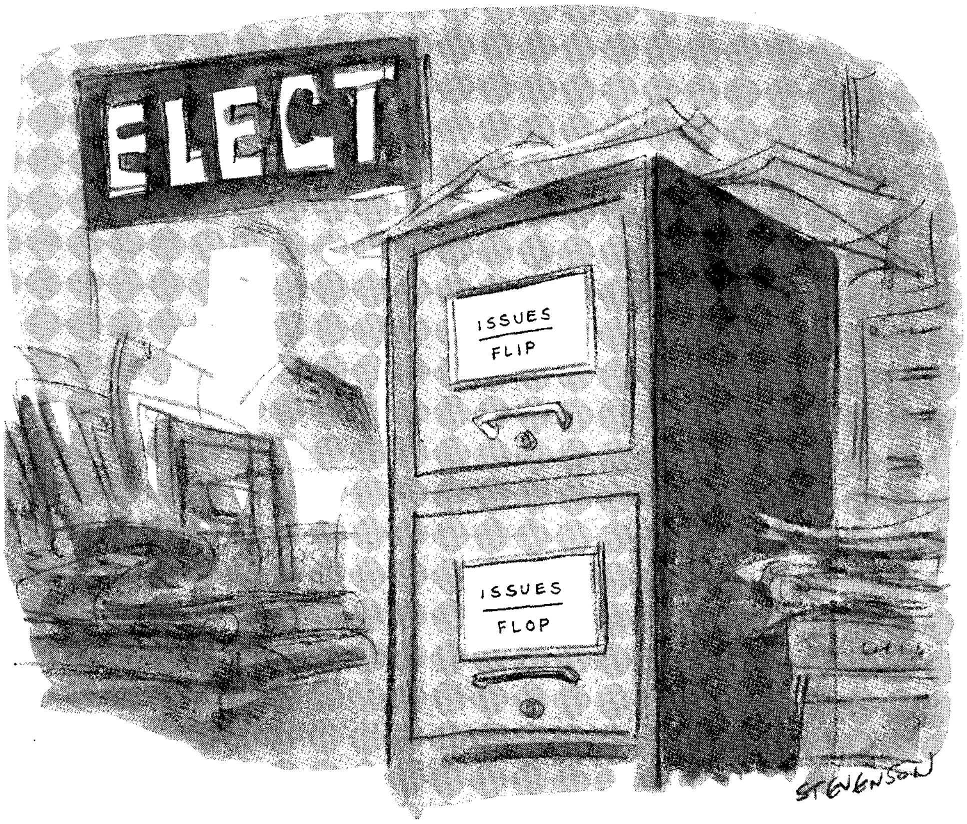
"Bomb-crazy bastard," my father said. "How many of these addled shut-ins did you take for your stinking five dollars?" He jumped the three steps off the porch and ran to the briefcase. He rifled through the papers in the case. "Ippolito," he said. "And Owen. You didn't sell Mrs. Tierney on this rubbish, did you?" He was back on the porch. "Give me the ten dollars," he said. Robinson began to protest. My father slapped him across the side of the head. "Give it to me," he said again. Robinson was slowly collapsing, like a lawn chair. He tried to reach for his wallet without uncovering his head. It took him a few moments. He pulled out two fives. My father grabbed the bills and pushed Robinson off the porch. He tore up the two policies marked Ippolito and Owen. He threw those after the salesman. "If you're not in that car in ten seconds, you're going to be under it."

Robinson limped to his car and drove off, turning around in the Ippolitos' driveway so that he wouldn't have to pass our house again.

My father began picking up the torn policies. He sorted them into his left hand as if he were assembling a book. He stopped once or twice to turn a fragment over and study it. There were a number of people watching him. Women stood at the ends of the walks, Marcus bounced his Spalding on the railing of his porch. I wondered if I should get my father some beer. He was breathing heavily as he bent to collect the scraps of paper. His shirt was rumpled, twisted around his body, and his heel had come out of his left shoe. He walked to the Plymouth, opened the door, and sat down.

The only time he didn't look large to me was when he sat in the Plymouth. I saw his arm out the window, his shirtsleeve rolled to the elbow. He adjusted the mirror. It looked as if he was sitting in a small room. The car was black, an assembly of spheres. It dwarfed him. My father said Roosevelt had one just like it. A newer model, maybe. I saw him take the insurance policies and place them above the visor. They were there when we sold the car in 1947.

—KEVIN O'NEILL



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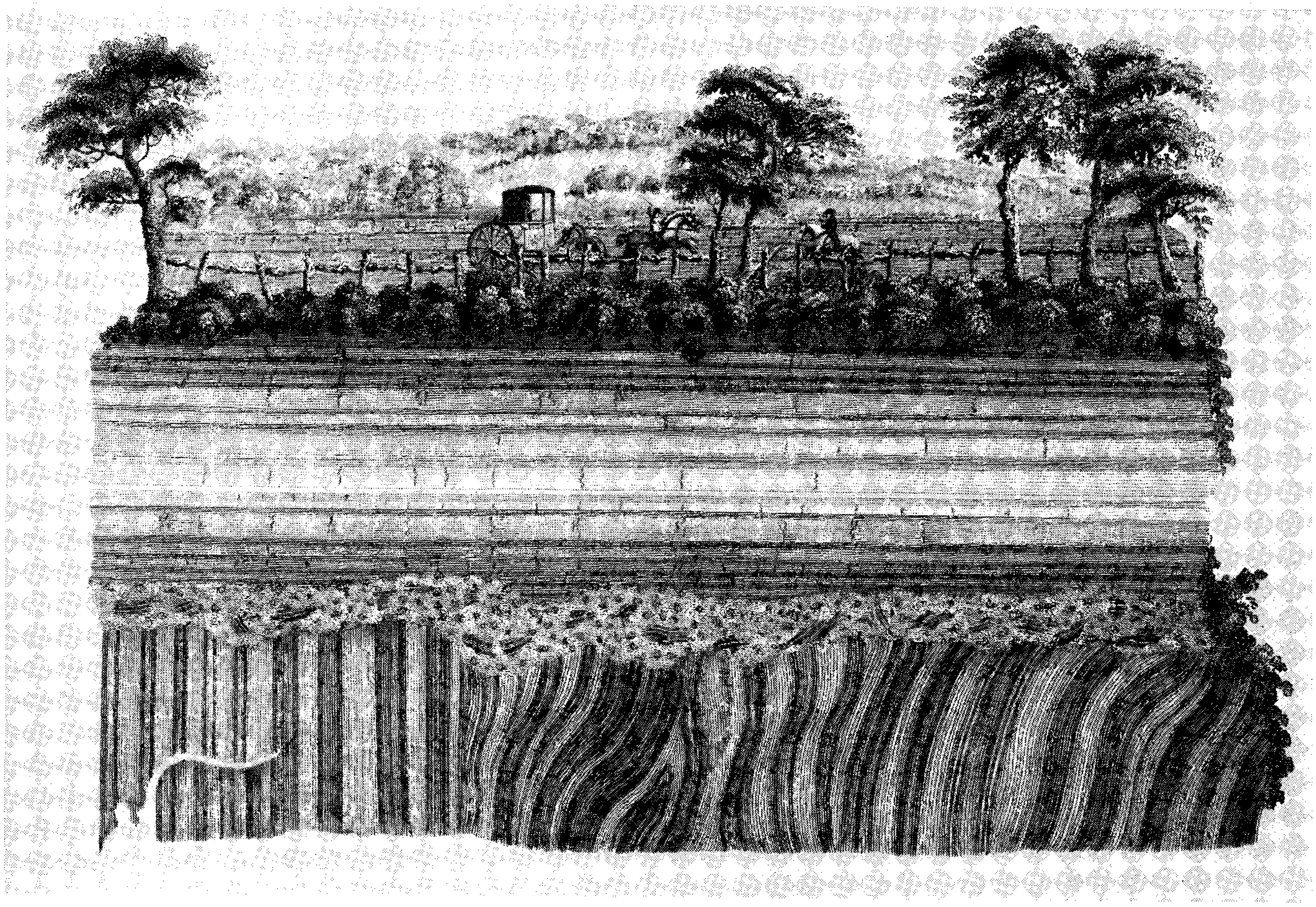
It took Lord Byron 24 years to write his poems, interrupted as he was by love, travel, fighting the Greek Revolution and an early death.—*Richard Eder in the Times.*

Lucky he never had a telephone.

ANNALS OF THE FORMER WORLD

BASIN AND RANGE—II



Scottish Academic Press, Ltd.; Edinburgh

Unconformity at Jedburgh, Borders (engraving)

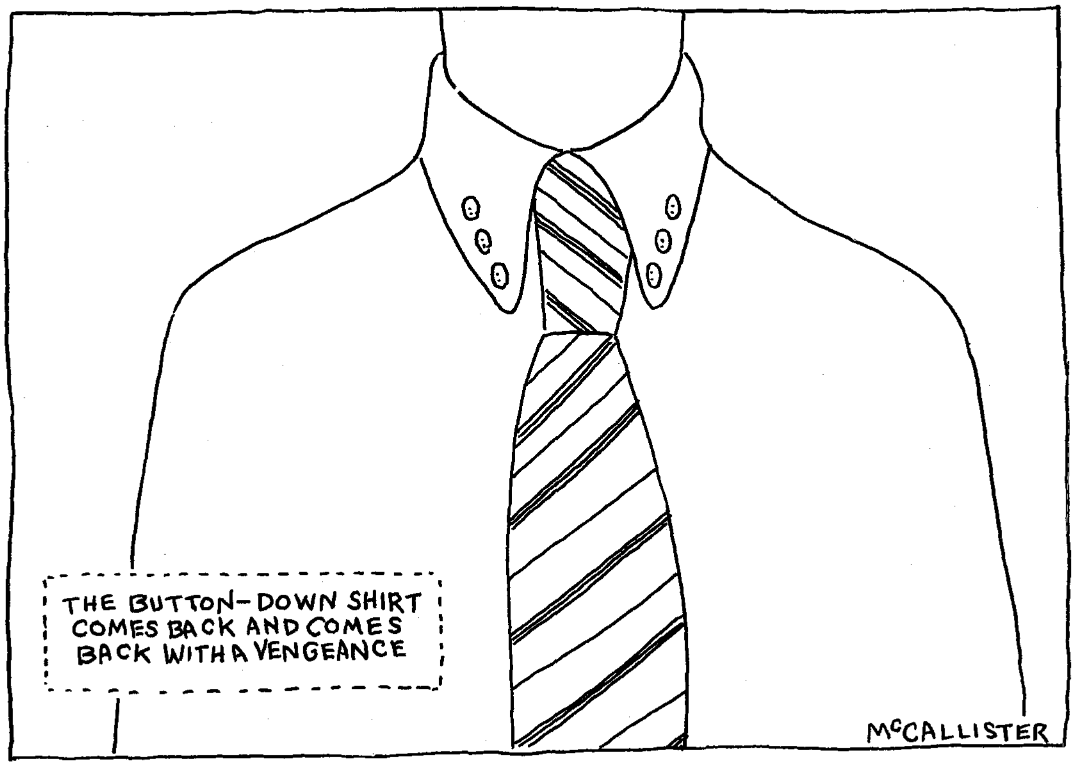
INTERSTATE 80, in its complete traverse of the North American continent, goes through much open space and three tunnels. As it happens, one tunnel passes through young rock, another through middle-aged rock, and the third through rock that is fairly old, at least with respect to the rock now on earth which has not long since been recycled. At Green River, Wyoming, the road goes under a remnant of the bed of a good-sized Cenozoic lake. The tunnel through Yerba Buena Island, in San Francisco Bay, is in serpentine of the Mesozoic. And in Carlin Canyon, in Nevada, the road makes a neat pair of holes in Paleozoic rock. This all but leaves the false impression that an academic geologist chose the sites—and now, as we approached the tunnel at Carlin Canyon, Kenneth Deffeyes (of Princeton) became so evidently excited that one might have thought he had done so himself. "Yewee zink bogawa!" he said as the pickup rounded a curve and the tunnel appeared in view. I glanced at him, and then followed his gaze to the slope above the tunnel, and failed to see there in the junipers and the rubble what it was that could cause this professor to break out in such language. He did not slow up. He had been here before. He drove through the westbound tube, came out into daylight, and, pointing to the right, said, "Shazam!" He stopped on the shoulder, and we admired the scene. The Humboldt River, blue and full, was flowing toward us, with panes of white ice at its edges, sage and green meadow beside it, and dry russet uplands rising behind. I said I thought that was lovely. He said yes, it was lovely indeed, it was one of the loveliest angular unconformities I was ever likely to see.

The river turned in our direction after bending by a wall of its canyon, and the wall had eroded so unevenly that a prominent remnant now stood on its own as a steep six-hundred-foot hill. It made a mammary silhouette against the sky. My mind worked its way through that image, but still I was not seeing what Deffeyes was seeing. Finally, I took it in. More junipers and rubble and minor creases of erosion had helped withhold the story from my eye. The hill, structurally, consisted of two distinct rock formations, awry to each other, awry to the gyroscope of the earth—just stuck together there like two artistic impulses in a pointedly haphazard collage. Both formations were of stratified rock, sedimentary rock, put down originally in and beside the sea, where they had lain, initially, flat. But now the strata of the upper part of the hill were dipping more than sixty degrees, and the strata of the lower part of the hill were standing almost straight up on end. It was as if, through an error in demolition, one urban building had collapsed upon another. In order to account for that hillside, Deffeyes was saying, you had to build a mountain range, destroy it, and then build a second set of mountains in the same place, and then for the most part destroy them. You would first have had the rock of the lower strata lying flat—a conglomerate with small bright pebbles like effervescent bubbles in a matrix red as wine. Then the forces that had compressed the region and produced mountains would have tilted the red conglomerate, not to the vertical, where it stood now, but to something like forty-five degrees. That mountain range wore away—from peaks to hills to nubbins and on down to nothing much but a horizontal line, the bevelled surface of slanting strata, eventually covered by a sea. In the water, the new sediment of the upper formation would have accumulated gradually upon that surface, and, later, the forces building a fresh mountain range would have shoved, lifted, and rotated the whole package to something close to its present position, with its lower strata nearly vertical and its upper strata aslant. Here in Carlin Canyon, basin-and-range faulting, when it eventually came along, had not much affected the local structure, further tilting the package only two or three degrees.

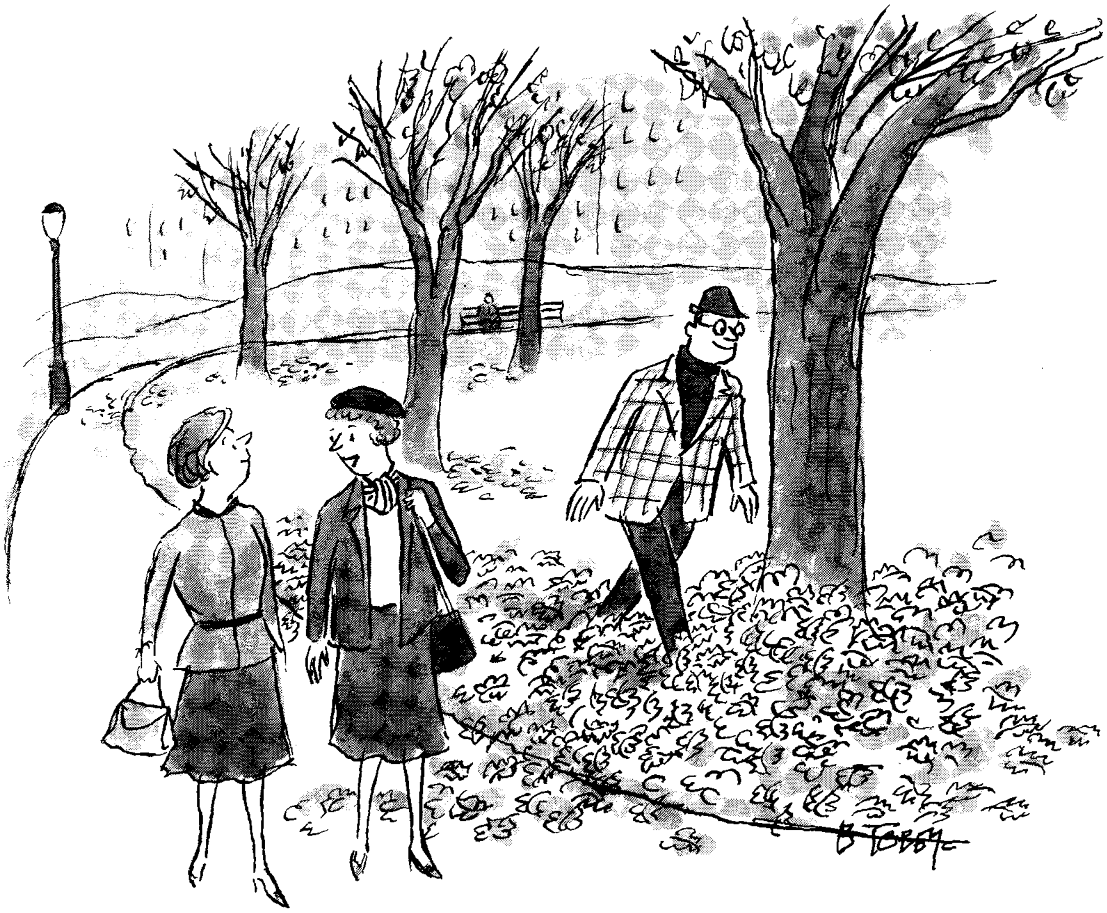
Clearly, if you were going to change a scene, and change it again and again, you would need adequate time. To make the rock of that lower formation and then tilt it up and wear it down and deposit sediment on it to form the rock above would require an immense quantity of time, an amount that was expressed in the clean, sharp line that divided the formations—the angular unconformity itself. You could place a finger on that line and touch forty million years. The lower formation, called Tonka, formed in middle Mississippian time. The upper formation, called Strathearn, was deposited forty million years afterward, in late Pennsylvanian time. Cambrian, Ordovician, Silurian, Devonian, Mississippian, Pennsylvanian, Permian, Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous, Paleocene, Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene, Pliocene, Pleistocene . . . In the long roll call of the geologic systems and series, those formations—those discrete depositional events, those forty million years—were next-door neighbors on the scale of time. The rock of the lower half of that hill dated to three hundred and thirty million years ago, in the Mississippian, and the rock above the unconformity dated to two hundred and ninety million years ago, in the Pennsylvanian. If you were to lift your arms and spread them wide and hold them straight out to either side and think of the distance from fingertips to fingertips as representing the earth's entire history, then you would have all the principal events in that hillside in the middle of the palm of one hand.

It was an angular unconformity in Scotland—exposed in a riverbank at Jedburgh, near the border, exposed as well in a wave-scoured headland where the Lammermuir Hills intersect the North Sea—that helped to bring the history of the earth, as people had understood it, out of theological metaphor and into the perspectives of actual time. This happened toward the end of the eighteenth century, signalling a revolution that would be quieter, slower, and of another order than the ones that were contemporary in America and France. According to conventional wisdom at the time, the earth was between five thousand and six thousand years old. An Irish archbishop (James Ussher), counting generations in his favorite book, figured this out in the century before. Ussher actually dated the earth, saying that it was created in 4004 B.C. The Irish, as any Oxbridge don would know, are imprecise, and shortly after the publication of Ussher's "Annales Veteris et Novi Testamenti" the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University bestirred himself to refine the calculations. He confirmed the year. The Holy Trinity had indeed created the earth in 4004 B.C.—and they had done so, reported the Vice-Chancellor, on October 26th, at 9 A.M. His name was Lightfoot. Geologists today will give parties on the twenty-sixth of October. Some of these parties begin on the twenty-fifth and end at nine in the morning.

It was also conventional wisdom toward the end of the eighteenth century that sedimentary rock had been laid down in Noah's Flood. Marine fossils in mountains were creatures that had got there during the Flood. To be sure, not everyone had always believed this. Leonardo, for example, had noticed fossil clams in the Apennines and, taking into account the distance to the Adriatic Sea, had said, in effect, that it must have been a talented clam that could travel a hundred miles in forty days. Herodotus had seen the Nile Delta—and he had seen in its accumulation unguessable millennia. G. L. L. de Buffon, in 1749 (the


THE BUTTON-DOWN SHIRT COMES BACK AND COMES BACK WITH A VENGEANCE
McCALLISTER

year of "Tom Jones"), began publishing his forty-four-volume "Histoire Naturelle," in which he said that the earth had emerged hot from the sun seventy-five thousand years before. There had been, in short, assorted versions of the Big Picture. But the scientific hypothesis that overwhelmingly prevailed at the time of Bunker Hill was neptunism—the aqueous origins of the visible world. Neptunism had become a systematized physiognomy of the earth, carried forward to the *n*th degree by a German academic mineralogist who published very little but whose teaching was so renowned that his interpretation of the earth was taught as received fact at Oxford and Cambridge, Turin and Leyden, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. His name was Abraham Gottlob Werner. He taught at Freiberg Mining Academy. He had never been outside Saxony. Extrapolation was his means of world travel. He believed in "universal formations." The rock of Saxony was, beyond a doubt, by extension the rock of Peru. He believed that rock of every kind—all of what is now classified as igneous, sedimentary, and metamorphic—had precipitated out of solution in a globe-engulfing sea. Granite and serpentine, schist and gneiss had precipitated first and were thus "primitive" rocks, the cores and summits of mountains. "Transitional" rocks (slate, for example) had been deposited underwater on high mountain slopes in tilting beds. As the great sea fell and the mountains dried in the sun, "secondary" rocks (sandstone, coal, basalt, and more) were deposited flat in waters above the piedmont. And while the sea kept withdrawing, "alluvial" rock—the "tertiary," as it was sometimes called—was established on what now are coastal plains. That was the earth's surface as it was formed and had remained. There was no hint of where the water went. Werner was gifted with such rhetorical grace that he could successfully omit such details. He could gesture toward the Saxon hills—toward great pyramids of basalt that held castles in the air—and say, without immediate fear of contradiction, "I hold that no basalt is volcanic." He could dismiss volcanism itself as the surface effect of spontaneous combustion of coal. His ideas may now seem risible in direct proportion to their amazing circulation, but that is characteristic more often than not of the lurching progress of science. Those who laugh loudest laugh next. And some contemporary geologists discern in Werner the lineal antecedence of what has come to be known as black-box geology—people in white coats spending summer days in basements watching million-dollar consoles that flash like northern lights—for Werner's "first sketch of a classification of rocks shows by its meagreness how slender at that time was his practical acquaintance with rocks in the field." The words are Sir Archibald Geikie's, and they appeared in 1905 in a book called "The Founders of Geology." Geikie, director general of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, was an accomplished geologist who seems to have dipped in ink the sharp end of his hammer. In summary, he said of Werner, "Through the loyal devotion of his pupils, he was elevated even in his lifetime into the position of a kind of scientific pope, whose decisions were final on any subject regarding which he chose to pronounce them. . . . Tracing in the arrangement of the rocks of the earth's crust the history of an original oceanic envelope, finding in the masses of granite, gneiss, and mica-schist the earliest precipitations from that ocean, and recognising the successive alterations in the constitution of the water as witnessed by the series of geological formations, Werner launched upon the world a bold conception which might well fascinate many a listener to whom the laws of chemistry and physics, even as then understood, were but little known." Moreover, Werner's earth was compatible with Genesis and was thus not unpleasing to the Pope himself. When Werner's pupils, as they spread through the world, encountered



"Every fall, Henry feels nostalgic for his boyhood in Vermont."

"This had better be good, Robinson!"

• •

reasoning that ran contrary to Werner's, pictures that failed to resemble his picture, they described all these heresies as "visionary fabrics"—including James Hutton's "Theory of the Earth; or, an Investigation of the Laws Observable in the Composition, Dissolution, and Restoration of Land Upon the Globe," which was first presented before the Royal Society of Edinburgh at its March and April meetings in 1785.

Hutton was a medical doctor who gave up medicine when he was twenty-four and became a farmer who at the age of forty-two retired from the farm. Wherever he had been, he had found himself drawn to riverbeds and cutbanks, ditches and borrow pits, coastal outcrops and upland cliffs; and if he saw black shining cherts in the white chalks of Norfolk, fossil clams in the Cheviot Hills, he wondered why they were there. He had become preoccupied with the operations of the earth, and he was beginning to discern a gradual and repetitive process measured out in dynamic cycles. Instead of attempting to imagine how the earth may have appeared at its vague and unobservable beginning, Hutton thought about the earth as it was; and what he did permit his imagination to do was to work its way from the present moment backward and forward through time. By studying rock as it existed, he thought he could see what it had once been and what it might become. He moved to Edinburgh, with its geologically dramatic setting, and lived below Arthur's Seat and the Salisbury Crags, remnants of what had once been molten rock. It was impossible to accept those battlement hills precipitating in a sea. Hutton had a small fortune, and did not have to distract himself for food. He increased his comfort when he invested in a company that made sal ammoniac from collected soot of the city. He performed experiments—in chemistry, mainly. He extracted table salt from a zeolite. But for the most part—over something like fifteen years—he concentrated his daily study on the building of his theory.

Growing barley on his farm in Berwickshire, he had perceived slow destruction watching streams carry soil to the sea. It occurred to him that if streams were to do that through enough time there would be no land on which to farm. So there must be in the world a source of new soil. It would come from above—that was to say, from high terrain—and be made by rain and frost slowly reducing mountains, which in stages would be ground down from boulders to cobbles to pebbles to sand to silt to mud by a ridge-to-ocean system of dendritic streams. Rivers would carry their burden to the sea, but along the way they would set it down, as fertile plains. The Amazon had brought off the Andes half a continent of plains. Rivers, especially in flood, again and again would pick up the load, to give it up ultimately in depths of still water. There, in layers, the mud, silt, sand, and pebbles would pile up until they reached a depth where heat and pressure could cause them to become consolidated, fused, indurated, lithified—rock. The story could hardly end there. If it did, then the surface of the earth would have long since worn smooth and be some sort of global swamp. "Old continents are wearing away," he decided, "and new continents forming in the bottom of the sea." There were fossil marine creatures in high places. They had not got up there in a flood. Something had lifted the rock out of the sea and folded

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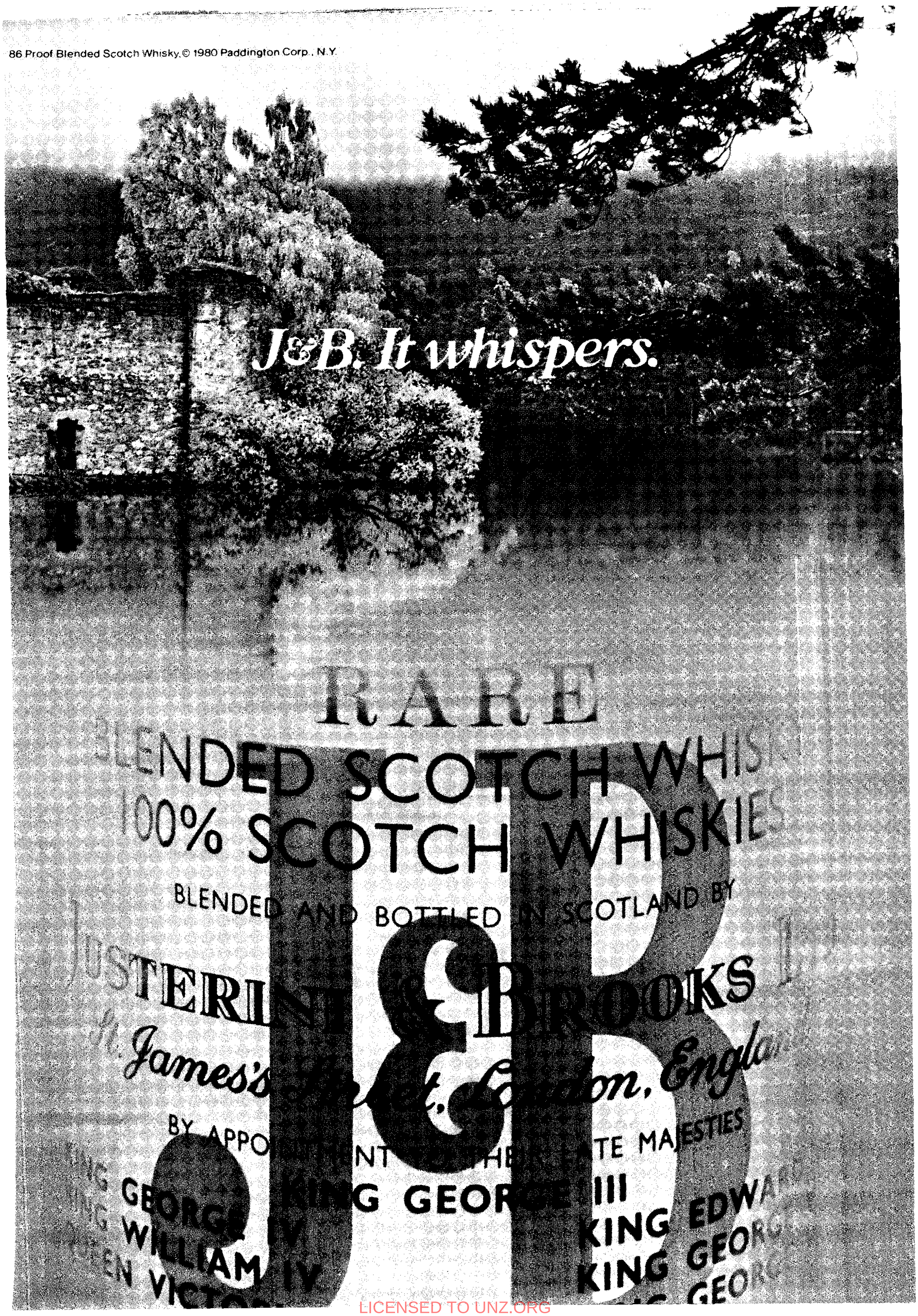
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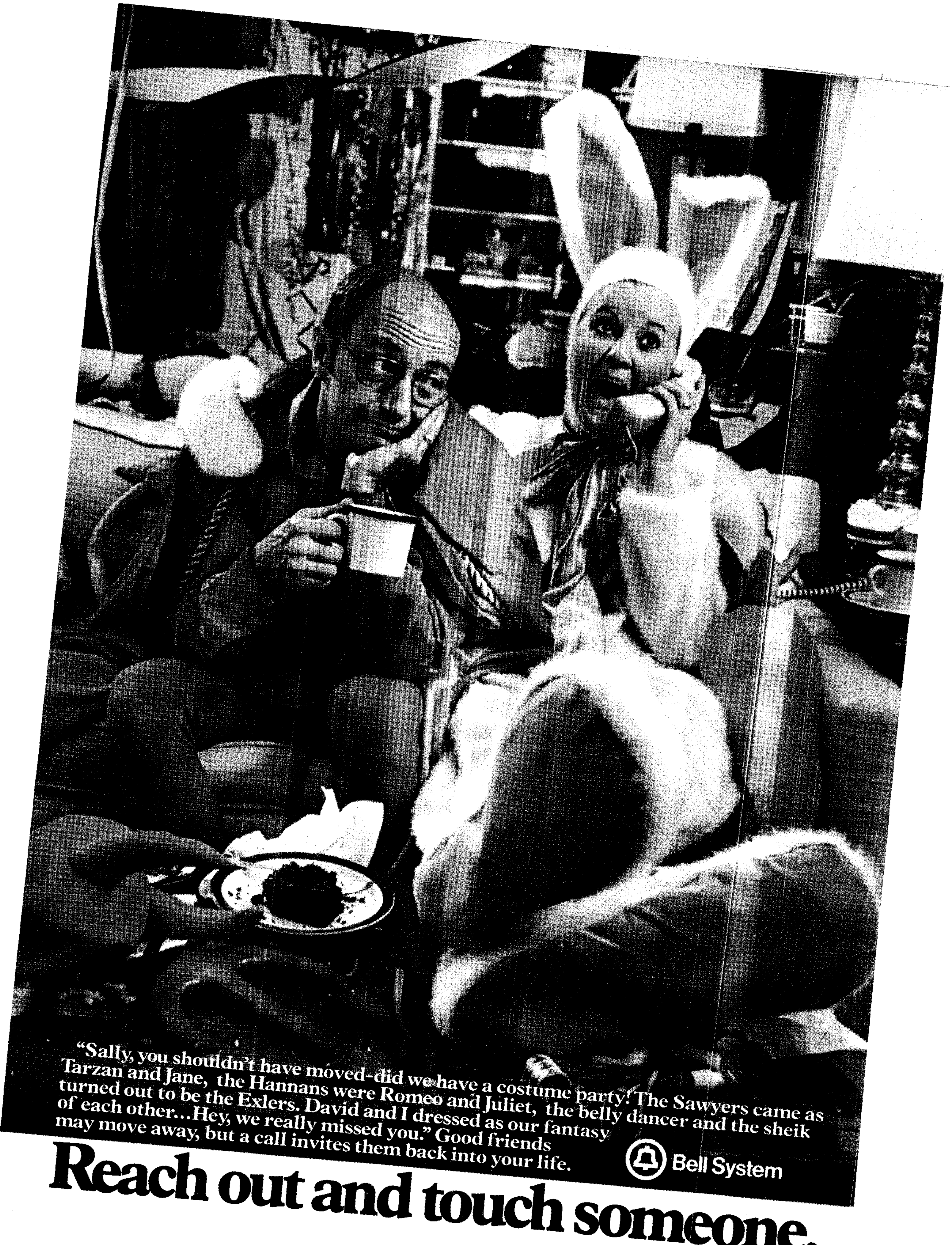

"Sally, you shouldn't have moved–did we have a costume party! The Sawyers came as Tarzan and Jane, the Hannans were Romeo and Juliet, the belly dancer and the sheik turned out to be the Exlers. David and I dressed as our fantasy of each other...Hey, we really missed you." Good friends may move away, but a call invites them back into your life.

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it up as mountains. One had only to ponder volcanoes and hot springs to sense that there was a great deal of heat within the earth—much exceeding what could ever be produced by an odd seam of spontaneously burning coal—and that not only could high heat soften up rock and change it into other forms of rock, it could apparently move whole regions of the crustal package and bend them and break them and elevate them far above the sea.

Granite also seemed to Hutton to be a product of great heat and in no sense a precipitate that somehow grew in water. Granite was not, in a sequential sense, primitive rock. It appeared to him to have come bursting upward in a hot fluid state to lift the country above it and to squirt itself thick and thin into preëxisting formations. No one had so much as imagined this before. Basalt was no precipitate, either. In Hutton's description, it had once been molten, exhibiting "the liquefying power and expansive force of subterranean fire." Hutton's insight was phenomenal but not infallible. He saw marble as having once been lava, when in fact it is limestone cooked under pressure in place.

Item by item, as the picture coalesced, Hutton did not keep it entirely to himself. He routinely spent his evenings in conversation with friends, among them Joseph Black, the chemist, whose responses may have served as a sort of fixed foot to the wide-swinging arcs of Hutton's speculations—about the probable effect on certain materials of varying ratios of temperature and pressure, about the story of the forming of rock. Hutton was an impulsive, highly creative thinker. Black was deliberate and critical. Black had a judgmental look, a lean and sombre look. Hutton had dark eyes that flashed with humor under a far-gone hairline and an oölitic forehead full of stored information. Black is regarded as the discoverer of carbon dioxide. He is one of the great figures in the history of chemistry. Hutton and Black were among the founders of an institution called the Oyster Club, where they whiled away an evening a week with their preferred companions—Adam Smith, David Hume, John Playfair, John Clerk, Robert Adam, Adam Ferguson, and, when they were in town, visitors from near and far such as James Watt and Benjamin Franklin. Franklin called these people "a set of as truly great men . . . as have ever appeared in any Age or Country." The period has since been described as the Scottish Enlightenment, but for the moment it was only described as the Oyster Club. Hutton, who drank nothing, was a veritable cup running over with enthusiasm for the achievements of his friends. When Watt came to town to report distinct progress with his steam engine, Hutton reacted with so much pleasure that one might have thought he was building the thing himself. While the others busied themselves with their economics, their architecture, art, mathematics, and physics, their naval tactics and ranging philosophies, Hutton shared with them the developing fragments of his picture of the earth, which, in years to come, would gradually remove the human world from a specious position in time in much the way that Copernicus had removed us from a specious position in the universe.

A century after Hutton, a historian would note that "the direct antagonism between science and theology which appeared in Catholicism at the time of the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo was not seriously felt in Protestantism till geologists began to impugn the Mosaic account of the creation." The date of the effective beginning of the antagonism was the seventh of March, 1785, when Hutton's theory was addressed to the Royal Society in a reading that in all likelihood began with these words: "The purpose of this Dissertation is to form some estimate with regard to the time the globe of this Earth has existed." The presentation was more or less off the cuff, and ten years would pass before the theory would appear (at great length) in book form. Meanwhile, the Society required that Hutton get together a synopsis of what was read on March 7th and finished on April 4, 1785. The present quotations are from that abstract.

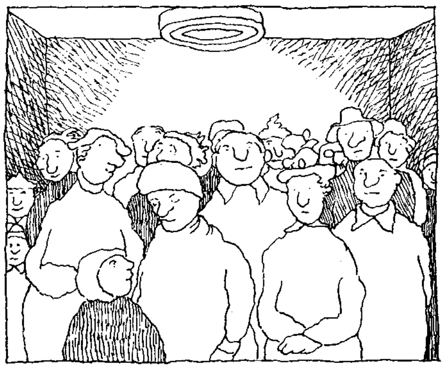
> We find reason to conclude, *1st*, That the land on which we rest is not simple and original, but that it is a composition, and had been formed by the operation of second causes. *2dly*, That before the present land was made there had subsisted a world composed of sea and land, in which were tides and currents, with such operations at the bottom of the sea as now take place. And, *Lastly*, That while the present land was forming at the bottom of the ocean, the former land maintained plants and animals . . . in a similar manner as it is at present. Hence we are led to conclude that the greater part of our land, if not the whole, had been produced by operations natural to this globe; but that in order to make this land a permanent body resisting the operations of the waters two things had been required; *1st*, The consolidation of masses formed by collections of loose or incoherent materials; *2dly*, The elevation of those consolidated masses from the bottom of the sea, the place where they were collected, to the stations in which they now remain above the level of the ocean. . . .
>
> Having found strata consolidated with every species of substance, it is concluded that strata in general have not been consolidated by means of aqueous solution. . . .
>
> It is supposed that the same power of extreme heat by which every different mineral substance had been brought into a melted state might be capable of producing an expansive force sufficient for elevating the land from the bottom of the ocean to the place it now occupies above the surface of the sea. . . .
>
> A theory is thus formed with regard to a mineral system. In this system, hard and solid bodies are to be formed from soft bodies, from loose or incoherent materials, collected together at the bottom of the sea; and the bottom of the ocean is to be made to change its place . . . to be formed into land. . . .
>
> Having thus ascertained a regular system in which the present land of the globe had been first formed at the bottom of the ocean and then raised above the surface of the sea, a question naturally occurs with regard to time; what had been the space of time necessary for accomplishing this great work? . . .
>
> We shall be warranted in drawing the following conclusions; *1st*, That it had required an indefinite space of time to have produced the land which now appears; *2dly*, That an equal space had been employed upon the construction of that former land from whence the materials of the present came; *Lastly*, That there is presently laying at the bottom of the ocean the foundation of future land. . . .

◆

As things appear from the perspective of the twentieth century, James Hutton in those readings became the founder of modern geology. As things appeared to Hutton at the time, he had constructed a theory that to him made eminent sense, he had put himself on the line by agreeing to confide it to the world at large, he had provoked not a few hornets into flight, and now—like the experimental physicists who would one day go off to check on Einstein by photographing the edges of solar eclipses—he had best do some additional travelling to see if he was right. As he would express all this in a chapter heading when he ultimately wrote his book, he needed to see his "Theory confirmed from Observations made on purpose to elucidate the Subject." He went to Galloway. He went to Banffshire. He went to Saltcoats, Skelmorlie, Rumbling Bridge. He went to the Isle of Arran, the Isle of Man, Inchkeith Island in the Firth of Forth. His friend John Clerk sometimes went with him and made line drawings and watercolors of scenes that arrested Hutton's attention. In 1968, a John Clerk with a name too old for Roman numerals found a leather portfolio at his Midlothian estate containing seventy of those drawings, among them some cross-sections of mountains with granite cores. Since it was Hutton's idea that granite was not a "primary" rock but something that had come up into Scotland from below, molten, to intrude itself into the existing schist, there ought to be pieces of schist embedded here and there in the granite. There were. "We may now conclude," Hutton wrote later, "that without seeing granite actually in a fluid state we have every demonstration possible of this fact; that is to say, of granite having been forced to flow in a state of fusion among the strata broken by a subterraneous force, and distorted in every manner and degree."

What called most for demonstration was Hutton's essentially novel and all but incomprehensible sense of time. In 4004 + 1785 years, you would scarcely find the time to make a Ben Nevis, let alone a Gibraltar or the domes of Wales. Hutton had seen Hadrian's Wall running across moor and fen after sixteen hundred winters in Northumberland. Not a great deal had happened to it. The geologic process was evidently slow. To accommodate his theory, all that was required was time, adequate time, time in quantities no mind had yet conceived; and what Hutton needed now was a statement in rock, a graphic example, a breath-stopping view of deep time. There was a formation of "schistus" running through southern Scotland in general propinquity to another formation called Old Red Sandstone. The schistus had obviously been pushed around, and the sandstone was essentially flat. If one could see, somewhere, the two formations touching each other with strata awry, one could not help but see that below the disassembling world lie the ruins of a disassembled world below which lie the ruins of still another world. Having figured out inductively what would one day be called an angular unconformity, Hutton went out to look for one. In a damp country covered with heather, with gorse and bracken, with larches and pines, textbook examples of exposed rock were extremely hard to find. As Hutton would write later, in the prototypical lament of the field geologist, "To a naturalist nothing is indifferent; the humble moss that creeps upon the stone is equally interesting as the lofty pine which so beautifully adorns the valley or the mountain: but to a naturalist who is reading in the face of rocks the annals of a former world, the mossy covering which obstructs his view, and renders undistinguishable the different species of stone, is no less than a serious subject of regret." Hutton's perseverance, though, was more than equal to the irksome vegetation. Near Jedburgh, in the border country, he found his first very good example of an angular unconformity. He was roaming about the region on a visit to a friend when he came upon a stream cutbank where high water had laid bare the flat-lying sandstone and, below it, beds of schistus that were standing straight on end. His friend John Clerk later went out and sketched for Hutton this clear conjunction of three worlds—the oldest at the bottom, its remains tilted upward, the intermediate one a flat collection of indurated sand, and the youngest a landscape full of fences and trees with a phaeton-and-two on a road above the rivercut, driver whipping the steeds, rushing through a moment in the there and then. "I was soon satisfied with regard to this phenomenon," Hutton wrote later, "and rejoiced at my good fortune in stumbling upon an object so interesting to the natural history of the earth, and which I had been long looking for in vain."

What was of interest to the natural history of the earth was that, for all the time they represented, these two unconforming formations, these two levels of history, were neighboring steps on a ladder of uncountable rungs. Alive in a world that thought of itself as six thousand years old, a society which had placed in that number the outer limits of its grasp of time, Hutton had no way of knowing that there were seventy million years just in the line that separated the two kinds of rock, and many millions more in the story of each formation—but he sensed something like it, sensed the awesome truth, and as he stood there staring at the riverbank he was seeing it for all mankind.



To confirm what he had observed and to involve further witnesses, he got into a boat the following spring and went along the coast of Berwickshire with John Playfair and young James Hall, of Dunglass. Hutton had surmised from the regional geology that they would come to a place among the terminal cliffs of the Lammermuir Hills where the same formations would touch. They touched, as it turned out, in a headland called Siccar Point, where the strata of the lower formation had been upturned to become vertical columns, on which rested the Old Red Sandstone, like the top of a weather-beaten table. Hutton, when he eventually described the scene, was both gratified and succinct—"a beautiful picture . . . washed bare by the sea." Playfair was lyrical:

> On us who saw these phenomena for the first time, the impression made will not easily be forgotten. The palpable evidence presented to us, of one of the most extraordinary and important facts in the natural history of the earth, gave a reality and substance to those theoretical speculations, which, however probable, had never till now been directly authenticated by the testimony of the senses. We often said to ourselves, What clearer evidence could we have had of the different formation of these rocks, and of the long interval which separated their formation, had we actually seen them emerging from the bosom of the deep? We felt ourselves necessarily carried back to the time when the schistus on which we stood was yet at the bottom of the sea, and when the sandstone before us was only beginning to be deposited, in the shape of sand or mud, from the waters of a superincumbent ocean. An epocha still more remote presented itself, when even the most ancient of these rocks, instead of standing upright in vertical beds, lay in horizontal planes at the bottom of the sea, and was not yet disturbed by that immeasurable force which has burst asunder the solid pavement of the globe. Revolutions still more remote appeared in the distance of this extraordinary perspective. The mind seemed to grow giddy by looking so far into the abyss of time.

Hutton had told the Royal Society that it was his purpose to "form some estimate with regard to the time the globe of this Earth has existed." But after Jedburgh and Siccar Point what estimate could there be? "The world which we inhabit is composed of the materials not of the earth which was the immediate predecessor of the present but of the earth which . . . had preceded the land that was above the surface of the sea while our present land was yet beneath the water of the

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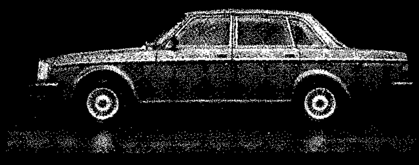

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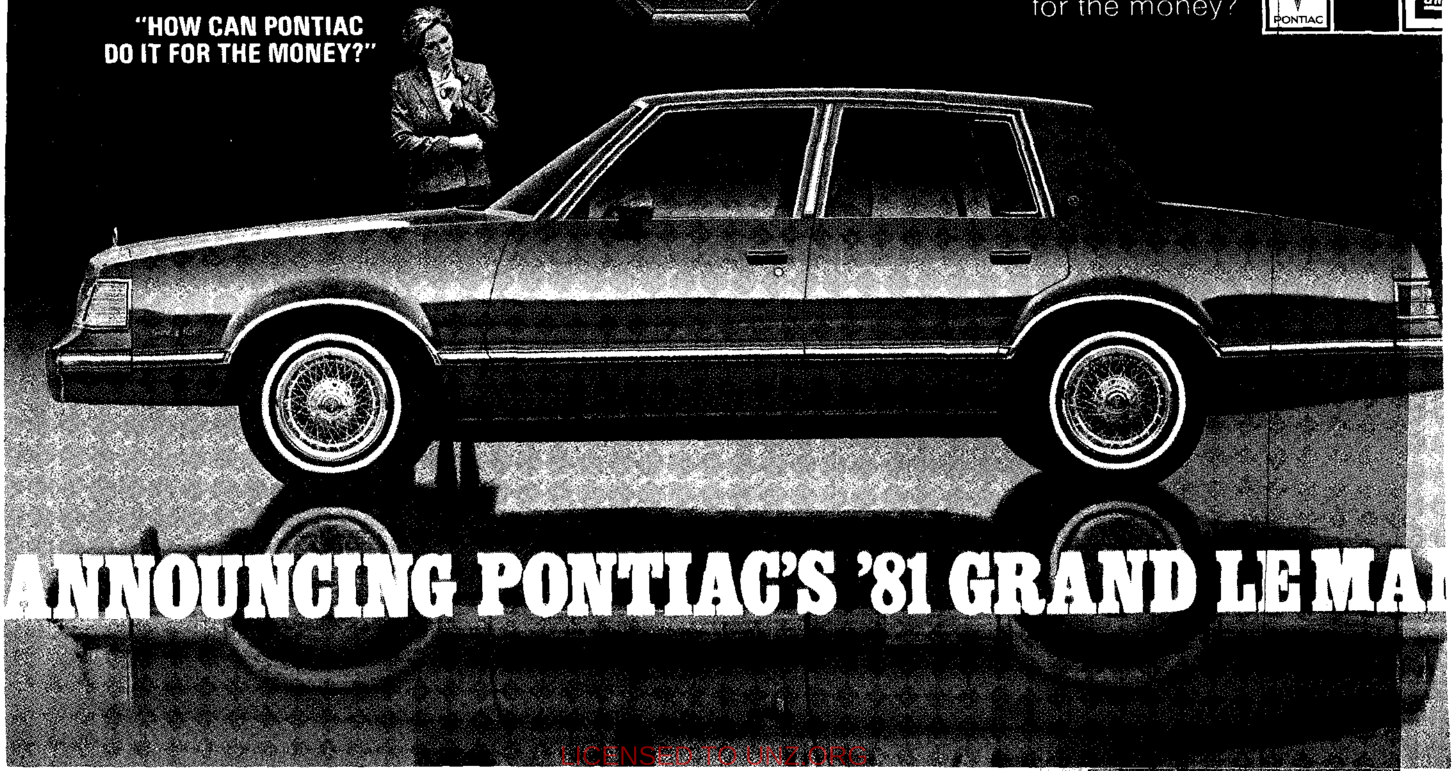

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ocean," he wrote. "Here are three distinct successive periods of existence, and each of these is, in our measurement of time, a thing of indefinite duration. . . . The result, therefore, of this physical inquiry is, that we find no vestige of a beginning, no prospect of an end."

THE Old Red Sandstone was put down by rivers flowing southward to a sea where marine strata were accumulating in the region that is now called Devon. The size, speed, and direction of the rivers—their islands, pitches, and bends—are not just inferable but can almost be seen, in structures in the Old Red Sandstone: gravel bars, point bars, ripples of the riverbeds, migrating channels, "waves" that formed of sand. The sea into which those rivers spilled ran all the way to Russia, but it was in the rock of Devonshire that geologists in the eighteen-thirties found cup corals—fossilized skeletons, cornucopian in shape—that were not of an age with corals they had found before. They had found related corals that were obviously less developed than these, and they had found corals that were more so. The less developed corals had been in rock that lay under the Old Red Sandstone. The more developed corals had been in rock above the Old Red Sandstone. Therefore, it was inferred (correctly) that the Old Red Sandstone of North Britain and the marine limestone of Devon were of the same age, and that henceforth any rock of that age anywhere in the world—in downtown Iowa City; on Pequop Summit, in Nevada; in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania; in Sandusky, Ohio—would be called Devonian. It was a name given, although they did not know it then, to fifty million years. They still had no means of measuring the time involved. They also had no way of knowing that those fifty million years had ended a third of a billion years ago. All they had was their new and expanding insight that they were dealing with time in quantities beyond comprehension. Devonian—395 to 345 million years before the present.

Geologists did not have to look long at the coal seams of Europe—the coals of the Ruhr, the coals of the Tyne—to decide that the coals were of an age, which they labelled Carboniferous. The coal and related strata lay on top of the Old Red Sandstone. So, in the succession of time, the Carboniferous period (eventually subdivided into Mississippian and Pennsylvanian in

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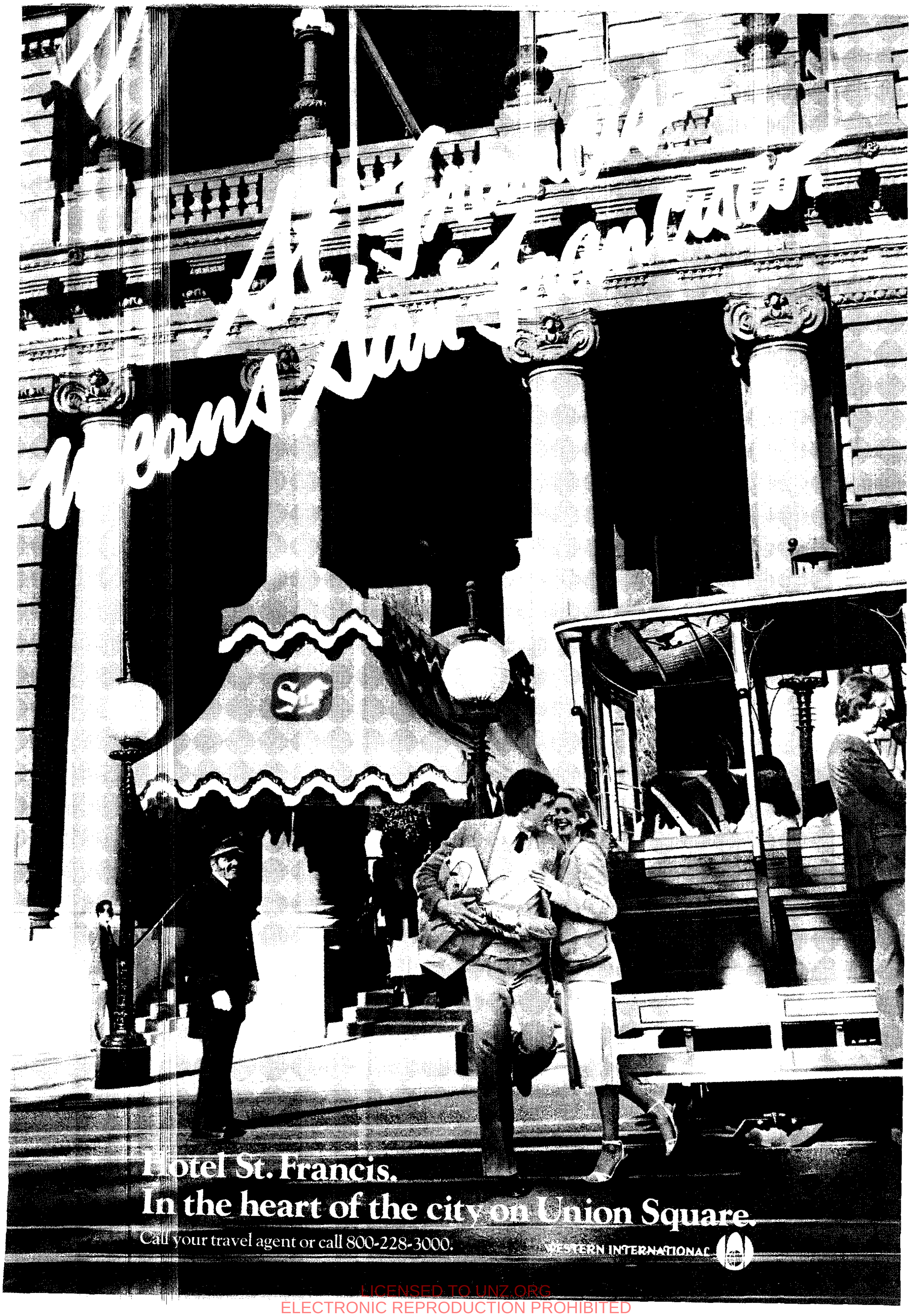
the United States) would follow the Devonian, coupling on, as the science would eventually determine, another sixty-five million years—345 to 280 million years before the present.

In this manner—with their fossil assemblages and faunal successions, their hammers decoding rock—geologists in the first eighty years of the nineteenth century constructed their scale of time. It was based on organic evolution, and, crossing the century, it both anticipated and confirmed Darwin. When the Devonian was defined in the light of the changes in corals, Darwin was obscure and not long off the Beagle, with twenty years to go before "The Origin of Species." Meanwhile, the geologists were out correlating strata and reading there a record less of rock than of life. The rock had been recycled, and sandstones of one era could be indistinguishable from the sandstones of another, but organic evolution had not occurred in cycles, so it was through the antiquity of fossils that geologists worked out the comparative ages of the rock in which the fossils were preserved. Some creatures were more useful than others. Oysters and horseshoe crabs, for example, were of marginal assistance. Oysters had appeared in the Triassic, horseshoe crabs in the Cambrian. Both had evolved minimally and had obviously avoided extinction. Some creatures, on the other hand, had appeared suddenly, had evolved quickly, had become both abundant and geographically widespread, and then had died out, or died down, abruptly. Geologists canonized them as "index fossils" and studied them in groups. Experience proved that the surest method of working out relative ages of rock was not through individual creatures but through the relating of successive strata to whole collections of creatures whose fossils were contained therein—a painstaking comparison of arrivals and extinctions that helped to characterize the divisions of the time scale and define its boundaries with precision.

Imagine an E. L. Doctorow novel in which Alfred Tennyson, William Tweed, Abner Doubleday, Jim Bridger, and Martha Jane Canary sit down to a dinner cooked by Rutherford B. Hayes. Geologists would call that a fossil assemblage. And, without further assistance from Doctorow, a geologist could quickly decide—as could anyone else—that the dinner must have occurred in the middle eighteen-seventies, because Canary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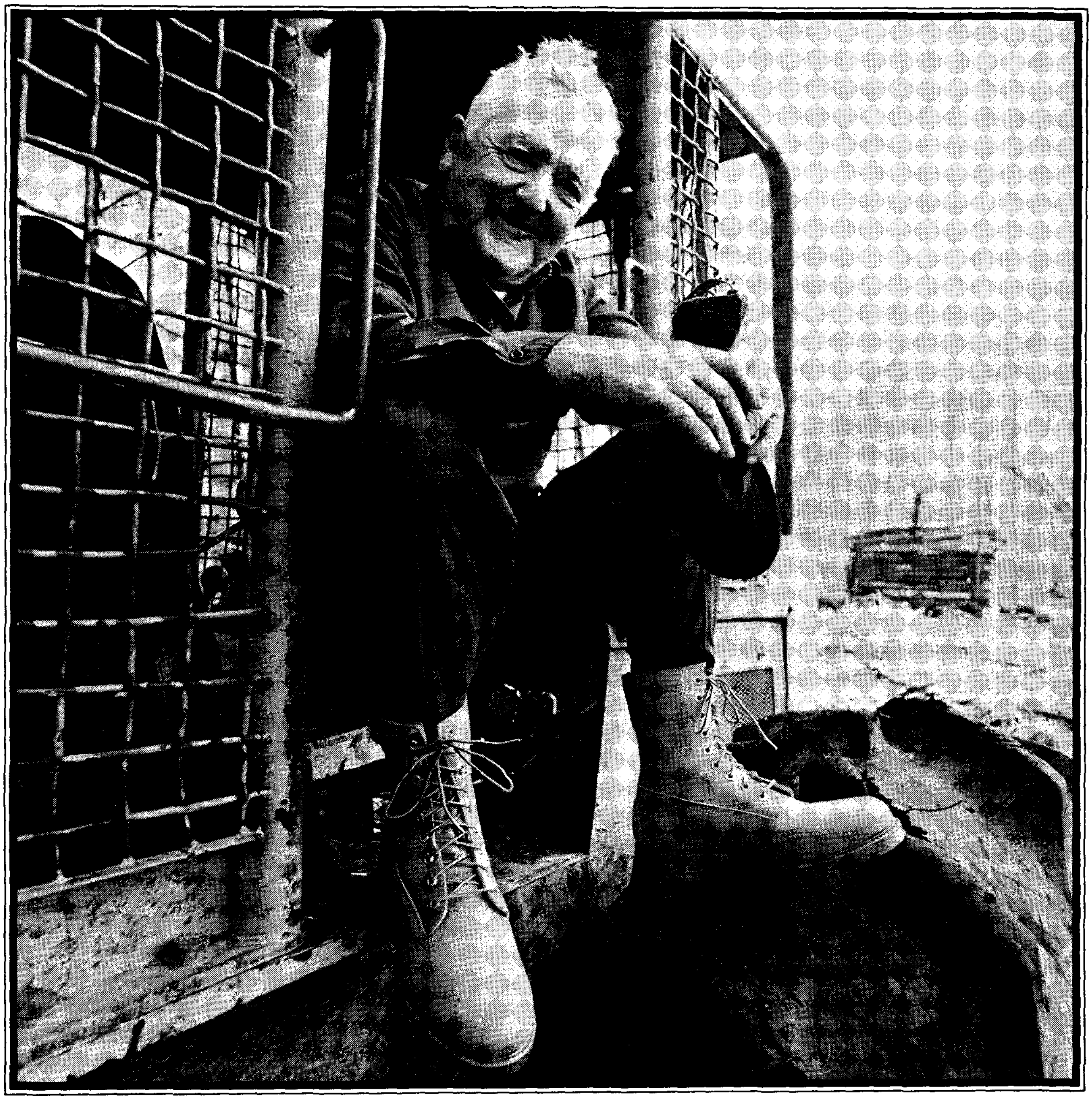
It was two of those fellers from the city come up the road in a big green car, asked me if I wanted some new boots. I didn't. Already had boots, had 'em for seven years. *But they talked and we drank some,* and then we looked at the boots some, and I tried 'em on. Now, I have to say, they did seem to have my size. So I walked 'em about for maybe a week, and once I went over and stood in Orville Wade's creek, just to see if they were waterproof, which they were. When those boys came back from the city, this is what I said. One, I said thank you for the fine boots, which are warm and dry as a hen's bottom. Two, I'd like a pair of 13-wides for Cousin Luther, double-wide on the left foot where the tractor run it over.



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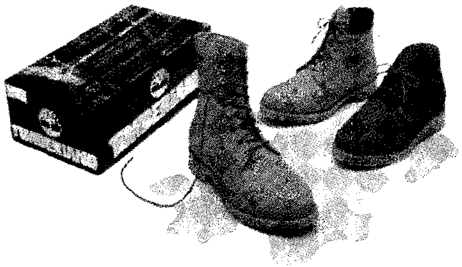

was eighteen when the decade began, Tweed became extinct in 1878, and the biographies of the others do not argue with these limits. In progressive refinements, geologists with their fossil assemblages established their systems and series and stages of rock, their eras and periods and epochs of time. But, unlike Doctorow, who deals with a mere half-dozen people around a dinner table, the geologists would assemble from one set of strata hundreds and even thousands of species from all over the food chain, and by lining up their genetic histories side by side establish with near-certainty points in comparative time.

Some of these time lines were bolder than others, and none more so than the one that underlined the first appearance of fossils in abundance in the world. It marked a great and sudden explosion of life, all the major phyla having developed more or less at the same time and now acquiring skeletons and shells and teeth and other hard components that allowed them individually to be reported to the future. Because rock that held these early fossils was first studied on Harlech Dome and adjacent Welsh terrains, geologists named the system Cambrian, after the Roman name for Wales. They then named the Silurian for a Welsh tribe that bitterly defied the Romans. After some years and more comparative study, an argument broke out over the Cambro-Silurian line, a scientific battle royal in which the Cambrian forces tried to move their banner forward through time and the Silurian proponents attempted to push theirs back. The disputed block of time became a sort of demilitarized zone. Friendships came unstuck. The standoff lasted for decades, until some genius in scientific diplomacy suggested that the disputed time had enough characteristics of its own to be given the status of a discrete period, an appropriate name for which—in honor of another tribe of intractable Welsh belligerents—would be Ordovician. There was a lot of room for generosity. There was plenty of time for all. Cambrian—570 to 500. Ordovician—500 to 435. Silurian—435 to 395 million years before the present.

A British geologist went to Russia and after a season or two's tapping at the Urals named still another period in time, and system of rock, for the upland oblast of Perm. There were formations in Perm with a fossil story distinctly their own that were super-

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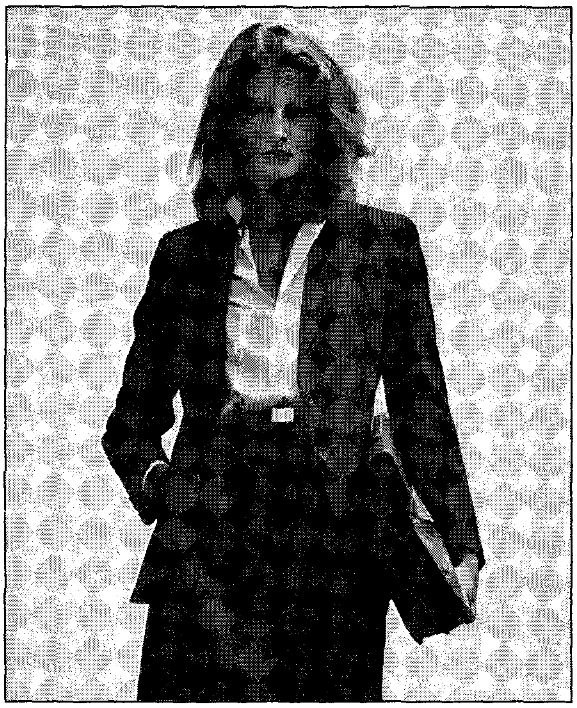
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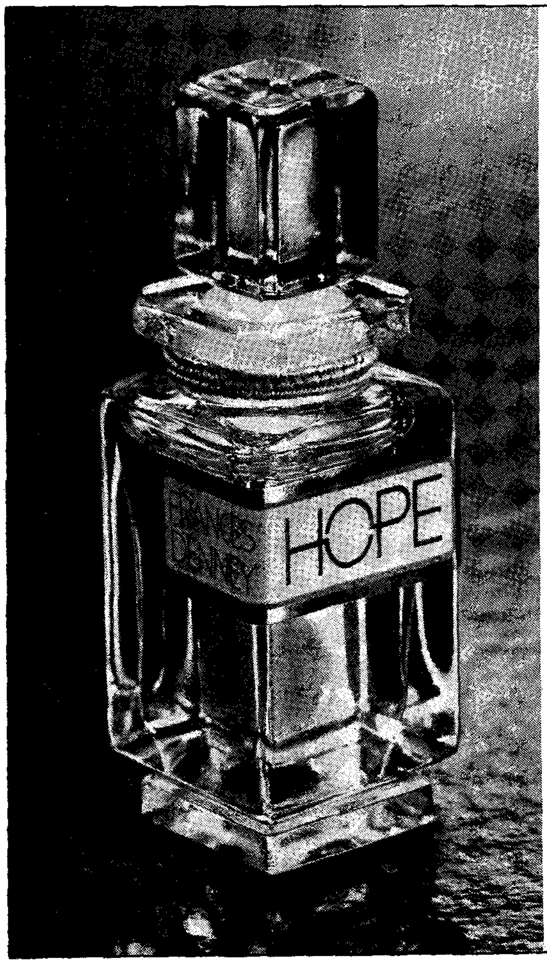

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imposed—as they happen to be in Pennsylvania, as they happen to be at the rim of the Grand Canyon—upon the Carboniferous. What was distinct about the character of the Permian assemblages was not only the forms to which they had evolved but also their absence in great numbers from higher, younger strata. There had evidently been a wave of death, in which thousands of species had vanished from the world. No one has explained what happened—at least not to the general satisfaction. A drastic retreat of shallow seas may have destroyed innumerable environments. A change of ocean salinity may have ended a lot of life through osmotic shock. The cause may have been extraterrestrial—lethal radiation from a supernova dying nearby. None of these hypotheses has attracted enough concurrence to be dressed out in full as a theory, but, whatever the cause, no one argues that at least half the fish and invertebrates and three-quarters of all amphibians—perhaps as much as ninety-six per cent of all marine faunal species—disappeared from the world in what has come to be known as the Permian Extinction.

It was an extinction of a magnitude that would be approached only once in subsequent history, or—to express that more gravely—only once before the present day. The sharp line of creation at the outset of the Cambrian had an antiphonal parallel in the Permian Extinction, and the whole long stretch between the one and the other was set apart in history as the Paleozoic era. It was a unit—well below the surface but far above the bottom—just hanging there suspended in the formless pelagics of time. No vestige of a beginning. No prospect of an end. The Paleozoic—570 to 230 million years before the present, a thirteenth of the history of the earth. Cambrian, Ordovician, Silurian, Devonian, Mississippian, Pennsylvanian, Permian. When I was seventeen, I used to accordion-pleat those words, mnemonically capturing the vanished worlds of "Cosdmpp," the order of the periods, the sequence of the systems. It was either that or write them in the palm of one hand.

Lyell, Cuvier, Conybeare, Phillips, von Alberti, von Humboldt, Desnoyers, d'Halloy, Sedgwick, Murchison, Lapworth, Smith (William "Strata" Smith): the geologists who extended Hutton's insight and built this time scale conjoined their names in the history of the science in a way that would

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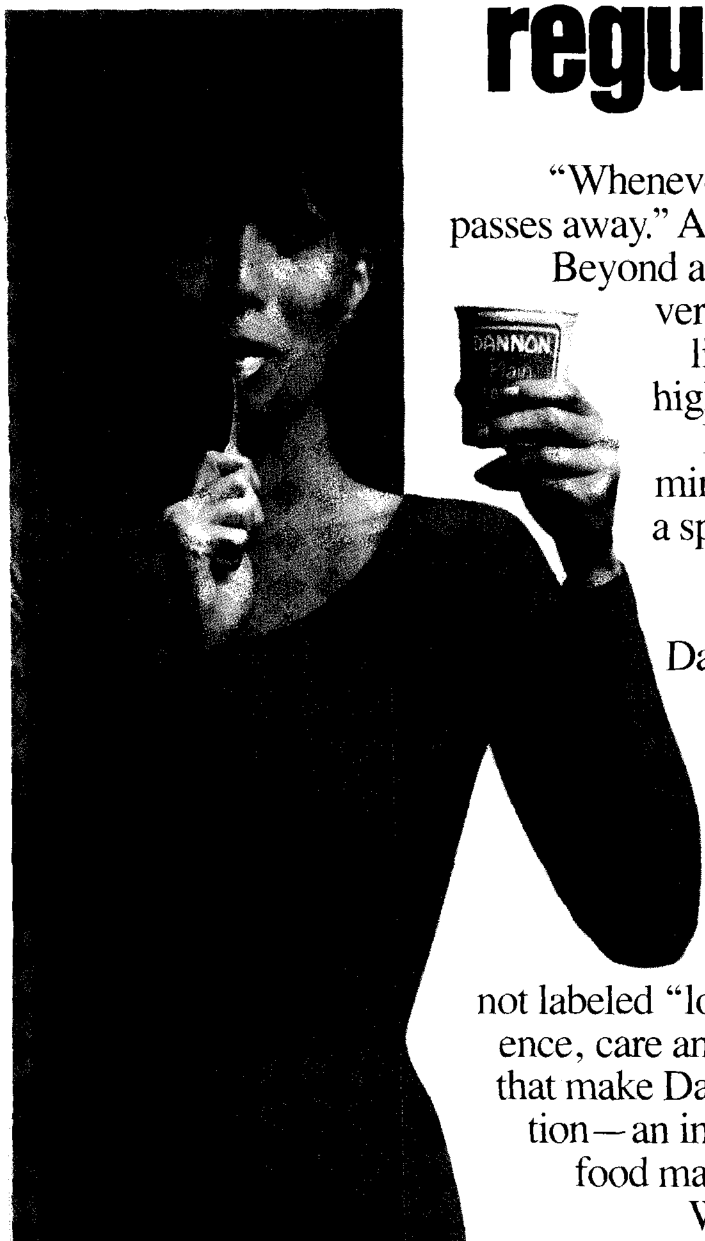

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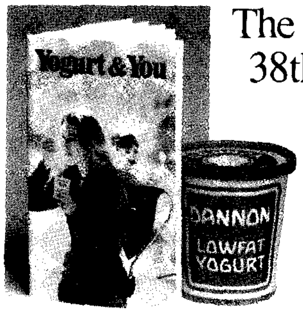

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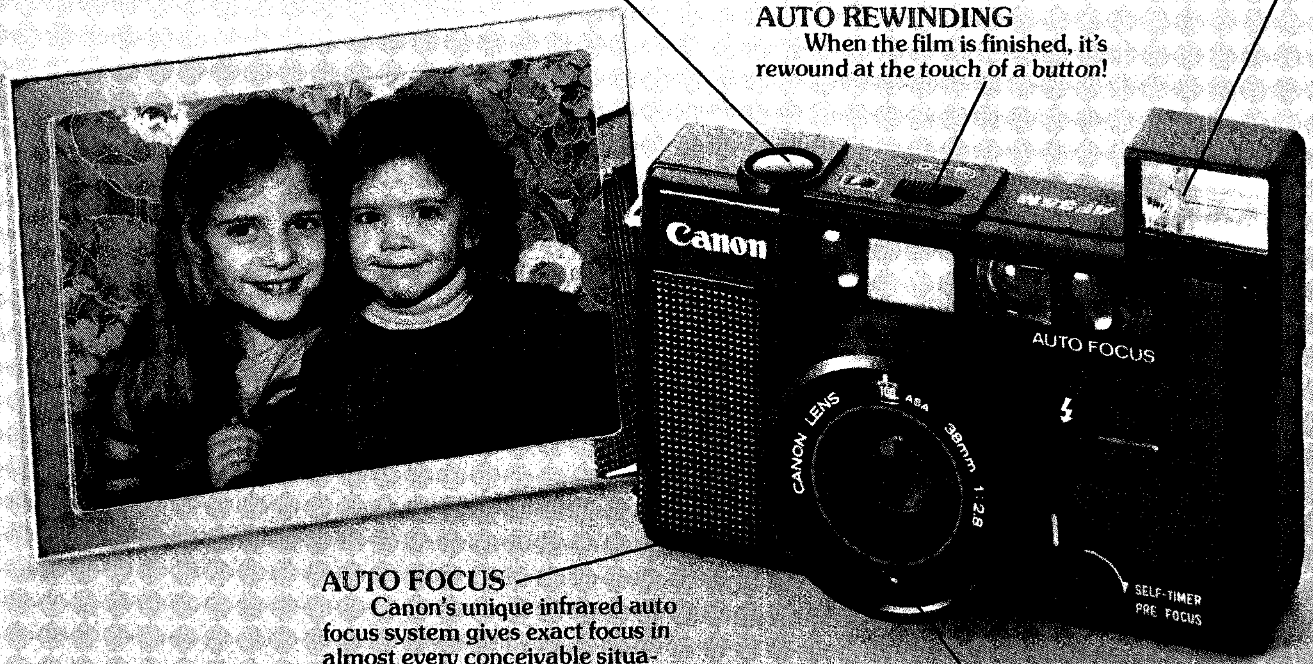

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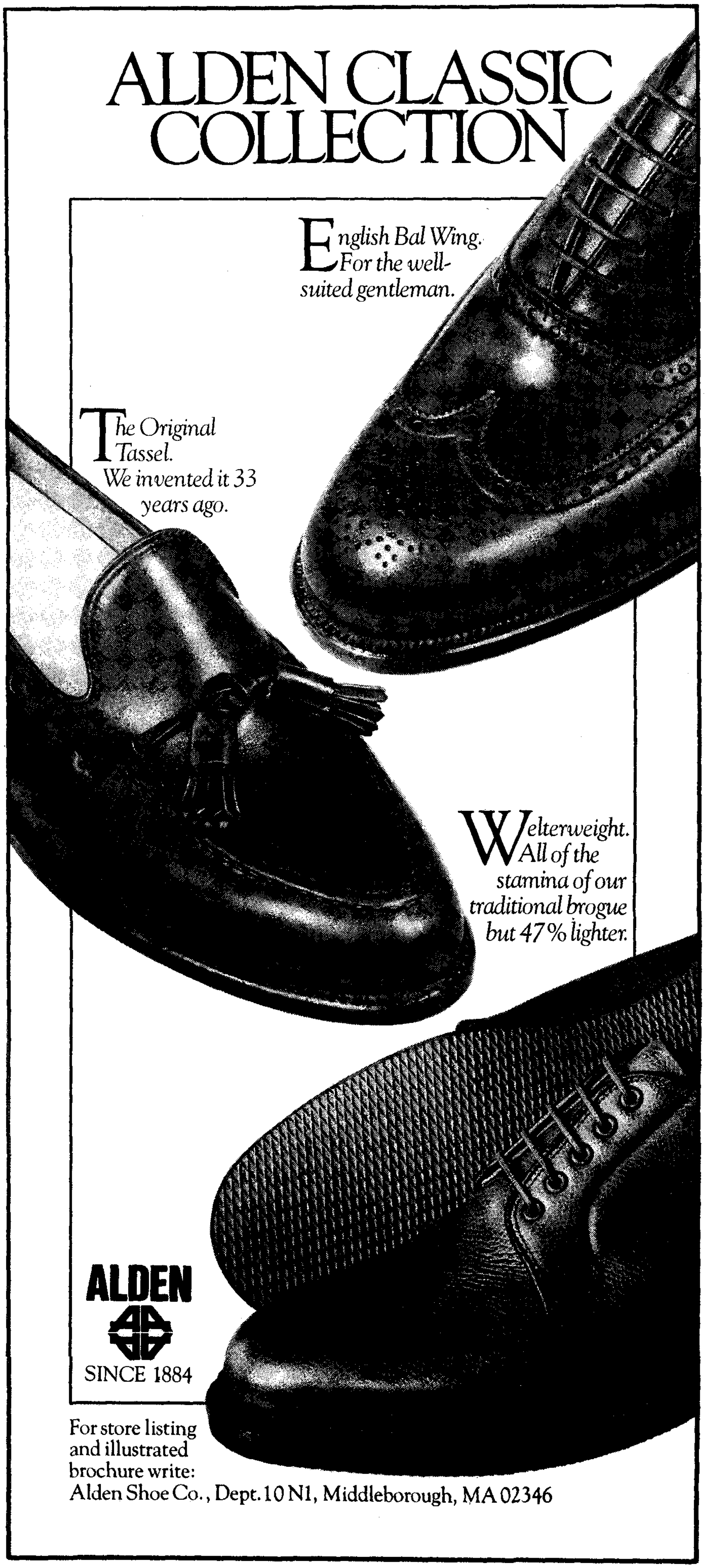
not be repeated for more than a hundred years, until a roster of comparable length—Hess, Heezen, McKenzie, Morgan, Wilson, Matthews, Vine, Parker, Sykes, Ewing, Le Pichon, Cox, Menard—would effect the plate-tectonics revolution. The system of rock immediately above the Paleozoic, in which all that Permian life failed to reappear, was typified by three formations in Germany—certain sandstones, limestones, and marly shales—that ran like a striped flag through the Black Forest, the Rhine Valley, and lent the name Triassic to thirty-five million years. In the Triassic, the earliest subdivision of the Mesozoic era, two families of reptiles that had survived the Permian Extinction began to show patterns of unprecedented growth. This would continue for a hundred and fifty million years—through the Jurassic and out to the end of Cretaceous time, when the "fearfully great lizards," on the point of disappearance, would reach their greatest size, not to be surpassed until epochs that followed the Eocene development of whales. European geologists studying the massive limestones of the Jura—the gentle mountains of the western cantons of Switzerland and of Franche-Comté—related the copious displays of ancient life there to comparable assemblages elsewhere in the world, and called them all Jurassic. The first bird appeared in the Jurassic. It had claws on its wings and teeth in its bill and a reptile's long tail sprouting feathers. Its complete performance envelope as a flier was to climb a tree and jump.

Physicists, chemists, and mathematicians, taking note of all the nomenclatural inconsistencies—of time named for mountain ranges, time named for savage tribes, time named for a country here, a county there, an oblast in the Urals—have politely, gently, suggested that, in this one sense only, the time scale seems archaic, seems, if one may say so, out of date. Geology might be better served by a straightforward system of numbers. The reaction of geologists, by and large, has been to look upon this suggestion as if it had come over a bridge that exists between two cultures. A Continental geologist, in 1822, named seventy-six million years for the white cliffs of Dover, for the downs of Kent and Sussex, for the chalky ground of Cognac and Champagne. Related strata were spread out through Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and Poland. He called it Le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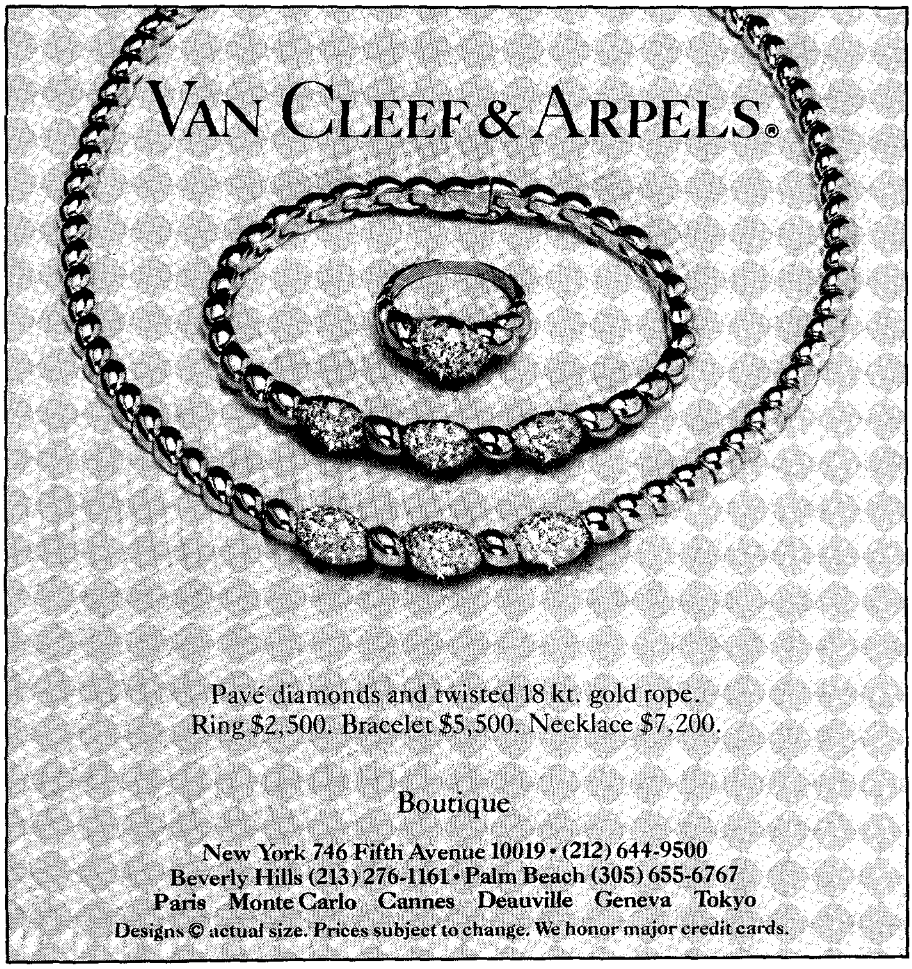

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Terrain Crétacé. If that name was apt, his own was irresistible. He was J. J. d'Omalius d'Halloy. Triassic, Jurassic, Cretaceous. When the Cretaceous ended, the big marine reptiles had disappeared, the flying reptiles, the dinosaurs, the rudistid clams, and many species of fish, not to mention the total elimination or severe reduction of countless smaller species from the sea. Once in a great while, the earth moves through cosmic dust that collects near the arms of the galaxy. It has been suggested that this dust might have deflected enough sunlight to bring on the biotic catastrophe. An ocean gone stagnant would have done the same, killing phytoplankton, which prosper in the currents of mixed-up seas. Break the food chain and creatures die out above the break. Phytoplankton are the base of the food chain. The Arctic Ocean, surrounded by continents that had drifted together, might have become in the Cretaceous the greatest lake in all eternity, and when the North Atlantic opened up enough to let the water flood the southern seas the life in them would have suffered a cold osmotic shock. Drastic fluctuations of sea level—also related, perhaps, to the separation of continents—might have caused changes in air temperature and ocean circulation that were enough to sunder the food chain. At the end of 1979, a small group at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, in Berkeley—among them the physicist Luis Alvarez, winner of a Nobel Prize, and his son Walter, who is a geologist—brought forth a piece of science in which they present the catastrophe as the effect of an Apollo Object colliding with the earth. An Apollo Object is an "earth-orbit-crossing" asteroid that is at least a kilometre in diameter and is in the category of asteroids that have pockmarked the surface of Mercury, Mars, and the moon, and the surface of the earth as well, although most of the evidence has been obscured here by erosion. Like the general run of meteorites, an Apollo Object could be expected to contain a percentage of iridium and other platinum-like metals at least a thousand times greater than the concentration of the same metals in the crust of the earth. In widely separated parts of the world—Italy, Denmark, New Zealand—the Berkeley researchers have found a thin depositional band, often just a centimetre thick, that contains unearthly concentrations of iridium. Below that sharp line are abundant Cretaceous

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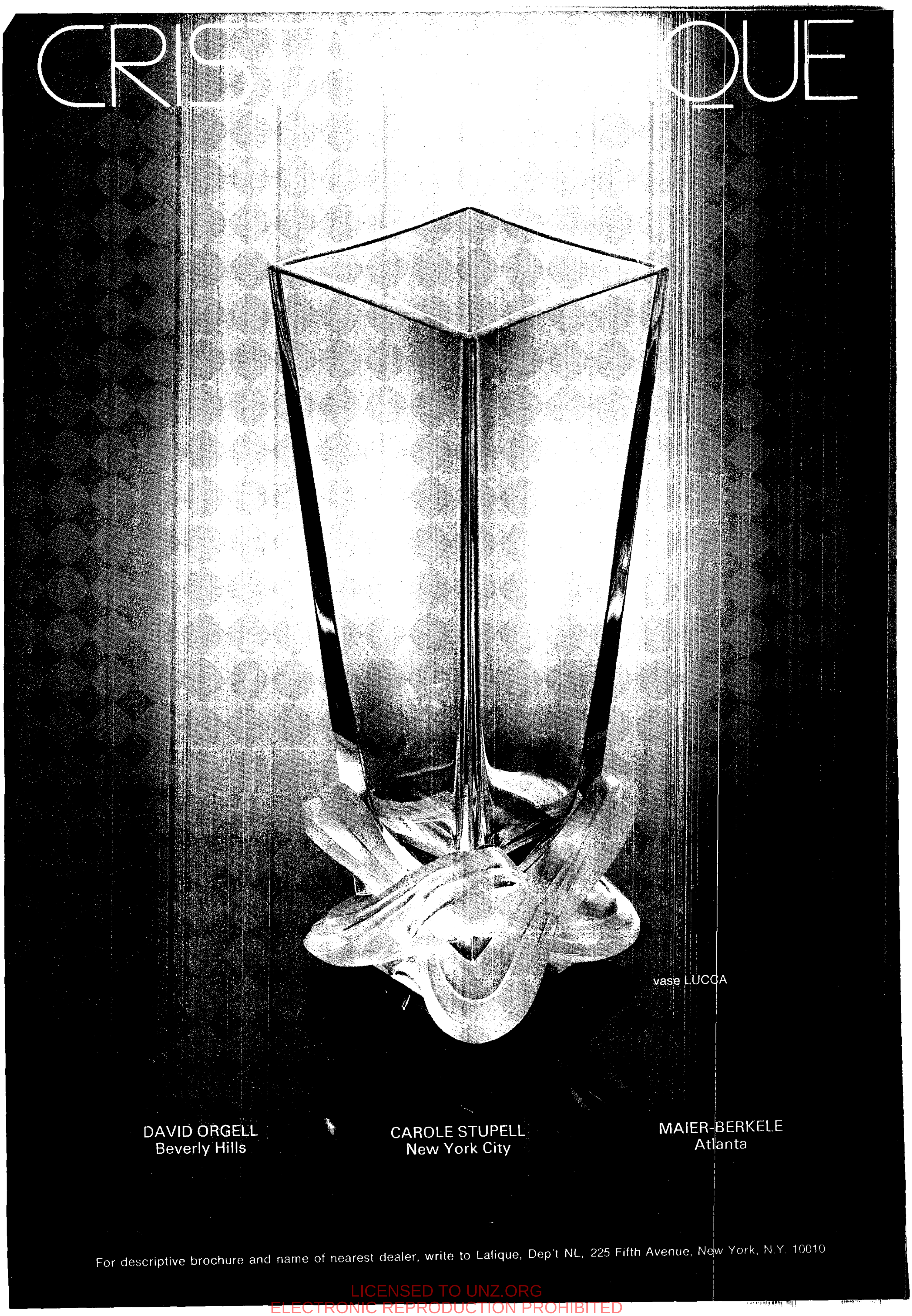

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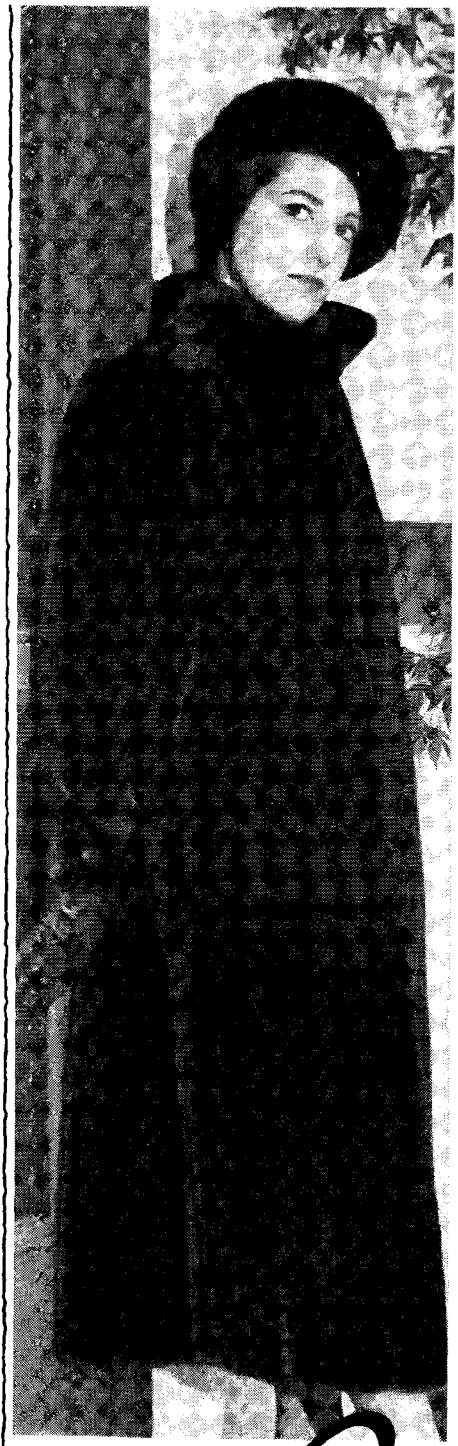
fossils, and above it they are gone. It marks precisely the end of Cretaceous time. The Berkeley calculations suggest an asteroid about six miles in diameter hitting the earth with a punch of a hundred million megatons, making a crater a hundred miles wide. Such an occurrence—which could repeat itself tomorrow afternoon, there being something like seven hundred big asteroids out there in threatening orbits—would have sent up a mushroom cloud containing some thirty thousand cubic kilometres of pulverized asteroid and terrestrial crust, part of which would have gone into the stratosphere and spread quickly over the earth, keeping sunlight off the lands and seas and suppressing photosynthesis. On August 26 and 27, 1883, when the island Krakatoa, in the Sunda Strait, exploded with great violence, it sent less than twenty cubic kilometres of material into the air, but within a few days dust had spread above the whole earth, turning daylight into dusk. It made exceptionally brilliant sunsets for two and a half years. Edmund Halley, who died when James Hutton was fifteen, once wrote a paper suggesting that the way God started Noah's Flood was by directing a big comet into collision with the earth. The Cretaceous Extinction, whatever its cause, was one of the two most awesome annihilations of life in the history of the world. With the Permian Extinction before it, it framed the Mesozoic, an era of burgeoning creation within deadly brackets of time.

For establishing our bearings through time, we obviously owe an incalculable debt to vanished and endangered species, and if the condor, the kit fox, the human being, the black-footed ferret, and the three-toed sloth are at the head of the line to go next, there is less cause for dismay than for placid acceptance of the march of prodigious tradition. The opossum may be Cretaceous, certain clams Devonian, and oysters Triassic, but for each and every oyster in the sea, it seems, there is a species gone forever. Be a possum is the message, and you may outlive God. The Cenozoic era—coming just after the Cretaceous Extinction, and extending as it does to the latest tick of time—was subdivided in the eighteen-thirties according to percentages of molluscan species that have survived into the present. From the Eocene, for example, which ended some thirty-eight million years ago, roughly three and a half per cent have survived. Eocene means "dawn of the recent." The first horse appeared in the Eocene. Looking something like a toy collie, it stood three hands high. From the Miocene ("moderately recent"), some fifteen per cent of molluscan species survive; from the Pliocene ("more recent"), the number approaches half. As creatures go, mollusks have been particularly hardy. Many species of mammals fell in the Pliocene as prairie grassland turned to tundra and ice advanced from the north. From the Pleistocene ("most recent"), more than ninety per cent of molluscan species live on. The Pleistocene has also been traditionally defined by four great glacial pulsations, spread across a million years—the Nebraskan ice sheet, the Kansan ice sheet, the Illinoian and Wisconsinan ice sheets. It now appears that these were the last of many glacial pulsations that have occurred in relatively recent epochs, beginning probably in the Miocene and reaching a climax in the ice sheets of Pleistocene time. The names of the Cenozoic epochs were proposed by Charles Lyell, whose "Principles of Geology" was the standard text through much of the nineteenth century. To settle problems here and there, the Oligocene ("but a little recent") was inserted in the list, and the Paleocene ("old recent") was sliced off the beginning. Paleocene, Eocene, Oligocene, Miocene, Pliocene, Pleistocene—sixty-five million to ten thousand years before the present. Divisions grew shorter in the Cenozoic—the epochs range from eighteen million years to less than two million—because so much remains on earth of Cenozoic worlds.

Ignoring its geology, I guess I don't know a paragraph in literature that I prefer to the one Joseph Conrad begins by saying, "Going up that river was like travelling back to the earliest beginnings of the world, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings." He says, moments later, "This stillness of life did not in the least resemble a peace. It was the stillness of an implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention. It looked at you with a vengeful aspect. I got used to it afterwards; I did not see it anymore; I had no time. I had to keep guessing at the channel; I had to discern, mostly by inspiration, the signs of hidden banks; I watched



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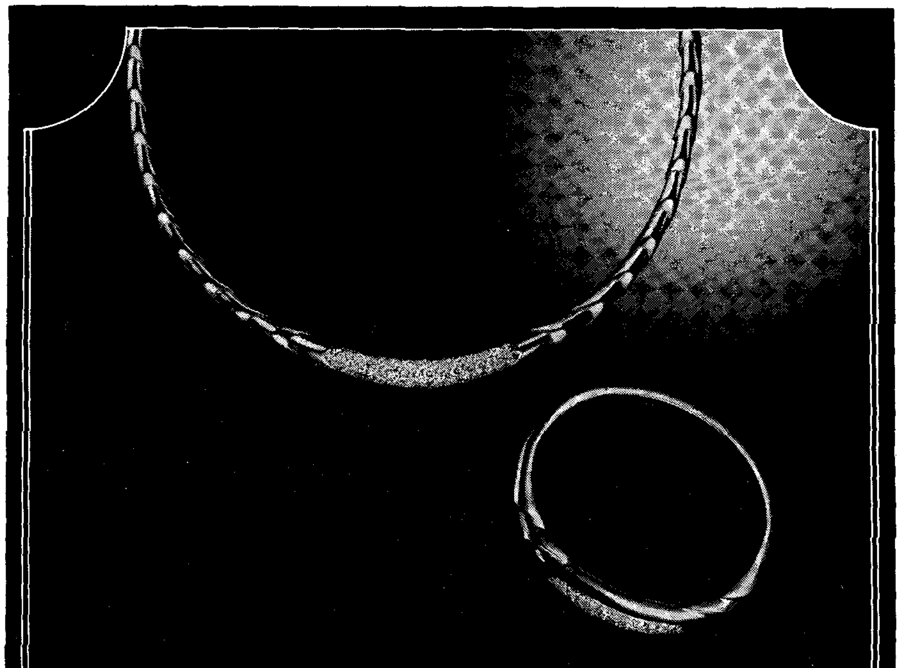

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for sunken stones." Metaphorically, he travelled back to the Carboniferous, when the vegetal riot occurred, but scarcely was that the beginning of the world. The first plants to appear on land, ever, appeared in the Silurian. Through the Ordovician and the Cambrian, there had been no terrestrial vegetation at all. And in the deep shadow below the Cambrian were seven years for every one in all subsequent time. There were four billion years back there—since the earliest beginnings of the world. There were scant to nonexistent fossils. There were the cores of the cratons, the rock of the continental shields, the rock of the surface of the moon. There were the reefs of the Witwatersrand. There was the rock that would become the Adirondack Mountains, the Wind River summits, the Seward Peninsula, Manhattan Island. But so little is known of this seven-eighths of all history that in a typical two-pound geological textbook there are fourteen pages on Precambrian time. The Precambrian has attracted geologists of exceptional imagination, who see families of mountains in folded schists. Uranium-lead and potassium-argon radiometric dating have helped them to sort out their Kenoran, Hudsonian, Elsonian Orogenies, their Aphebian, Hadrynian, Paleohelikian time. Isolating the first two billion years of the life of the earth, they called it the Archean Aeon. In the Middle Archean, photosynthesis began. Much later in the Precambrian, somewhere in Helikian or Hadrynian time, aerobic life appeared. There is no younger rock in the United States than the travertine that is forming in Thermopolis, Wyoming. A 2.7-billion-year-old outcrop of the core of the continent is at the head of Wind River Canyon, twenty miles away. Precambrian—4,600 to 570 million years before the present.

At the other end of the scale is the Holocene, the past ten thousand years, also called the Recent—Cro-Magnon brooding beside the melting ice. (The Primitive and Secondary eras of eighteenth-century geology are long since gone from the vocabulary, but oddly enough the Tertiary remains. The term, which is in general use, embraces nearly all of the Cenozoic, from the Cretaceous Extinction to the end of the Pliocene, while the relatively short time that follows—the Pleistocene plus the Holocene—has come to be called the Quaternary. The moraines left by ice sheets are Quater-

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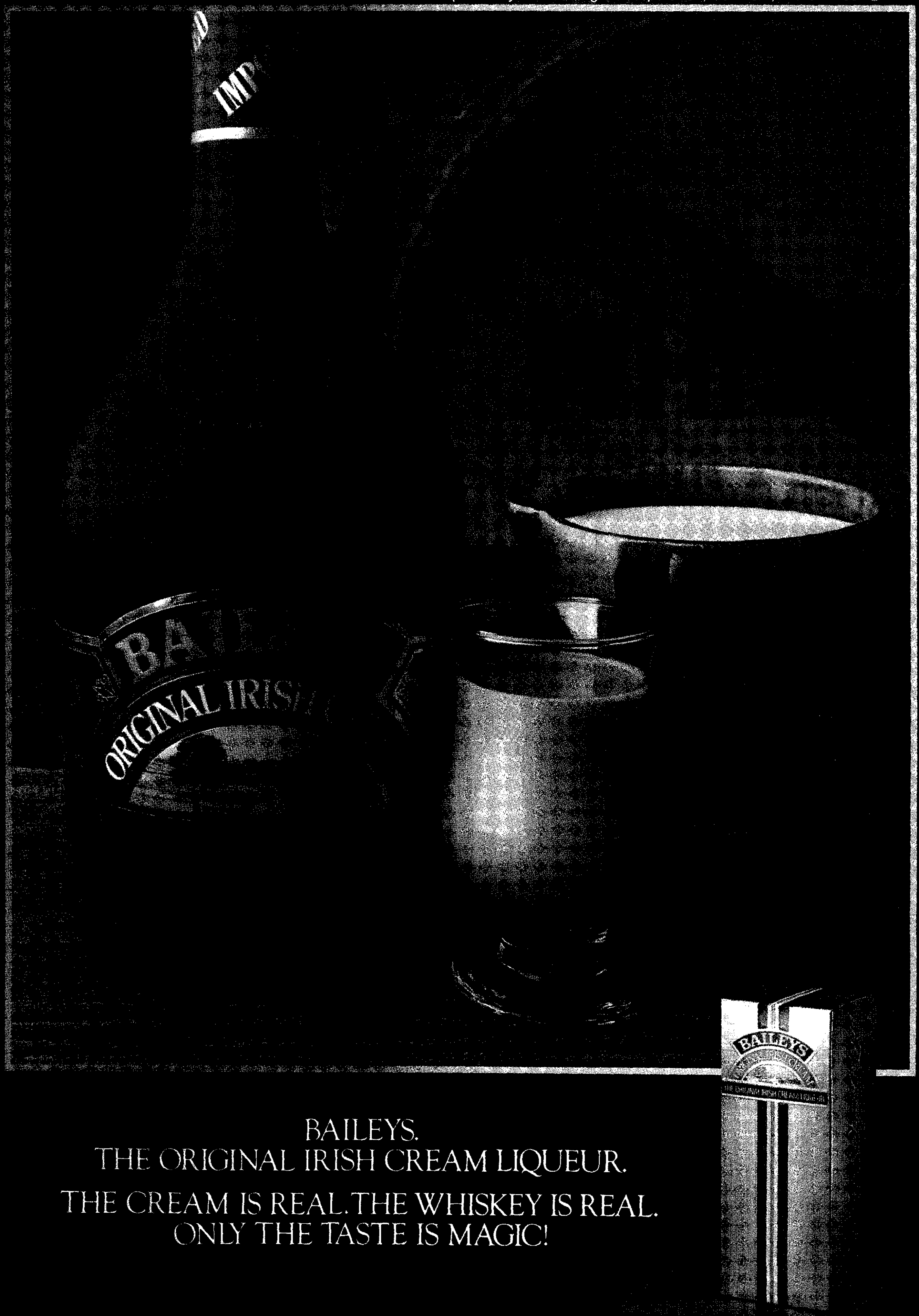
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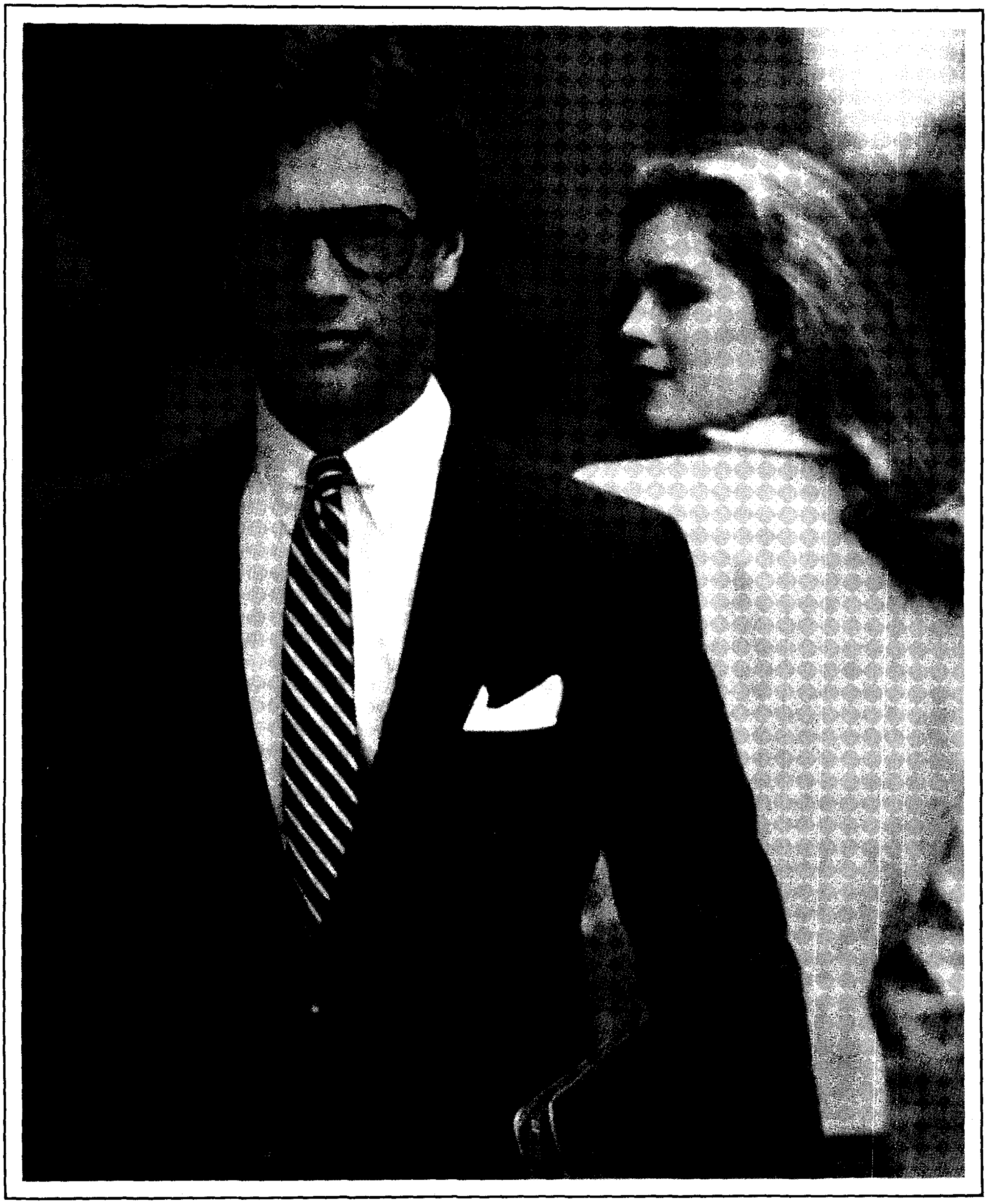

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nary, as are the uppermost basin fillings in the Basin and Range.) It was at some moment in the Pleistocene that humanity crossed what the geologist-theologian Pierre Teilhard de Chardin called the Threshold of Reflection, when something in people "turned back on itself and so to speak took an infinite leap forward. Outwardly, almost nothing in the organs had changed. But in depth, a great revolution had taken place: consciousness was now leaping and boiling in a space of super-sensory relationships and representations; and simultaneously consciousness was capable of perceiving itself in the concentrated simplicity of its faculties. And all this happened for the first time." Friars of another sort—evangelists of the so-called Environmental Movement—have often made use of the geologic time scale to place in perspective that great "leap forward" and to suggest what our reflective capacities may have meant to Mother Earth. David Brower, for example, the founder of Friends of the Earth and emeritus hero of the Sierra Club, has tirelessly travelled the United States for thirty years delivering what he himself refers to as "the sermon," and sooner or later in every talk he invites his listeners to consider the six days of Genesis as a figure of speech for what has in fact been four and a half billion years. In this adjustment, a day equals something like seven hundred and fifty million years, and thus "all day Monday and until Tuesday noon creation was busy getting the earth going." Life began Tuesday noon, and "the beautiful, organic wholeness of it" developed over the next four days. "At 4 P.M. Saturday, the big reptiles came on. Five hours later, when the redwoods appeared, there were no more big reptiles. At three minutes before midnight, man appeared. At one-fourth of a second before midnight, Christ arrived. At one-fortieth of a second before midnight, the Industrial Revolution began. We are surrounded with people who think that what we have been doing for that one-fortieth of a second can go on indefinitely. They are considered normal, but they are stark raving mad." Brower holds up a photograph of the world—blue, green, and swirling white. "This is the sudden insight from Apollo," he says. "There it is. That's all. We see through the eyes of the astronauts how fragile our life really is." Brower has computed that we are driving through the earth's resources at a rate compa-

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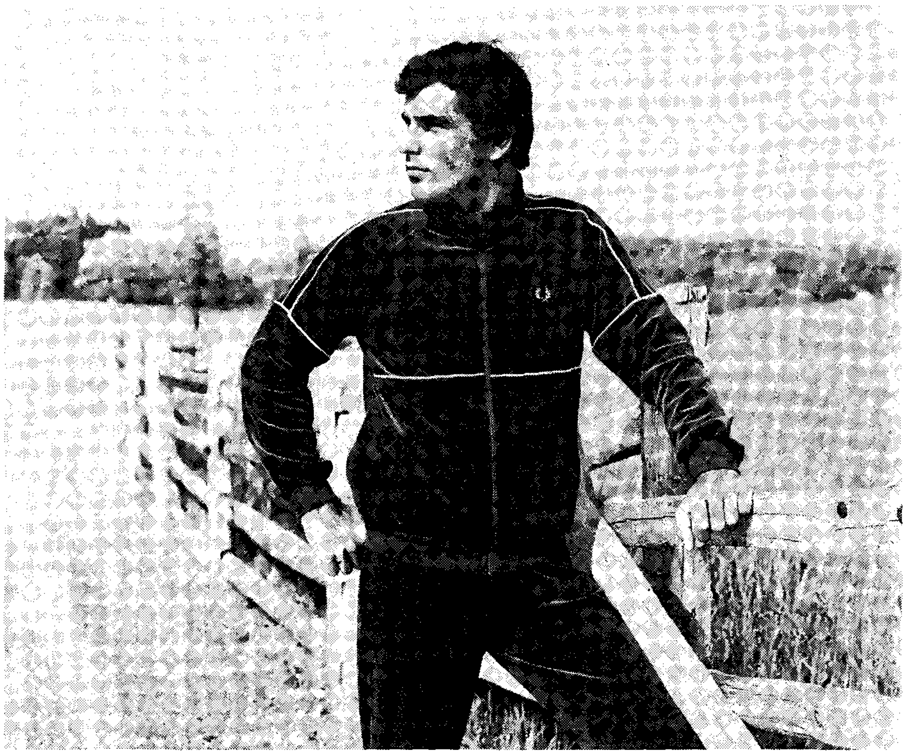

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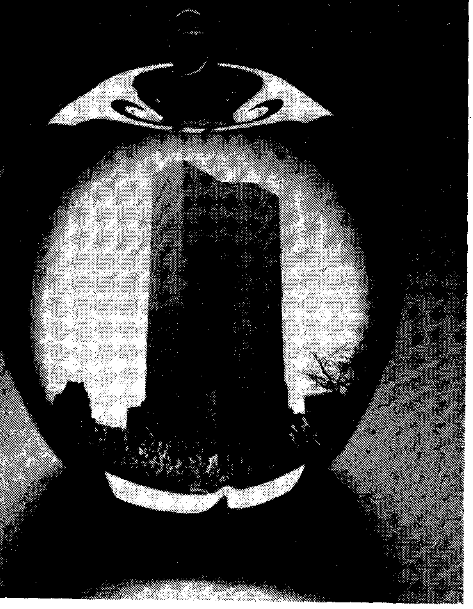
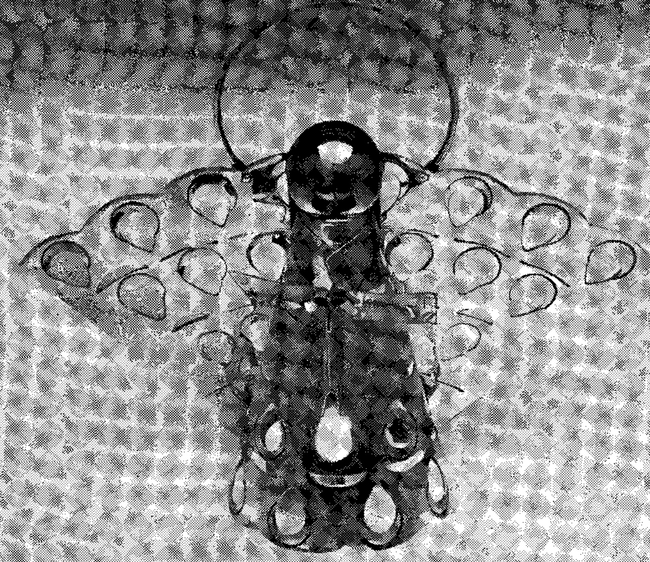


rable to a man's driving an automobile a hundred and twenty-eight miles an hour—and he says that we are accelerating.

In like manner, geologists will sometimes use the calendar year as a unit to represent the time scale, and in such terms the Precambrian runs from New Year's Day until well after Halloween. Dinosaurs appear in the middle of December and are gone the day after Christmas. The last ice sheet melts on December 31st at one minute before midnight, and the Roman Empire lasts five seconds. With your arms spread wide again to represent all time on earth, look at one hand with its line of life. The Cambrian begins in the wrist, and the Permian Extinction is at the outer end of the palm. All of the Cenozoic is in a fingerprint, and in a single stroke with a medium-grained nail file you could eradicate human history. Geologists live with the geologic scale. Individually, they may or may not be alarmed by the rate of exploitation of the things they discover, but, like the environmentalists, they use these repetitive analogies to place the human record in perspective—to see the Age of Reflection, the last few thousand years, as a small bright sparkle at the end of time. They often liken humanity's presence on earth to a brief visitation from elsewhere in space, its luminous, explosive characteristics consisting not merely of the burst of population in the twentieth century but of the whole millennial moment of people on earth—a single detonation, resembling nothing so much as a nuclear implosion with its successive neutron generations, whole generations following one another once every hundred-millionth of a second, temperatures building up into the millions of degrees and stripping atoms until bare nuclei are wandering in electron seas, pressures building up to a hundred million atmospheres, the core expanding at five million miles an hour, expanding in a way that is quite different from all else in the universe, unless there are others who also make bombs.

The human consciousness may have begun to leap and boil some sunny day in the Pleistocene, but the race by and large has retained the essence of its animal sense of time. People think in five generations—two ahead, two behind—with heavy concentration on the one in the middle. Possibly that is tragic, and possibly there is no choice. The human mind may not have evolved enough to be able to compre-



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hend deep time. It may only be able to measure it. At least, that is what geologists wonder sometimes, and they have imparted the questions to me. They wonder to what extent they truly sense the passage of millions of years. They wonder to what extent it is possible to absorb a set of facts and move with them, in a sensory manner, beyond the recording intellect and into the abyssal aeons. Primordial inhibition may stand in the way. On the geologic time scale, a human lifetime is reduced to a brevity that is too inhibiting to think about. The mind blocks the information. Geologists, dealing always with deep time, find that it seeps into their beings and affects them in various ways. They see the unbelievable swiftness with which one evolving species on the earth has learned to reach into the dirt of some tropical island and fling 747s into the sky. They see the thin band in which are the all but indiscernible stratifications of Cro-Magnon, Moses, Leonardo, and now. Seeing a race unaware of its own instantaneousness in time, they can reel off all the species that have come and gone, with emphasis on those that have specialized themselves to death.

In geologists' own lives, the least effect of time is that they think in two languages, function on two different scales.

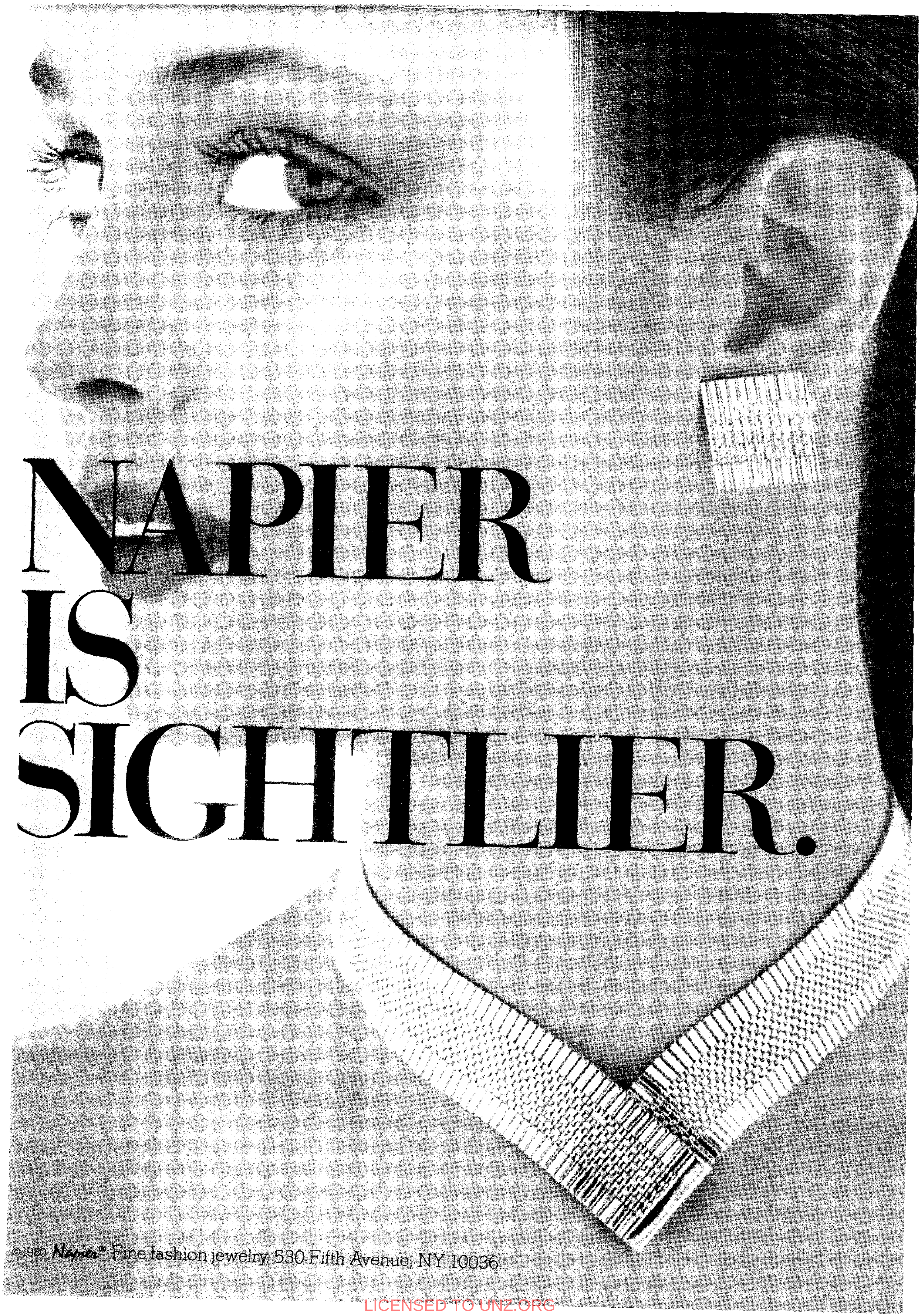
"You care less about civilization. Half of me gets upset with civilization. The other half does not get upset. I shrug and think, So let the cockroaches take over."

"Mammalian species last, typically, two million years. We've about used up ours. Every time Leakey finds something older, I say, 'Oh! We're overdue.' We will be handing the dominant-species-on-earth position to some other group. We'll have to be clever not to."

"A sense of geologic time is the most important thing to suggest to the nongeologist: the slow rate of geologic processes, centimetres per year, with huge effects, if continued for enough years."

"A million years is a short time—the shortest worth messing with for most problems. You begin tuning your mind to a time scale that is the planet's time scale. For me, it is almost unconscious now and is a kind of companionship with the earth."

"It didn't take very long for those mountains to come up, to be deroofed, and to be thrust eastward. Then the motion stopped. That happened in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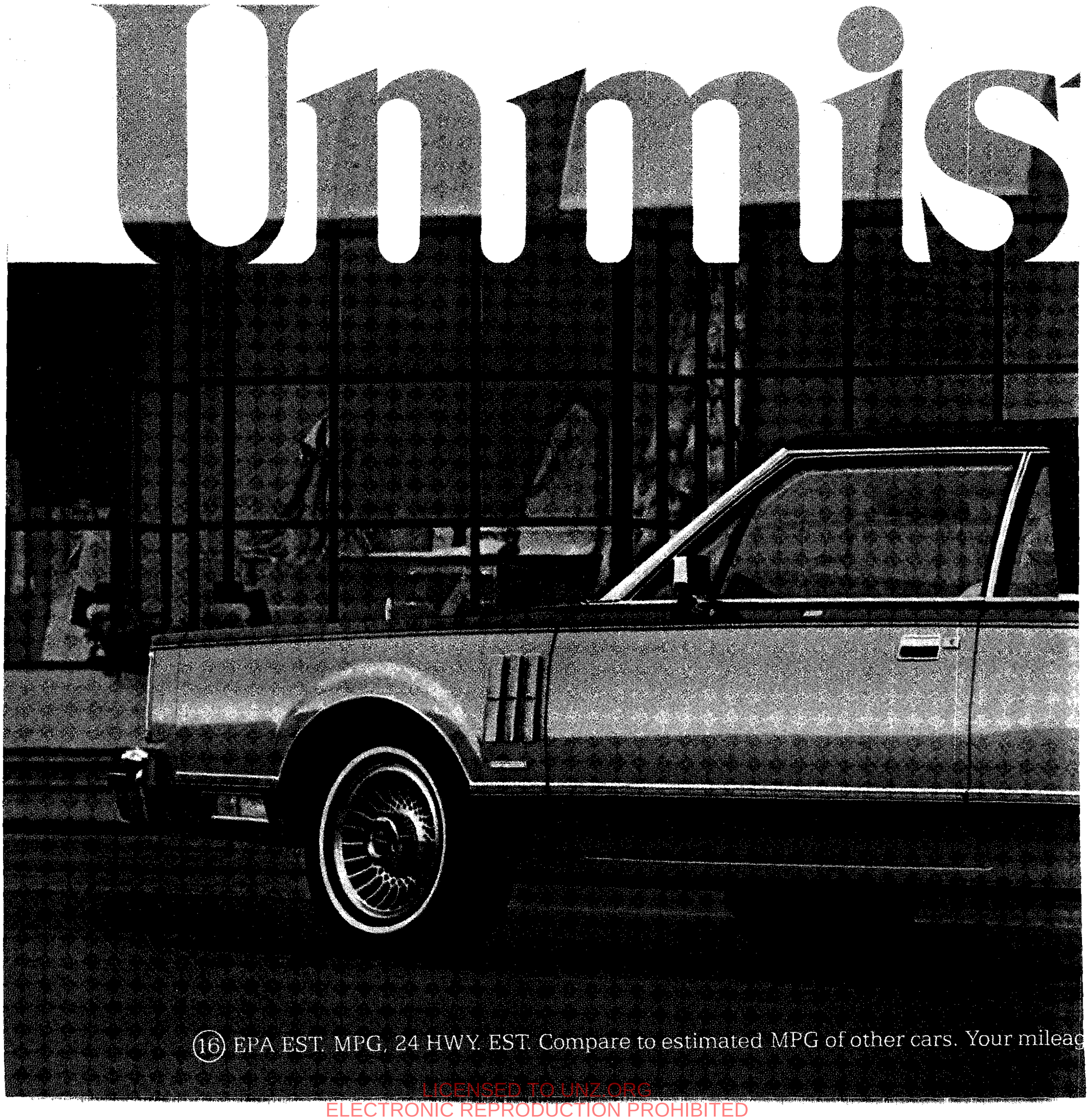

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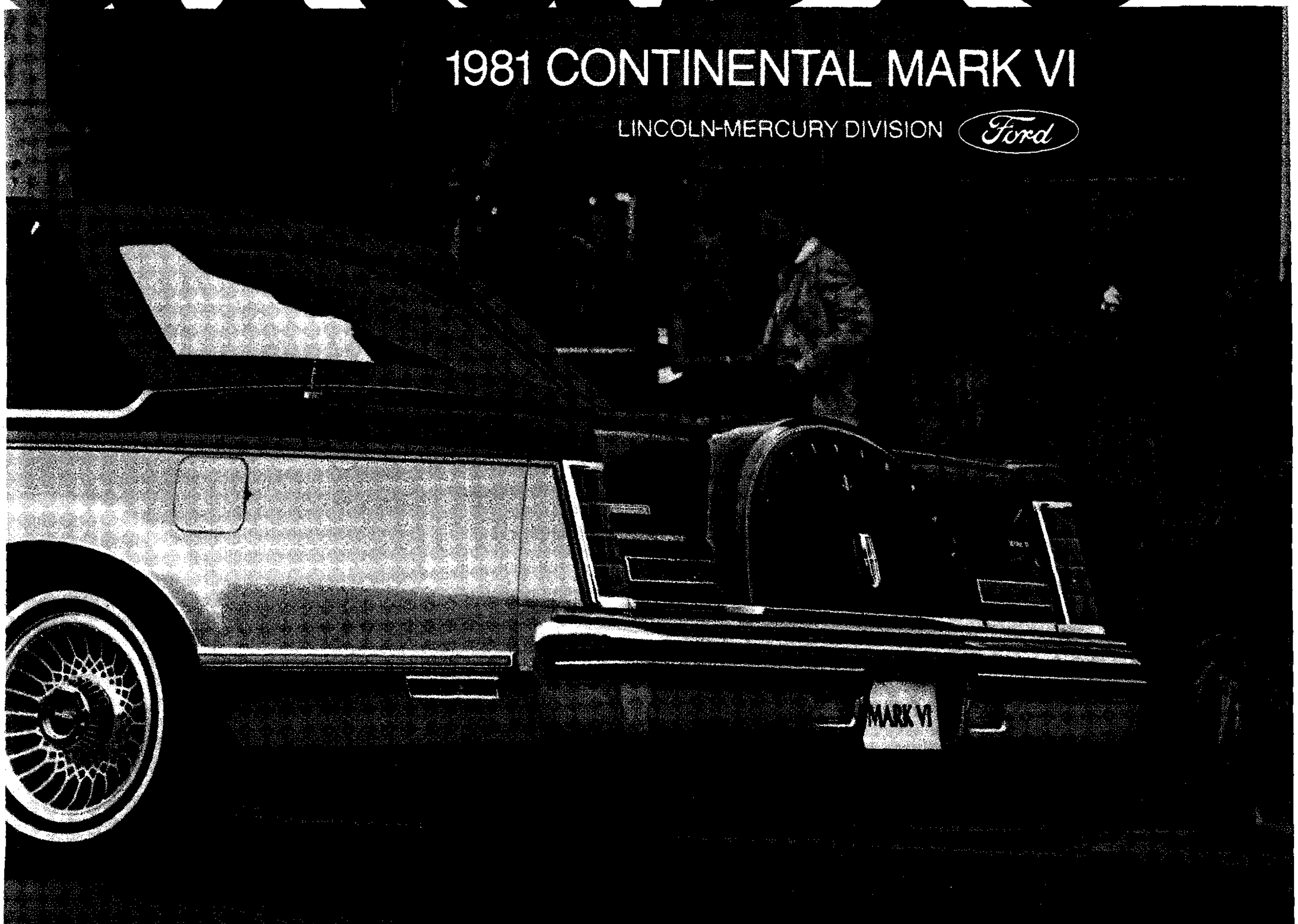

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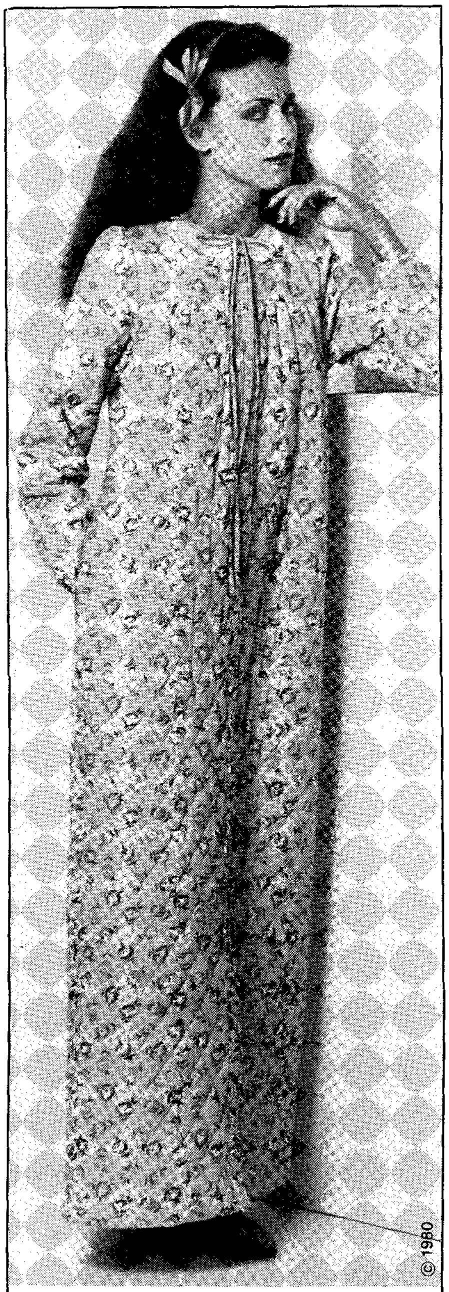
maybe ten million years, and to a geologist that's really fast.”

“If you free yourself from the conventional reaction to a quantity like a million years, you free yourself a bit from the structures of your own time. And then in a way you do not live at all, but in another way you live forever.”

ONE is tempted to condense time, somewhat glibly—to say, for example, that the faulting which lifted up the mountains of the Basin and Range began “only” eight million years ago. The late Miocene was “a mere” eight million years ago. That the Rocky Mountains were building seventy million years ago and the Appalachians were folding four hundred million years ago does not impose brevity on eight million years. What is to be avoided is an abridgment of deep time in a manner that tends to veil its already obscure dimensions. The periods are so long—the seventy-six million years of the Cretaceous, the fifty million years of the Devonian—that each has acquired its own internal time scale, intricately constructed and elaborately named. I will not attempt to reproduce this amazing list but only to suggest its profusion. The stages and ages, as they are called—the subdivisions of all of the epochs and eras—read like a roll call in a district council somewhere in Armenia. Berriasian, Valanginian, Hauterivian, Barremian, Bedoulian, Gargasian, Aptian, Albian, Cenomanian, Turonian, Coniacian, Santonian, Campanian, and Maastrichtian, reading upward, are chambers of Cretaceous time. Actually, the Cretaceous has been cut even finer, with about fifty clear time lines now, subdivisions of the subdivisions of its seventy-six million years. The Triassic consists of the Scythian, the Anisian, the Ladinian, the Carnian, the Norian, and the Rhaetian, averaging six million years. What survived the Rhaetian lived on into the Liassic. The Liassic, an epoch, comes just after the Triassic and is the early part of the Jurassic. Kazanian, Couvinean, Kopaninian, Kimmeridgian, Tremadocian, Tournaisian, Tatarian, Tiffanian . . . When geologists choose to ignore these names, as they frequently do, they resort to terms that are undecipherably simple, and will note, typically, that an event which occurred in some flooded summer 330.27 million years ago took place in the “early late-middle Mississippian.” To say “middle Mississippian” might do, but with millions of years in the middle Mississippian there is an evident compunction to be more precise. “Late” and “early” always refer to time. “Upper” and “lower” refer to rock. “Upper Devonian” and “lower Jurassic” are slices of time expressed in rock.

In the late-middle Mississippian, there was an age called Meramecian, of about six million years, and it was during the Meramecian that the Tonka—the older of the formations in the angular unconformity in Carlin Canyon, Nevada—was accumulating along an island coast. The wine-red sandstone and its pebbles may have been sand and pebbles of the beach. The island was of considerable size, apparently, and stood off North America in much the way that Taiwan now reposes near the coast of China. Where there were swamps, they were full of awkward amphibians, not entirely masking in their appearance the human race they would become. They struggled along on stumpy legs. The strait separating the Meramecian island from the North American mainland was about four hundred miles wide and contained crossopterygian fish, from which the amphibians had evolved. There were shell-crushing sharks, horn corals, meadows of sea lilies, and spiral bryozoans that looked like screws. The strait was warm and equatorial. The equator ran through the present site of San Diego, up through Colorado and Nebraska, and on through the site of Lake Superior. The lake would not be dug for nearly three hundred and thirty million years. If in the Meramecian you were to have followed the present route of Interstate 80 moving east, you would have raised the coast of North America near the Wyoming border, and landed on a red beach. Gradually, you would have ascended through equatorial fern forests, in red soil, to a high point somewhere near Laramie, to begin there a long general downgrade among low hills to Grand Island, Nebraska, where you would have come to an arm of the sea. The far shore was four hundred miles to the east, where the Mississippi River is now, and beyond it was a low, wet, humid, flat terrain, dense with ferns and fern trees—Illinois, Indiana, Ohio. Halfway across Ohio, you would have come to a second epicratonic sea, its far shore in central Pennsylvania. In New Jersey, you would have begun to ascend mountains and ever higher mountains, their summits girt with ice



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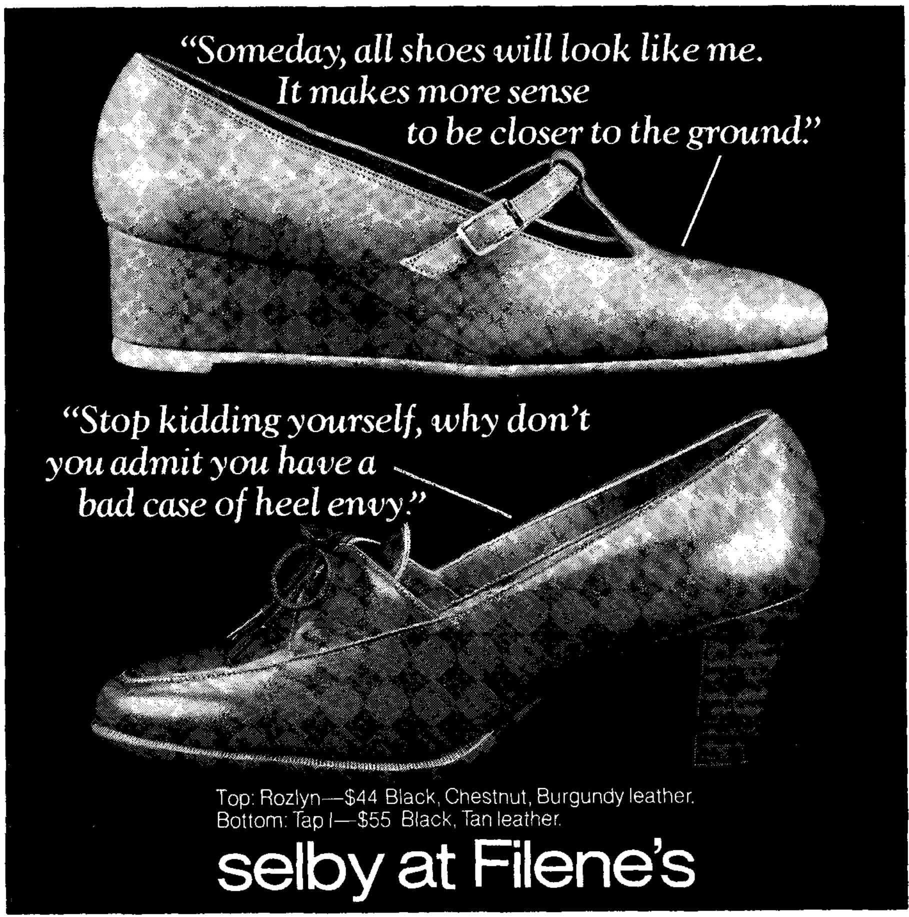

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and capped with snow, not unlike Mt. Kenya, not unlike the present peaks of New Guinea and Ecuador, with their snowfields and glaciers in the equatorial tropics. Reaching the site of the George Washington Bridge, you would have been at considerable altitude, looking at mountains and more mountains before you in future Africa.

If you had turned around and gone back to Nevada a million years later, still in Meramecian time, there would have been few variations to note along the way. The west coast would have moved east, but only a bit, and would still be approximately at the western end of Wyoming. There would have been a significant alteration, however, in the demeanor of the island over the strait. At a little over two inches a year, it would have moved forty miles or so eastward, compressing the floor of the strait and pushing up high mountains, like the present mountains of Timor, which have come up in much the same way to stand ten thousand feet above the Banda Sea. Up from the sea and within those Meramecian Nevada mountains came the wine-red pebbly sandstone of the Tonka Formation.

Forty million years after that, when the Tonka mountains had been worn flat and the Strathearn limestones were forming over their roots, the American scene was very different. It was now the Missourian age of late Pennsylvanian time (about two hundred and ninety million years ago), and the Appalachians were still high but they were no longer alpine. Travelling west, and coming down from the mountains around Du Bois, Pennsylvania, you would have descended into a densely vegetal swamp. This was Pennsylvania in the Pennsylvanian, when vegetation rioted on the earth and the big trees were kings. They were not huge by our standards but they were big trees, some with diamond patterns precisioned in their bark. They had thick boles and were about a hundred feet high. Other trees had bark like the bark of hemlocks and leaves like flat straps. Others had the fluted, swollen bases of cypress. In and out among the trunks flew dragonflies with the wingspans of great horned owls. Amphibians not only were walking around easily but some of them had become reptiles. Through the high meshing crowns of the trees not a whole lot of light filtered down. The understory was all but woven—of rushlike woody plants and seed

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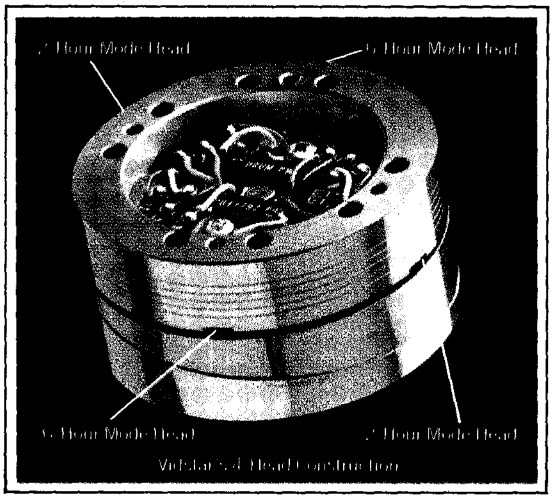

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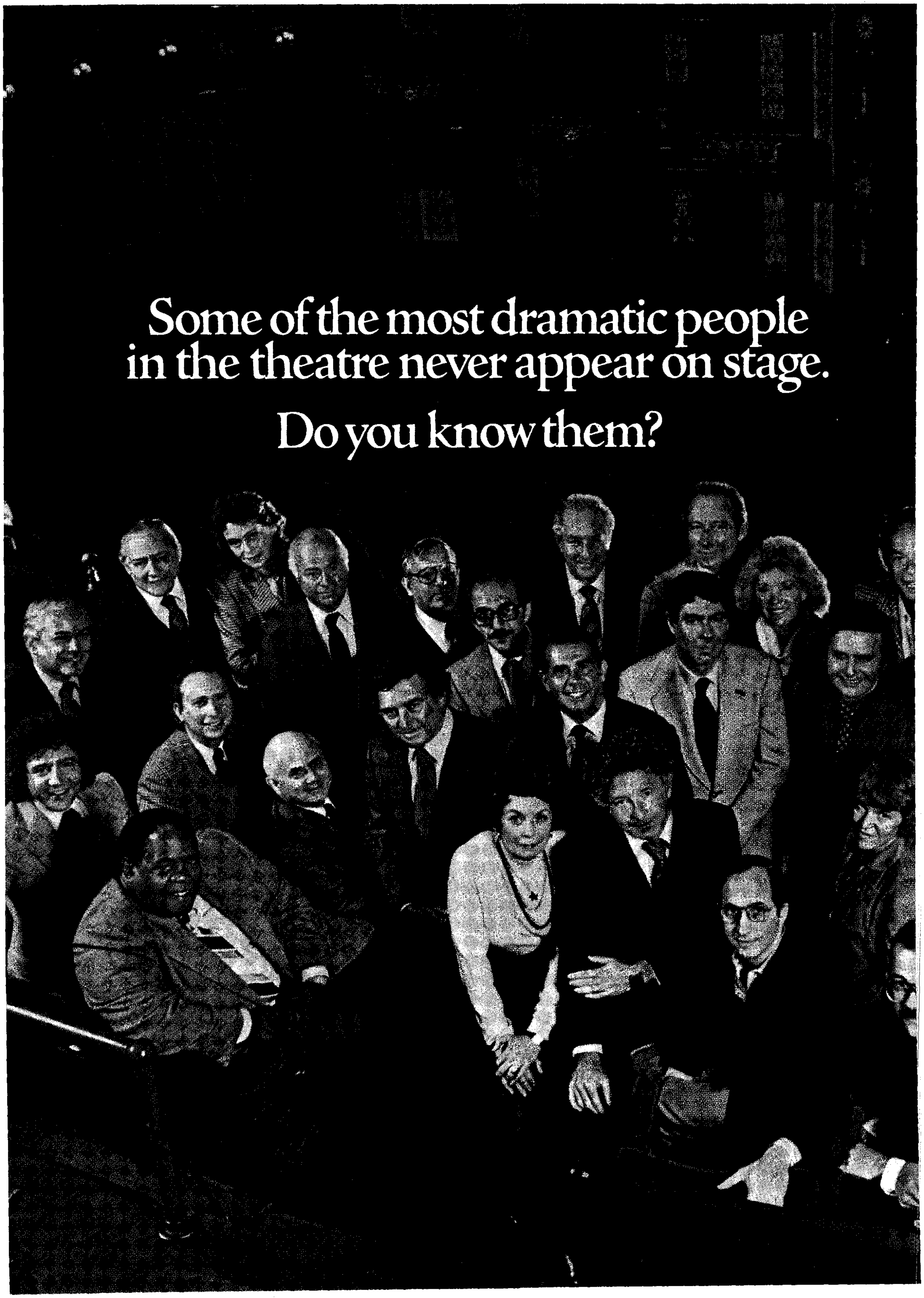
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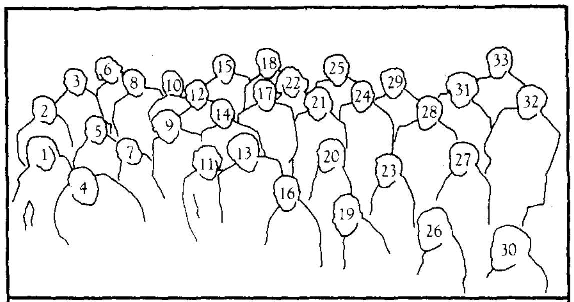

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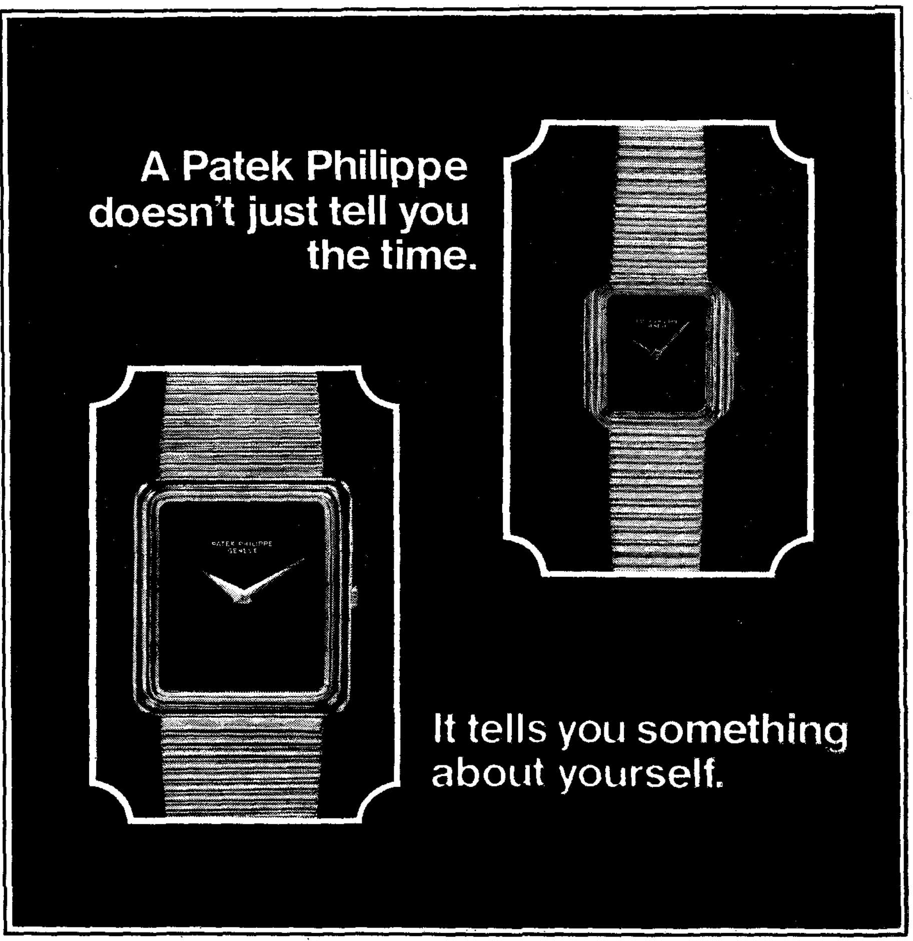
ferns. There were luxuriant tree ferns as much as fifty feet high. The scene suggests a tropical rain forest but was more akin to the Everglades, the Dismal Swamp, the Atchafalaya basin—a hummocky spongy landscape ending in a ragged coast. All through Pennsylvanian time, ice sheets had been advancing over the southern continents, advancing and retreating, forming and melting, lowering and raising the level of the sea, and as the sea came up and over the land in places like the swamps of Du Bois it buried them, first under beach sand and later—as the seawater deepened—under lime muds. With enough burial, the muds became limestone, the sands became sandstone, the vegetation coal. When the sea fell, erosion wore away some of that, but then the sea would rise again to bury new generations of ferns and trees under successive layers of rock. These cyclothems, as they are called, contain the coals of Pennsylvania, and similar ones the coals of Iowa and Illinois. The shallow sea that reached into western Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio was a hundred miles wide in the Missourian age of Pennsylvanian time, and after crossing the water you would have reached a beach and another coal swamp and then, in light-gray soil, a low lush tropical forest that went on through Indiana to eastern Illinois, where it ended with more coal swamps, another sea. The far shore was where the Mississippi River is now, and beyond that was an equatorial rain forest, which ended in central Iowa with another swamp, another sea. The water here was clear and sparkling, with almost no land-derived sediments settling into it, just accumulating skeletons—clean deep beds of lime. Five hundred miles over the water, you would have raised the rose-colored beaches of eastern Wyoming. Mountains stood out to the south. They were the Ancestral Rockies, and time would bevel them to stumps. Skirting them, in Pennsylvanian Wyoming, you would have traversed what seem to have been Saharan sands, wave after wave of dunal sands, five hundred miles of rose and amber pastel sands, ending at the west coast of North America, in Salt Lake City. As the Pennsylvanian sea level moved up and down here, it left alternating beds of lime and sand, which, two eras later, the nascent Oquirrh Mountains would lift to view. Two hundred miles over the sea was the site of Carlin Canyon, where muds of clean lime were settling. The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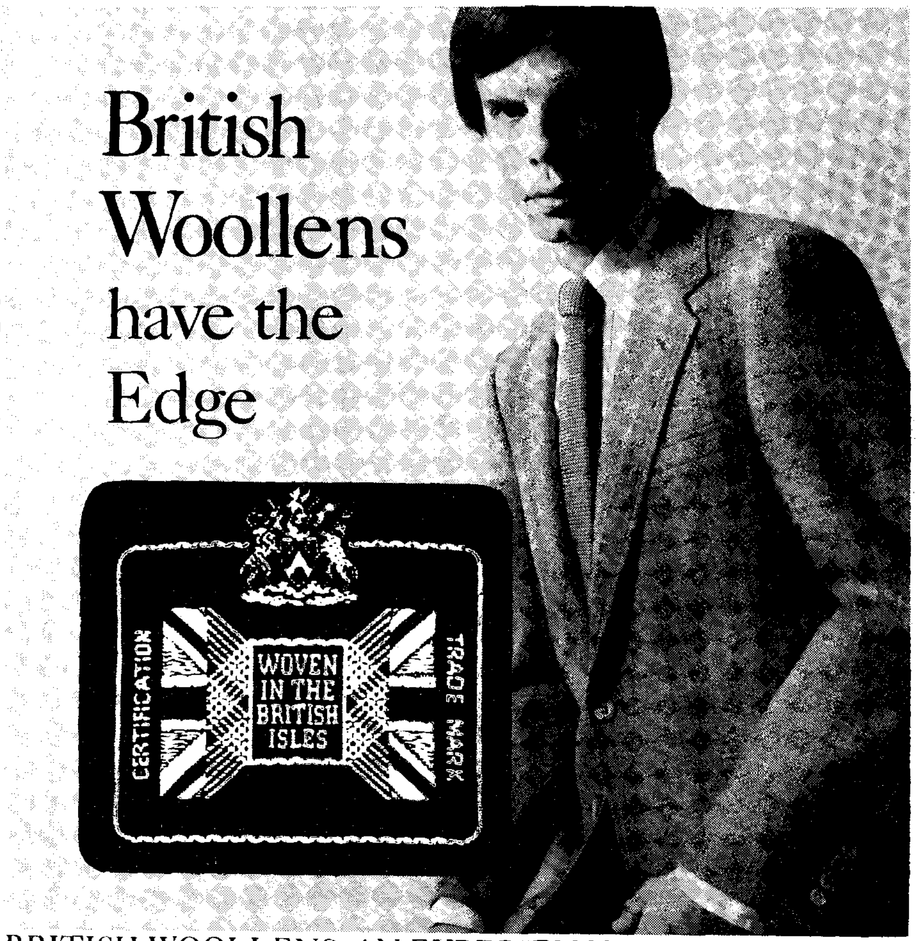
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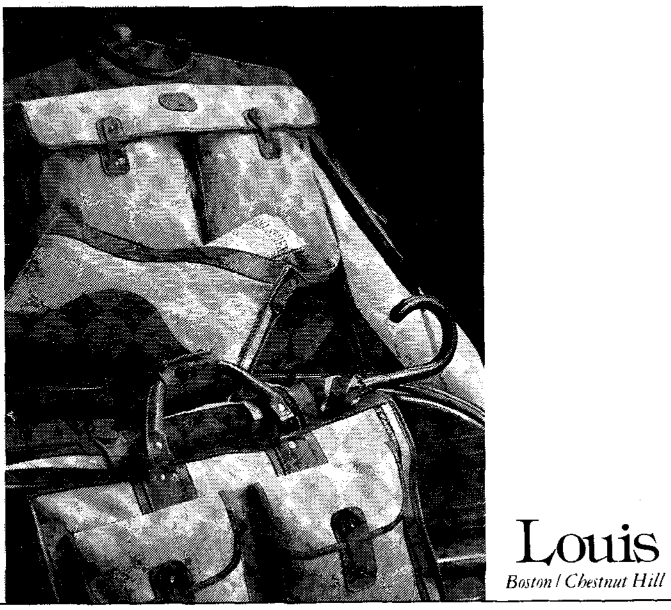

Strathearn, the younger formation of the two in the Carlin unconformity, is an almost pure limestone.

The two formations, conjoined, were driven upward, according to present theory, in a collision of crustal plates that occurred in the early Triassic. The result was yet another set of new mountains—alpine mountains, which erosion brought down before the end of the Jurassic, but not enough to obliterate the story that is told in Carlin Canyon. Still gazing at the Carlin unconformity, Ken Deffeyes said, "Profound as all the time is to build and destroy those mountain ranges, it is just a one-acter in the history of the Basin and Range—small potatoes, weak beer, just a little piece of time, a little piece of the action, lost in all the welter of all the other history." There had been two complete cycles of erosion and deposition and mountain building in this one place in one-fortieth of the time scale. That is what made John Playfair's mind grow giddy when James Hutton took him in 1788 to see the angular unconformity at Siccar Point. It was especially fortunate that Playfair was there, and that Playfair knew Hutton and Hutton's geology equally well, for when Hutton finally wrote his book most readers were trampled by the prose. Hutton was at best a difficult writer. Insights came to him but phrases did not. James Hall, who was twenty-seven when he went with Hutton and Playfair to Siccar Point, would say of Hutton years later, "I must own that on reading Dr. Hutton's first geological publication I was induced to reject his system entirely, and should probably have continued still to do so, with the great majority of the world, but for my habits of intimacy with the author, the vivacity and perspicuity of whose conversation formed a striking contrast to the obscurity of his writings." Hall, incidentally, melted rock in crucibles and saw how crystals formed as it cooled. He is regarded as the founder of experimental geology. John Playfair likewise assessed Hutton's literary style as containing "a degree of obscurity astonishing to those who knew him, and who heard him every day converse with no less clearness and precision than animation and force." One can imagine what Playfair thought when he read something like this in Hutton's two-volume "Theory of the Earth":

> If, in examining our land, we shall find a mass of matter which had been evidently formed originally in the ordinary manner

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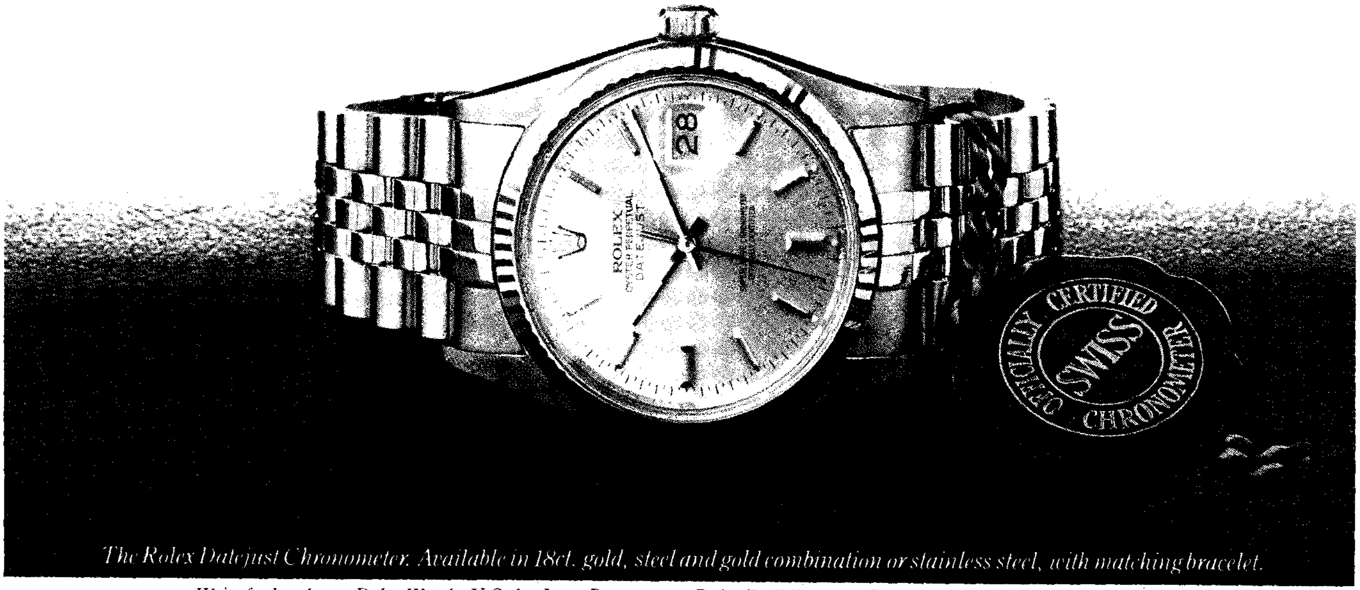

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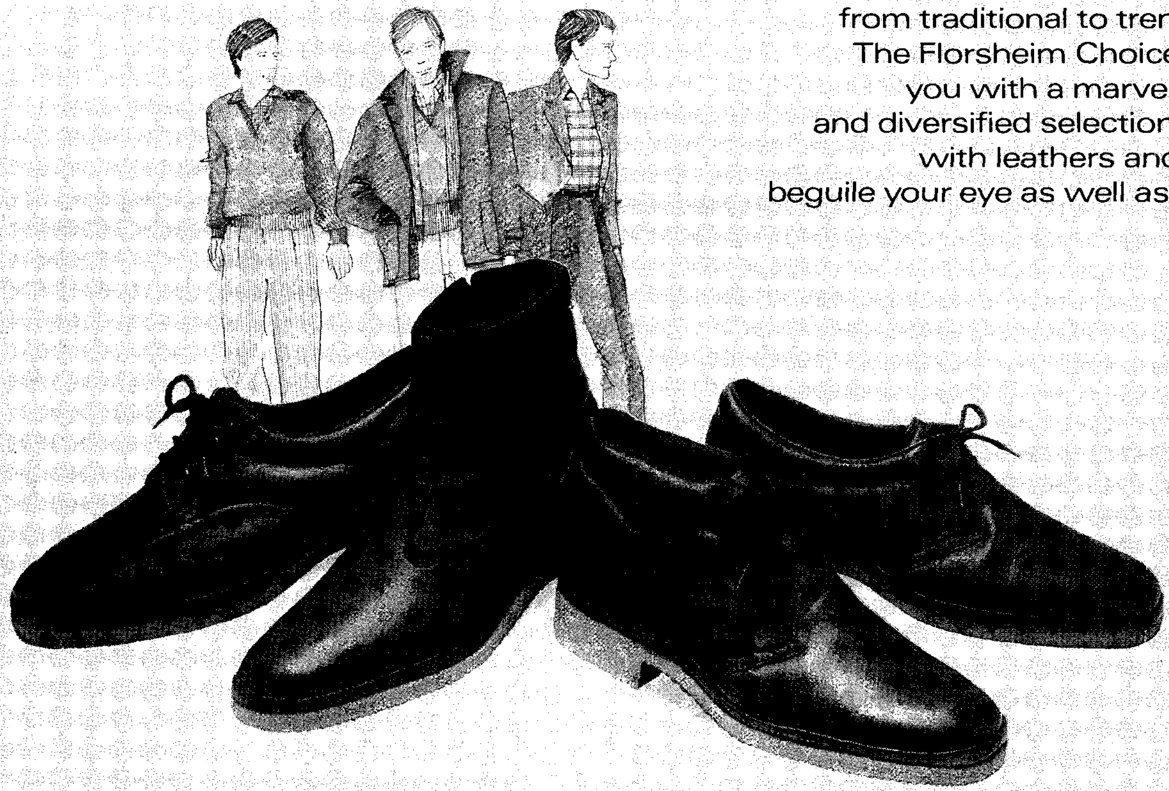

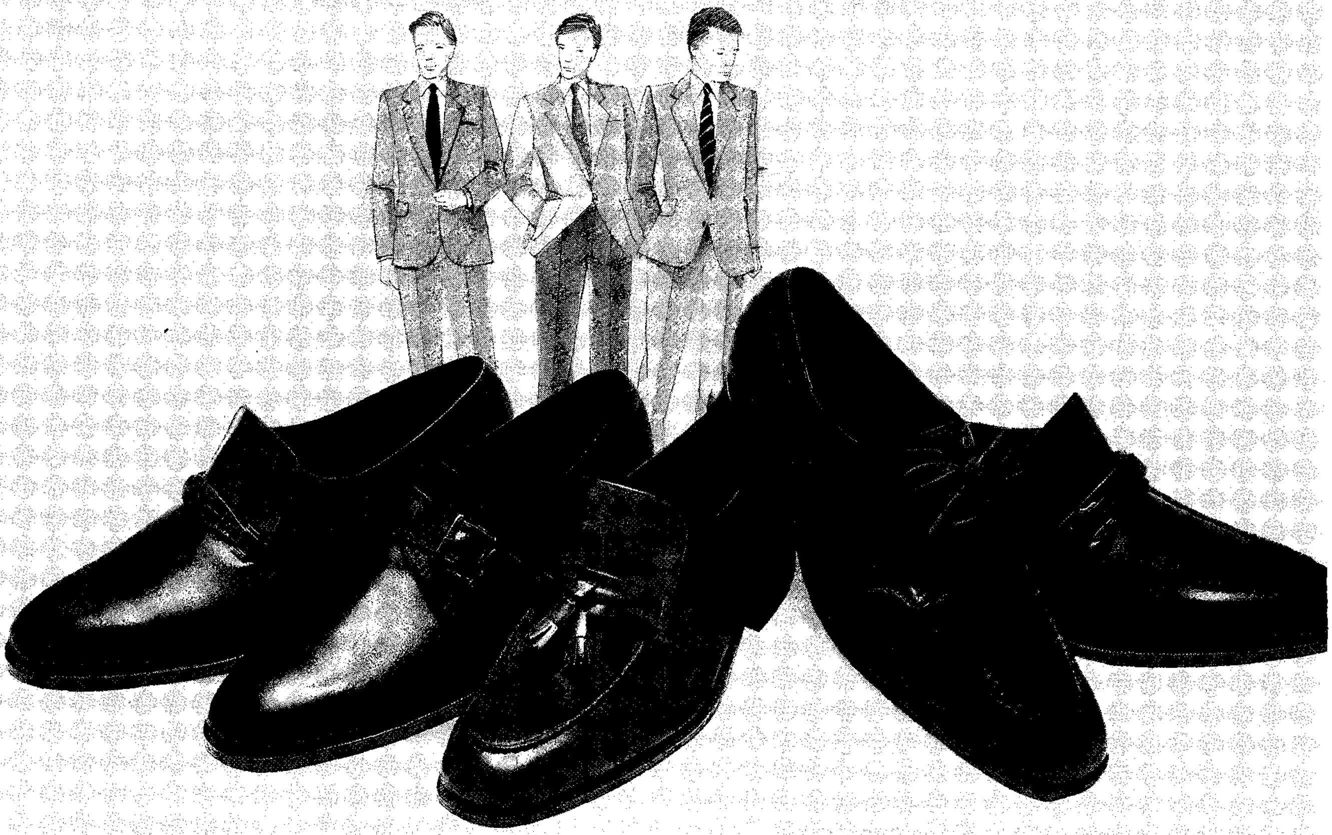

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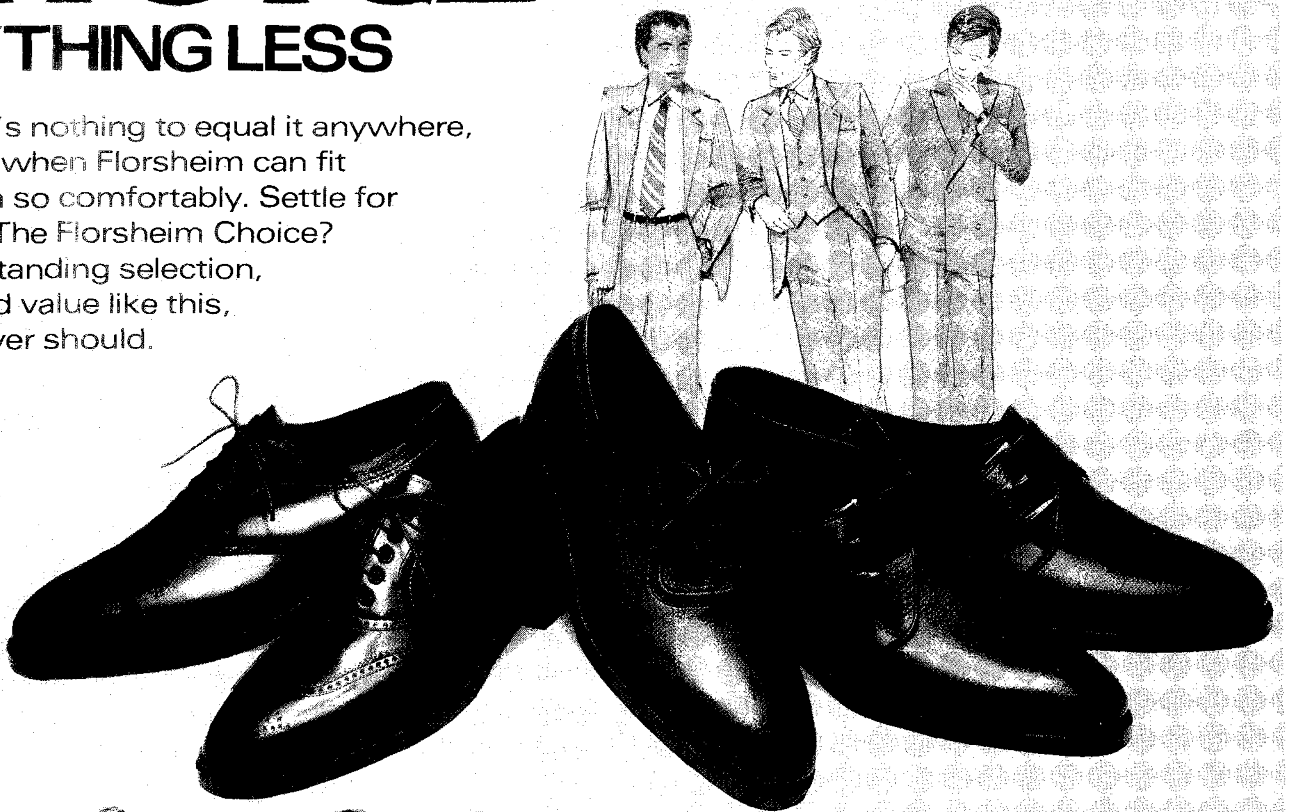

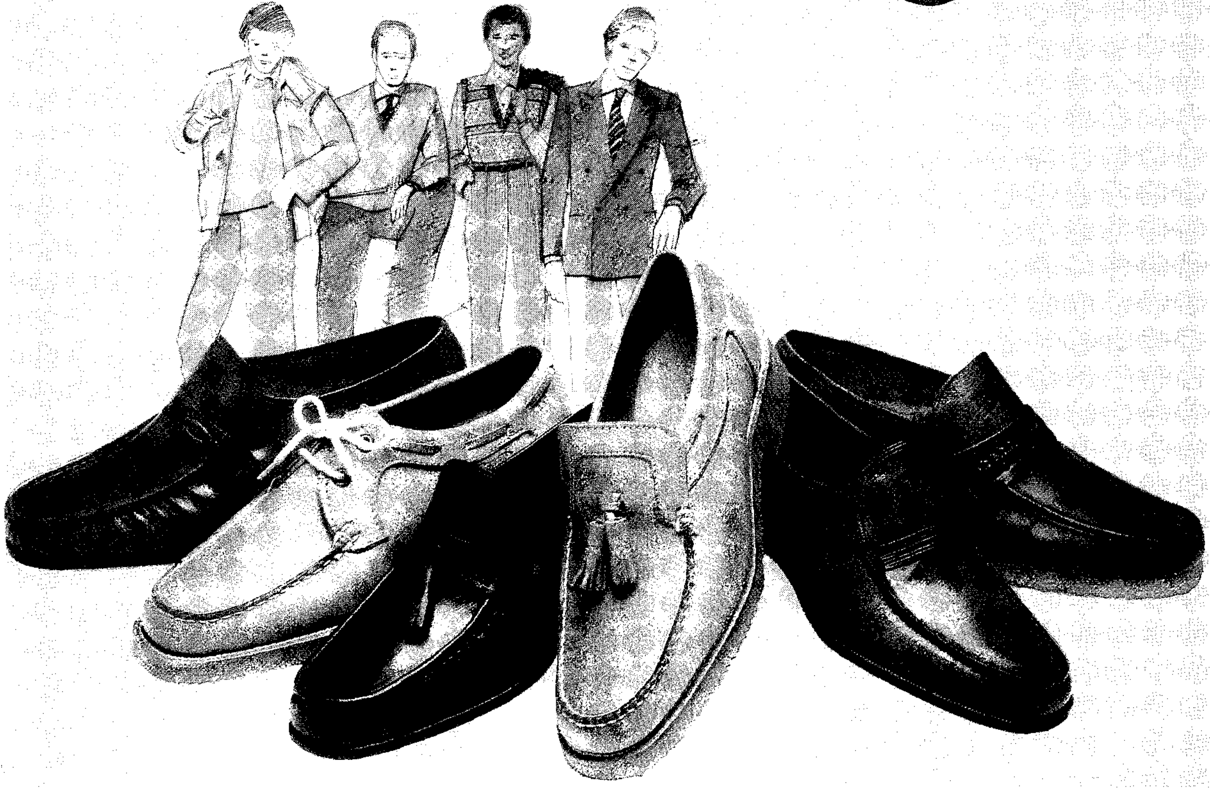

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of stratification, but which is now extremely distorted in its structure and displaced in its position,—which is also extremely consolidated in its mass and variously changed in its composition,—which therefore has the marks of its original or marine composition extremely obliterated, and many subsequent veins of melted mineral matter interjected; we should then have reason to suppose that here were masses of matter which, though not different in their origin from those that are gradually deposited at the bottom of the ocean, have been more acted upon by subterranean heat and the expanding power, that is to say, have been changed in a greater degree by the operations of the mineral region.

In that long sentence lies the discovery of metamorphic rock. But just as metamorphism will turn shale into slate, sandstone into quartzite, and granite into gneiss, Hutton had turned words into pumice. Unsurprisingly, his insights did not at once spread far and wide. They received a scattered following and much abuse. The attacks were theological, in the main, but, needless to say, geological as well—particularly with regard to his elastic sense of time. Even when people began to agree that the earth must be a great deal older than six thousand years, calculations were conservative and failed to yield the reach of time that Hutton's theory required. Lord Kelvin, as late as 1899, figured that twenty-five million years was the approximate age of the earth. Kelvin was the most august figure in contemporary science, and no one stepped up to argue. Hutton published his "Theory of the Earth" in 1795, when almost no one doubted the historical authenticity of Noah's Flood, and all species on earth were thought to have been created individually, each looking at the moment of its creation almost exactly as it did in modern times. Hutton disagreed with that, too. Writing a treatise on agriculture, he brought up the matter of variety in animals and noted, "In the infinite variation of the breed, that form best adapted to the exercise of the instinctive arts, by which the species is to live, will most certainly be continued in the propagation of this animal, and will be always tending more and more to perfect itself by the natural variation which is continually taking place. Thus, for example, where dogs are to live by the swiftness of their feet and the sharpness of their sight, the form best adapted to that end will be the most certain of remaining, while those forms that are less adapted to this manner of chase will be the first to perish; and, the same will hold with regard to all the other forms and fac-

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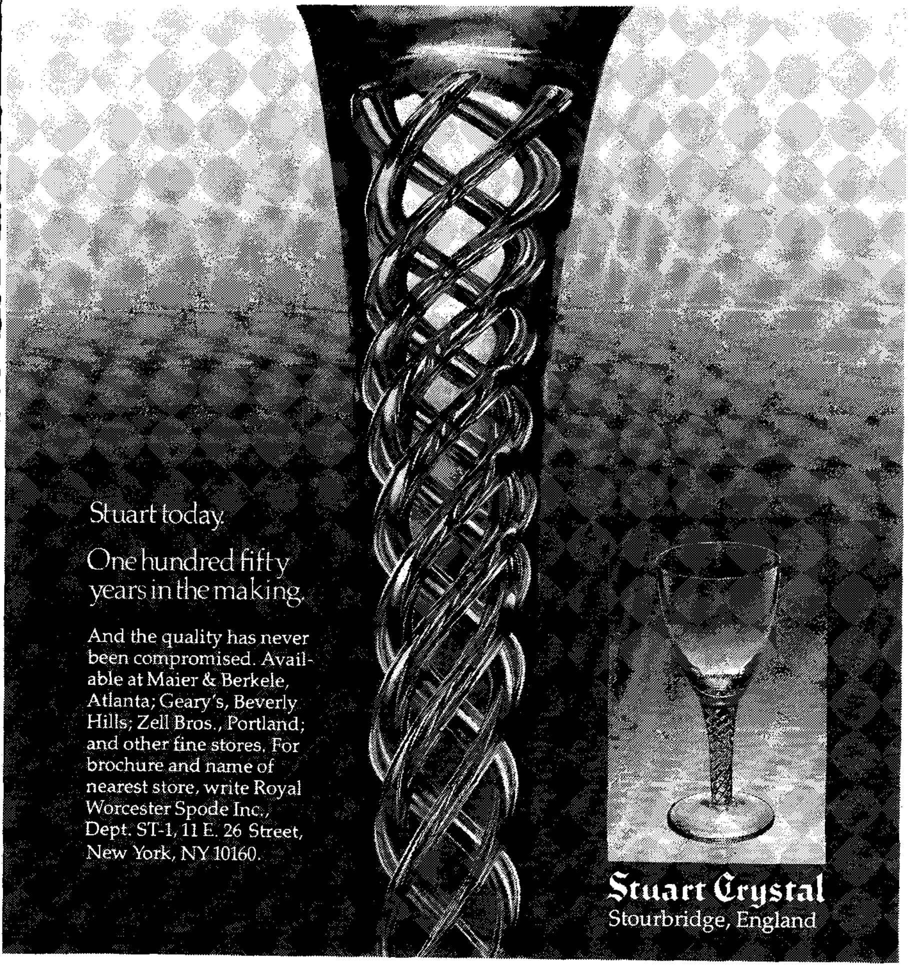

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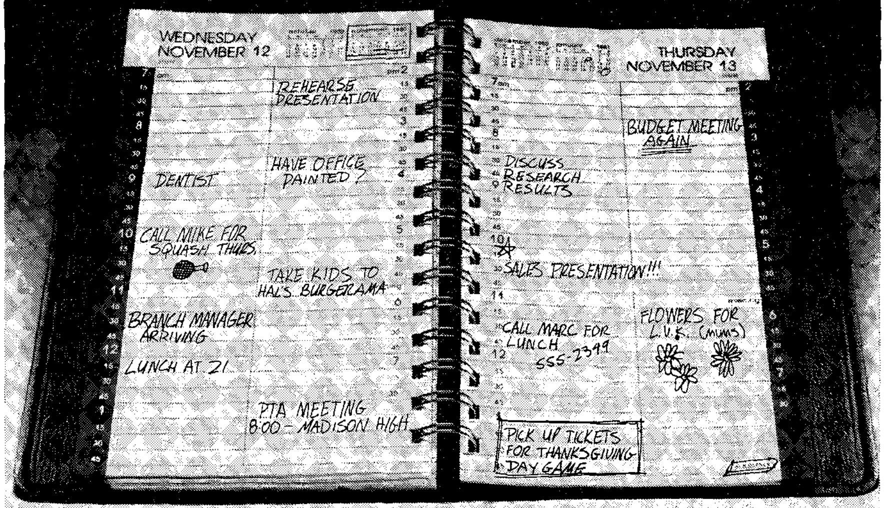
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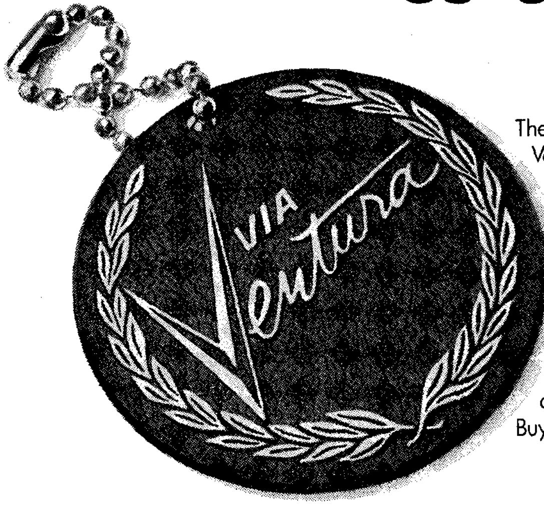
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ulties of the species, by which the instinctive arts of procuring its means of substance may be pursued." When he died, in 1797, Hutton was working on that manuscript, no part of which was published for a hundred and fifty years.

People who admired Hutton's theory of the earth became known—because of the theory's igneous aspects, its molten basalts and intruding granites—as vulcanists or plutonists, and they quickly grew to be the intellectual enemies of the Wernerian neptunists, and others who believed that God had made the world through a series of catastrophes, notably the Noachian flood. The schism between these two groups would carry well into the nineteenth and even into the twentieth century, the ratio gradually reversing. In 1800, the Huttonians were outnumbered at least ten to one. In fact, a Werner-trained neptunist took over the chair of natural history at the University of Edinburgh and for many years neptunism was official in Hutton's own city.

All this can be presumed to have bestirred John Playfair, a handsome, life-loving, and generous man of "mild majesty and considerate enthusiasm," as a contemporary described him. Never mind that the contemporary was his nephew. With all those neptunists and men of the cloth on the one side and his friend's prose on the other, the battle to Playfair must have seemed unjust, and he betook himself to alter the situation. The least of his many verbal gifts was a slow-cooled lucidity, a sense of the revealing phrase, and his "Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory of the Earth," published in 1802, was the first fully clear and persuasive statement of what the theory was about. It is testimony to Playfair's efficacity that the opposition stiffened. "According to the conclusions of Dr. Hutton, and of many other geologists, our continents are of indefinite antiquity, they have been peopled we know not how, and mankind are wholly unacquainted with their origin," wrote the Calvinist geologist Jean André Deluc in 1809. "According to my conclusions, drawn from the same source, that of *facts*, our continents are of such small antiquity, that the memory of the revolution which gave them birth must still be preserved among men; and thus we are led to seek in the book of Genesis the record of the history of the human race from its origin. Can any object of importance superior to this be found

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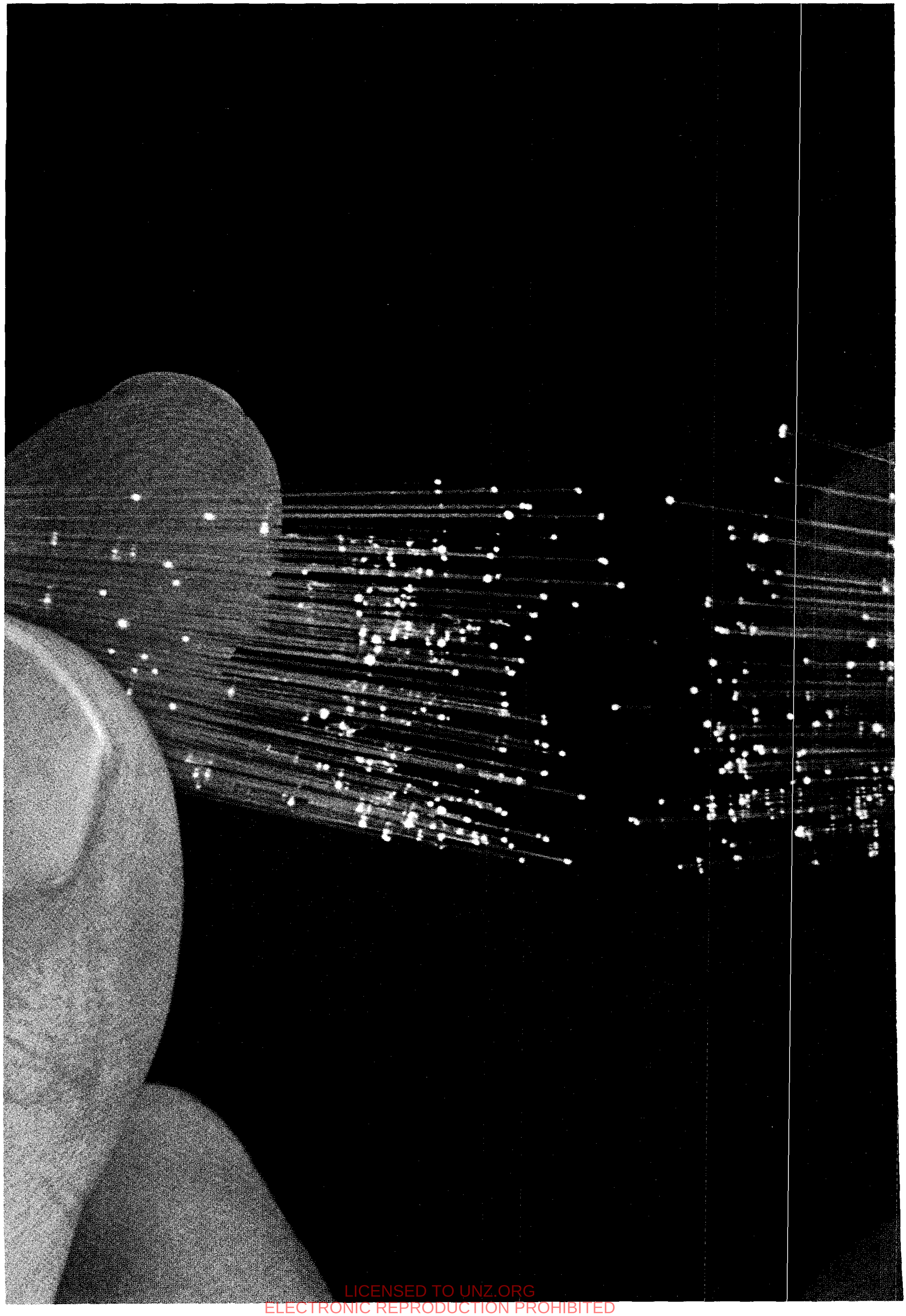

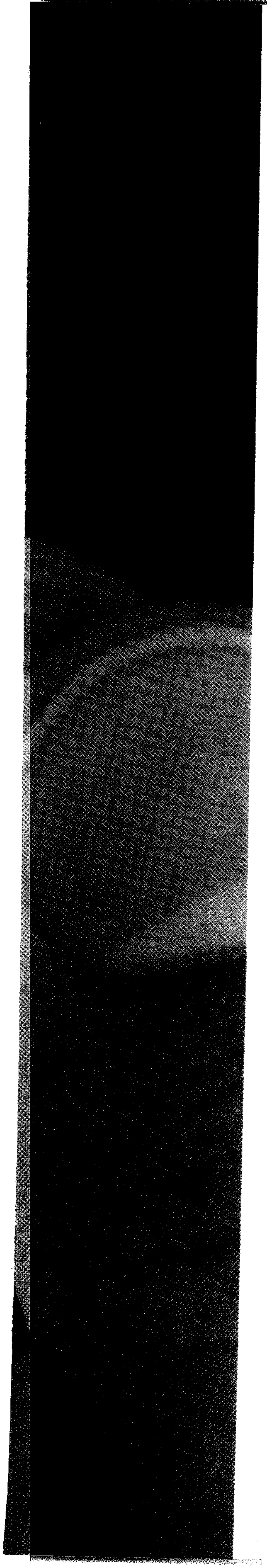

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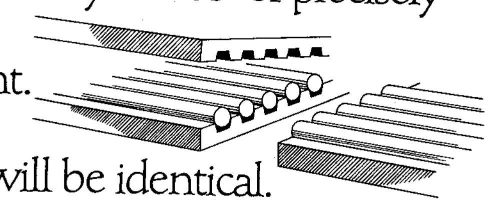

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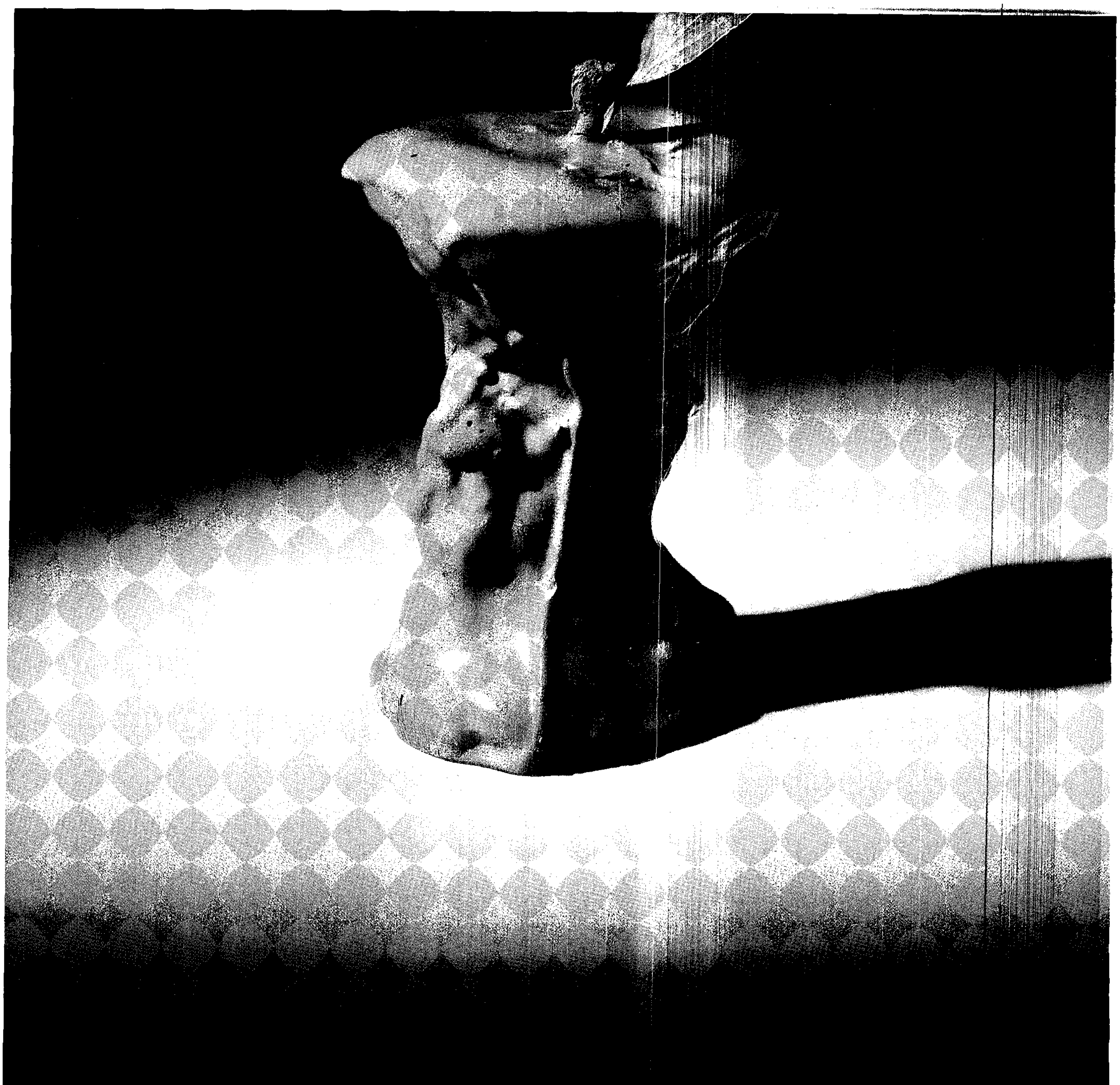

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As geologists built the time scale, their research and accumulating data imparted to Hutton's theory an obviously increasing glow. And in the early eighteen-thirties Charles Lyell, who said in so many words that his mission in geology was "freeing the science from Moses," gave Hutton's theory and his sense of deep time their largest advance toward universality. In three volumes, he published a work whose full title was "Principles of Geology, Being an Attempt to Explain the Former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by Reference to Causes Now in Operation." Lyell was so anti-neptunist, so anti-catastrophist that he out-Huttoned Hutton both in manner and in form. He not only subscribed to the uniformitarian process—the topographical earth building and destroying and rebuilding itself through time—but was finicky in insisting that all processes had been going on at exactly the same rate through all ages. "Principles of Geology" was to be the most enduring and effective geological text ever published. The first volume was eighteen months off the press when H.M.S. Beagle set sail from Devonport with Charles Darwin aboard. "I had brought with me the first volume of Lyell's 'Principles of Geology,' which I studied attentively; and the book was of the highest service to me in many ways. The very first place which I examined, namely St. Jago in the Cape de Verde islands, showed me clearly the wonderful superiority of Lyell's manner of treating geology, compared with that of any other author whose works I had with me or ever afterwards read." When Darwin had first studied geology, he had heard lectures in Wernerian neptunism at Edinburgh, and they had very nearly put him to sleep. Now he was voyaging on the Beagle and developing his own sense of the slow and repetitive cycles of the earth and the giddying depths of time, with Lyell's book in his hand and Hutton's theory in his head. In six thousand years, you could never grow wings on a reptile. With sixty million, however, you could have feathers, too.

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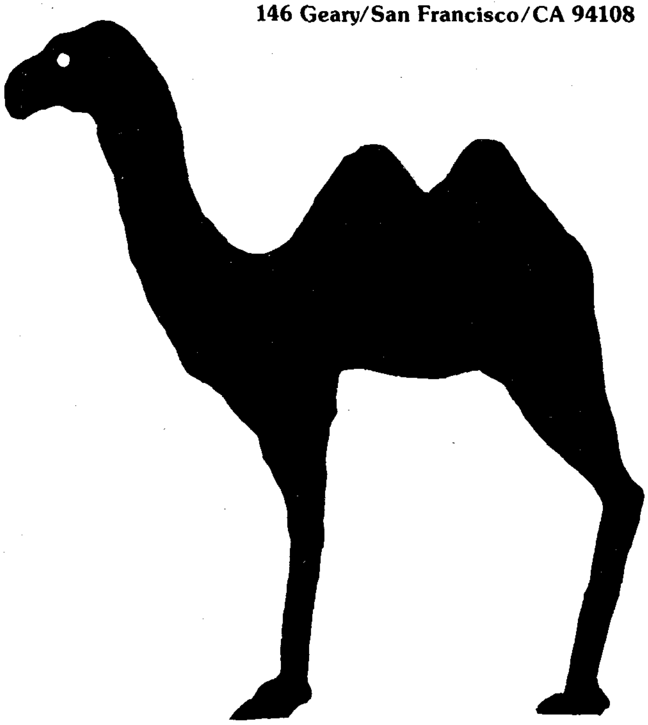

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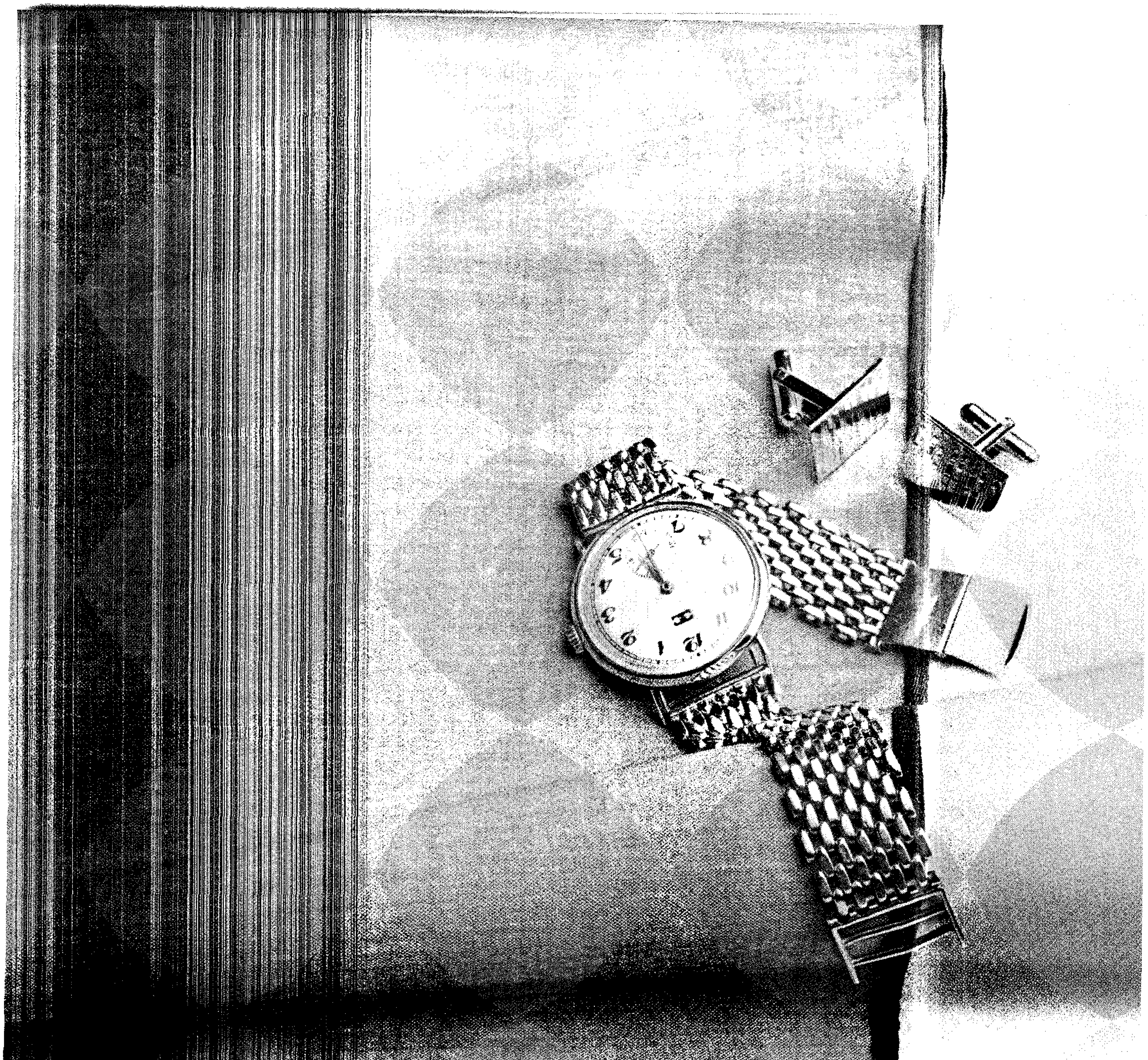
something like its present size. Three of these assembled at the latitude of Interstate 80. It was the first of these collisions that crunched and folded the wine-red sandstone near Carlin. The second, in the early Triassic, is what apparently caused the whole Carlin unconformity to revolve quite close to its present position. Sonomia, as the *second terrain has been named*, included much of what is now western Nevada and eastern California, and is said to have come into the continent with such force—notwithstanding that it was moving an inch or so a year—that it overlapped its predecessor by as much as eighty kilometres before it finally stopped. The evidence of this event is known locally as the Golconda Thrust, and both its upper and lower components are exposed in a big roadcut on the western flank of Golconda Summit, where the interstate, coming up out of Pumpernickel Valley, crosses a spur of the Sonoma Range. Small wonder that Deffeyes pulled over when we came to it and said, "Let's stick our eyeballs on this one."

It was dawn at the summit. We had been awake for hours and had eaten a roadhouse breakfast sitting by a window in which the interior of the room was reflected against the black of the morning outside while a television mounted on a wall behind us resounded with the hoofbeats of the great horse Silver. "The Lone Ranger." Five A.M. CBS's good morning to Nevada. Waiting for bacon and eggs, I put two nickels in a slot machine and got two nickels back. The result was a certain radiance of mood. Deffeyes, for his part, was thinking today in troy ounces. It would take a whole lot more than two nickels to produce a similar effect on him. Out for silver, he was heading into the hills, but first, in his curiosity, he walked the interstate roadcut, now and again kicking a can. The November air was in frost. He seemed to be smoking his breath. He remarked that the mean distance between beer cans across the United States along I-80 seemed to be about one metre. Westward, tens of hundreds of square miles were etched out by the early light: basins, ranges, and—below us in the deep foreground—Paradise Valley, the village Golconda, sinuous stands of cottonwood at once marking and concealing the Humboldt. The whole country seemed to be steaming, vapors rising from warm ponds and hot springs. The roadcut was long, high, and benched. It was sandstone, for the



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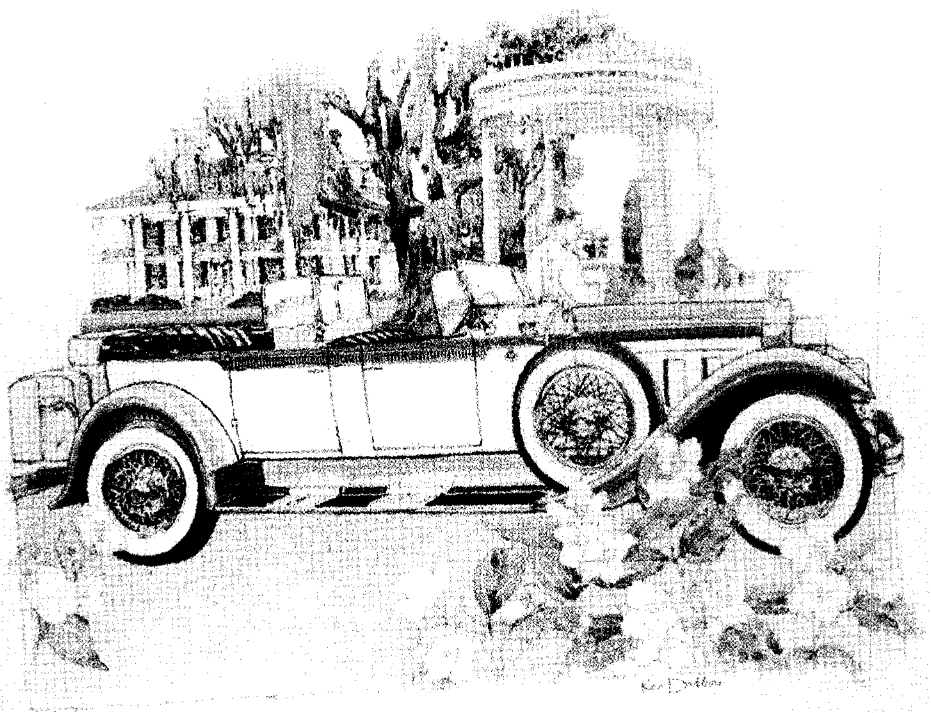

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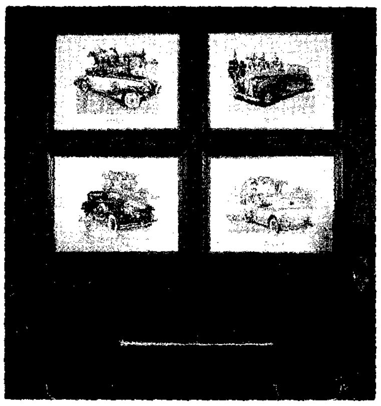

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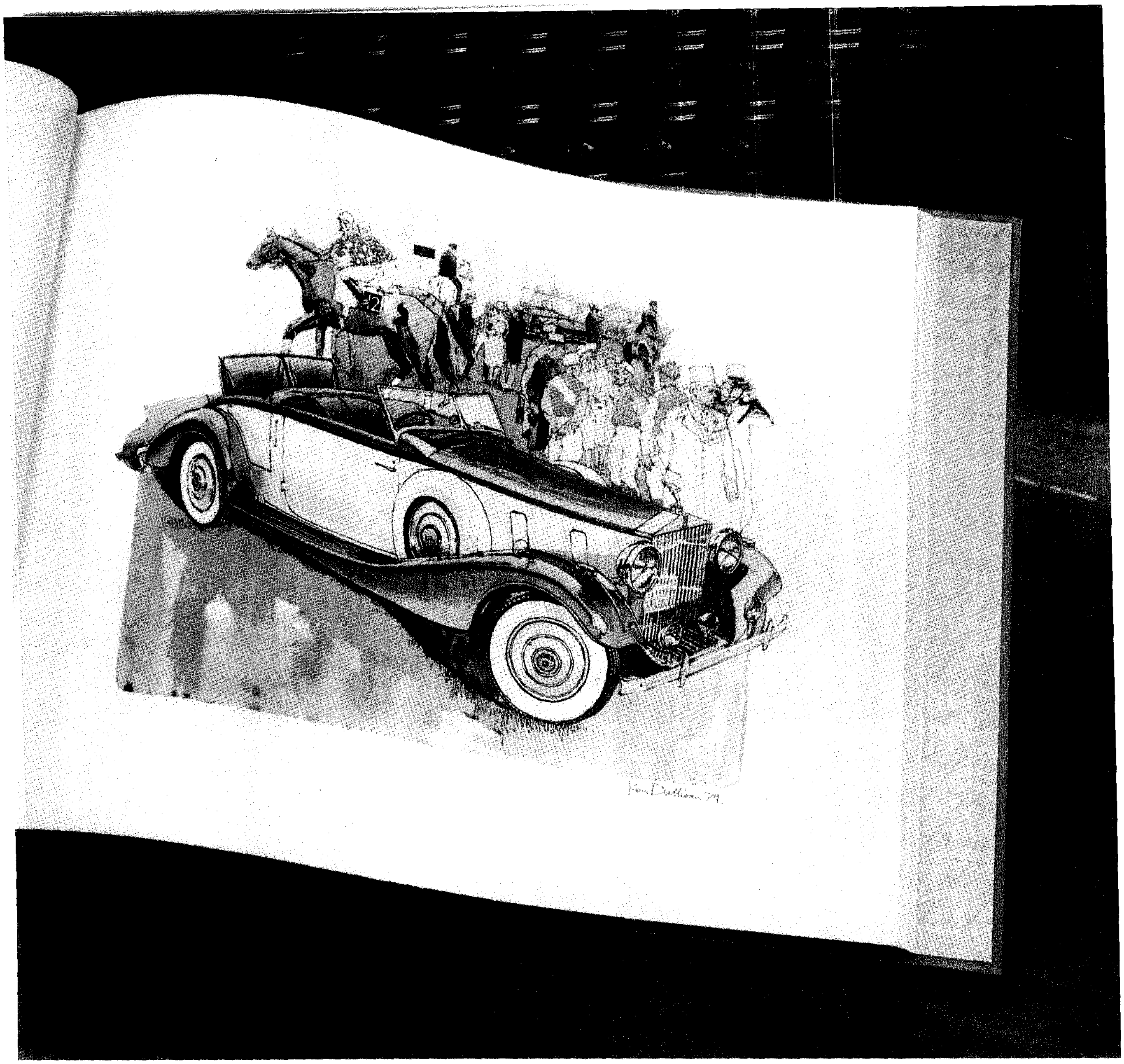

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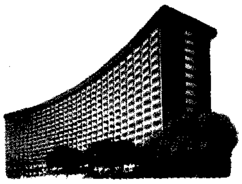

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most part, but at its lower, westernmost end the blasting had exposed a dark shale that had been much deformed and somewhat metamorphosed, the once even bedding now wrinkled and mashed—rock folded up like wet laundry. "You can spend hours doping out one of these shattered places, just milling around trying to find out what's going on," Deffeyes said cautiously, but he was fairly sure he knew what had happened, for the sandstone that lay above contained many volcanic fragments and was full of sharp-edged grains of chert and quartz, highly varied in texture, implying to him a volcanic source and swift deposition into the sea (almost no opportunity for streams to have rounded off the grains), implying, therefore, an island arc standing in deep water on a continental margin—an Aleutian chain, a Bismarck Archipelago, a Lesser Antilles, a New Zealand, a Japan, thrust upon and overlapping the established continent, a piece of which was that mashed-up shale. Deffeyes mused his way along the cut. "There is complexity here because you have not only the upper and lower plates of the Golconda Thrust, which happened in the early Triassic; you also have basin-range faulting scarcely a hundred yards away—enormously complicating the regional picture. If you look at a geologic map of western Canada and Alaska, you can see the distinct bands of terrain that successively attached themselves to the continent. Here the pattern has been all broken up and obscured by the block faulting of the Basin and Range, not to mention the great outpouring of Oligocene welded tuff. So this place is a handsome mess. If you ever want to study this sort of collision more straightforwardly, go to the Alps, where you had a continent-to-continent collision and that was it."

So much for theory. This roadcut contained both extremities of Deffeyes' wide interests in geology, and his attention was now drawn to a large gap in the sandstone, faulted open probably six or seven million years ago and now filled with rock crumbs, as if a bomb had gone off there in the ground. The material was gradated outward from a very obvious core. In a country full of living hot springs, this was a dead one. Sectioned by the road builders, it remembered in its swirls and convolutions the violence of water raging hot in rock. The dead hot spring had developed cracks, and they had been filled in by a couple of generations of calcite veins. Deffeyes was busy with his hammer, pinging, chipping samples of the calcite. "This stuff is too handsome to leave out here," he said, filling a canvas bag. "There was a lot of thermal action here. Most of this material is not even respectable rock anymore. It's like soil. In 1903, a mining geologist named Waldemar Lindgren found cinnabar in crud like this at Steamboat, near Reno. Cinnabar is mercury sulphide. He also found cinnabar in the fissures through which water had come up from deep in the crust. He thought, Aha! Mercury deposits are hot-spring deposits! And he applied that idea to ore deposits generally. He started classifying them according to the temperature of the water from which they were deposited—warm, hot, hotter, and so on. We know now that not all metal deposits are hydrothermal in origin, but more than half of them are. As you know, the hot water, circulating deep, picks up whatever is there—gold, silver, molybdenum, mercury, tin, uranium—and brings it up and precipitates it out near the surface. A vein of ore is the filling of a fissure. A map of former hot springs is remarkably close to a map of metal discoveries. Old hot springs like this one brought up the silver of Nevada. It would do my heart good to find silver right here in this roadcut and put it to the local highway engineer."

He took some samples, which eventually proved to be innocent of silver, and we got back into the pickup. We soon left the interstate for a secondary road heading north—up a pastel valley, tan, with a pale-green river course, fields of cattle and hay. It was a valley that had been as special to the Paiutes as the Black Hills were to the Sioux. The Paiutes gave it up slowly, killing whites in desperation to keep it, and thus bringing death on themselves. The first pioneers to settle in this "desert" were farmers—an indication of how lush and beautiful the basin must have appeared to them, ten miles wide and maybe sixty miles long, framed in serrated ridges of north-south-trending mountains: range, basin, range. Magpies, looking like scale-model 747s, kept rising into flight from the side of the road and gaining altitude over the hood of the pickup. Deffeyes said they were underdeveloped and reminded him of archaeopteryx, that first Jurassic bird. We crossed cattle guards that were nothing more than stripes painted on the road, indicating that Nevada cattle may be underdeveloped, too, with

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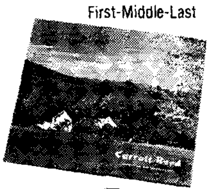

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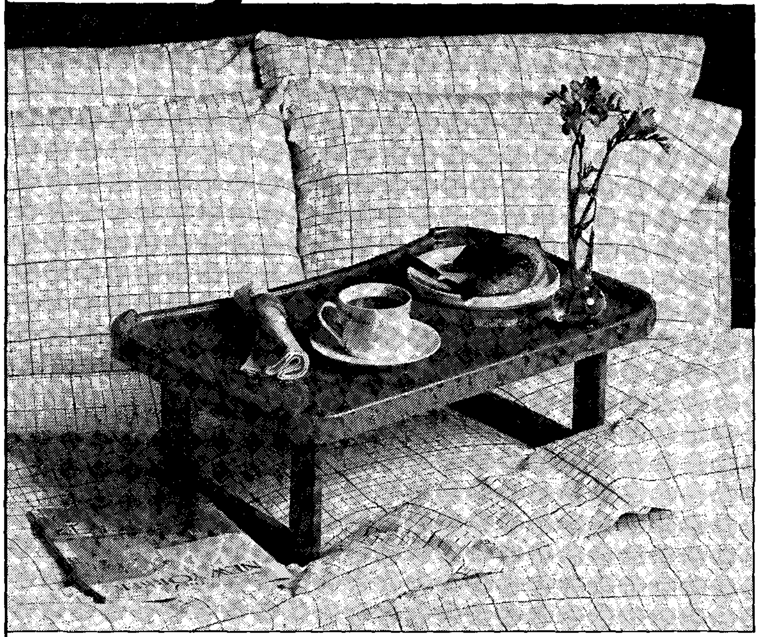

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For eight million years, Deffeyes was saying, as the crustal blocks inexorably pulled apart here and springs boiled up along the faults, silver had been deposited throughout the Basin and Range. The continually growing mountains sometimes fractured their own ore deposits, greatly complicating the sequence of events and confusing the picture for anyone who might come prospecting for ores. There was another phenomenon, however, that had once made prospecting dead simple. Erosion, breaking into hot-spring and vein deposits, concentrated the silver. Rainwater converted silver sulphides to silver chloride, heavy stuff that stayed right where it was and—through thousands of millennia—increased in concentration as more rain fell. Such deposits, richer than an Aztec dream, were known to geologists as supergene enrichments. Miners called them surface bonanzas. In the eighteen-sixties, and particularly in the eighteen-seventies, they were discovered in range after range. A big supergene enrichment might be tens of yards wide and a mile long, lying at or near the surface. Instant cities appeared beside them, with false-front saloons and tent ghettos, houses of sod, shanties made of barrels. The records of these communities suggest uneven success in the settling of disputes between partners over claims: "Davison shot Butler through the left elbow, breaking the bone, and in turn had one of his toes cut off with an axe." They were places with names like Hardscrabble, Gouge Eye, Battle Mountain, Treasure Hill. By the eighteen-nineties, the boom was largely over and gone. During those thirty years, there were more communities in Nevada than there are now. "Silver is our most depleted resource, because it gave itself away," said Deffeyes, looking mournful. "You didn't need a Ph.D. in geology to find a supergene enrichment."

All you needed was Silver Jim. Silver Jim was a Paiute, and he, or a facsimile, took you up some valley or range and showed you grayish rock with touches of green that had a dull waxy lustre like the shine on the horn of a cow. Horn silver. It was just lying there, difficult to lift. Silver Jim could show you horn silver worth twenty-seven thousand dollars a ton. Those were eighteen-sixties dollars and an uninflatable ton. You could fill a wheelbarrow and go down the

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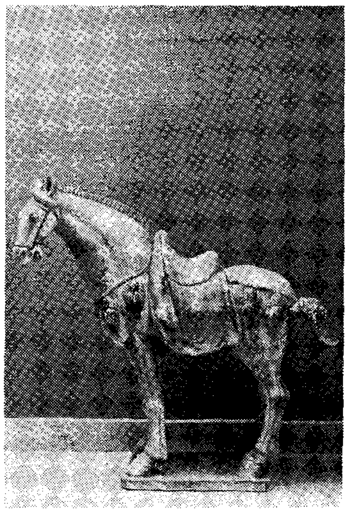

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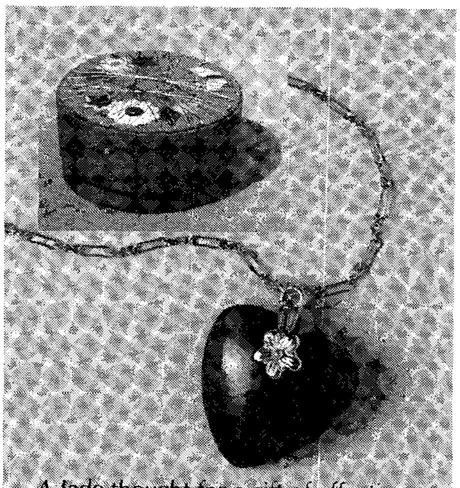
hill with five thousand dollars' worth of silver. Three or four years ago, a miner friend of Deffeyes who lives in Tombstone, Arizona, happened to find on his own property an overlooked fragment of a supergene enrichment, a narrow band no more than a few inches thick, six feet below the cactus. Knocking off some volcanic overburden with a front-end loader, the miner went after this nineteenth-century antique and fondly dug it out by hand. He said to his children, "Pay attention to what I'm doing here. Look closely at the rock. We will never see this stuff again." In a couple of hours of a weekend afternoon, he took twenty thousand dollars from the ground.

We were off on dirt roads now with a cone of dust behind us, which Deffeyes characterized as the local doorbell. He preferred not to ring it. This talkative and generous professor—who ordinarily shares his ideas as rapidly as they come to him, spilling them out in bunches like grapes—was narrow-eyed with secrecy today. He had stopped at a courthouse briefly, and—an antic figure, with his bagging sweater and his Beethoven hair—had revealed three digits to a county clerk in requesting to see a registry of claims. The claims were coded in six digits. Deffeyes kept the fourth, fifth, and sixth to himself like cards face down on a table. He found what he sought in the book of claims. Now, fifty miles up the valley, we had long since left behind us its only town, with its Odd Fellows Hall, its mercantile company, its cottonwoods and Lombardy poplars; and there were no houses, no structures, no cones of dust anywhere around us. The valley was narrowing. It ended where ranges joined. Some thousands of feet up the high face of a distant and treeless mountain we saw an unnaturally level line.

"Is that a road?" I asked him.

"That's where we're going," he said, and I wished he hadn't told me.

Looking up there, I took comfort in the reflection that I would scarcely be the first journalist to crawl out on a ledge in the hope of seeing someone else get rich. In 1869, the editor of the New York *Herald*, looking over his pool of available reporters, must have had no difficulty in choosing Tom Cash to report on supergene enrichments. Cash roved Nevada. He reported from one place that he took out his pocketknife and cut into the wall of a shaft, removing an ore of such obviously high assay that he could roll it in



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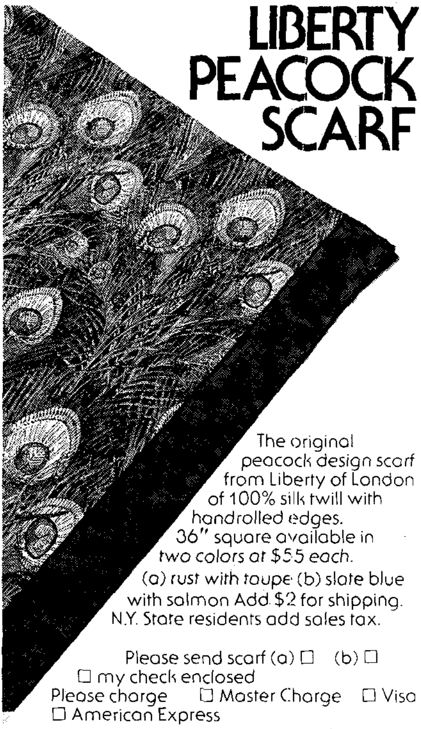

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his fingers and it would not crumble. Cash told the mine owner that he feared being accused of exaggeration—"of making false statements, puffing"—with resulting damage to his journalistic reputation. There was a way to avoid this, he confided to the miner. "I would like to take a sample with me of some of the richest portions." The miner handed him a fourteen-pound rock containing about a hundred and fifty troy ounces of silver (seventy-three per cent). In the same year, Albert S. Evans, writing in the San Francisco *Alta California*, described a visit with a couple of bankers and a geologist to a claim in Nevada where he was lowered on a rope into a mine. "The light of our candles disclosed great black sparkling masses of silver on every side. The walls were of silver, the roof over our heads was of silver, and the very dust that filled our lungs and covered our boots and clothing with a gray coating was of fine silver. We were told that in this chamber a million dollars worth of silver lies exposed to the naked eye and our observations confirm the statement. How much lies back of it, Heaven only knows."

Heaven knew exactly. For while the supergene enrichments—in their prodigal dispersal through the Basin and Range—were some of the richest silver deposits ever discovered in the world, they were also the shallowest. There was just so much lying there, and it was truly bonanzan—to print money would take more time than to pick up this silver—but when it was gone it was gone, and it went quickly. Sometimes—as in the Comstock Lode in Virginia City—there were "true veins" in fissures below, containing silver of considerable value if more modest assay, but more often than not there was nothing below the enrichment. Mining and milling towns developed and died in less than a decade.

We were on our way to a nineteenth-century mine, and were now turning switchbacks and climbing the high mountainside. Deffeyes, in order to consult maps, had turned over the wheel to me. He said his interest in the secondary recovery of silver had been one result of certain computer models that had been given wide circulation in the early nineteen-seventies, using differential equations to link such things as world population, pollution, resources, and food, and allow them to swim forward through time, with a resulting prediction that the world was more or less going to come to an end

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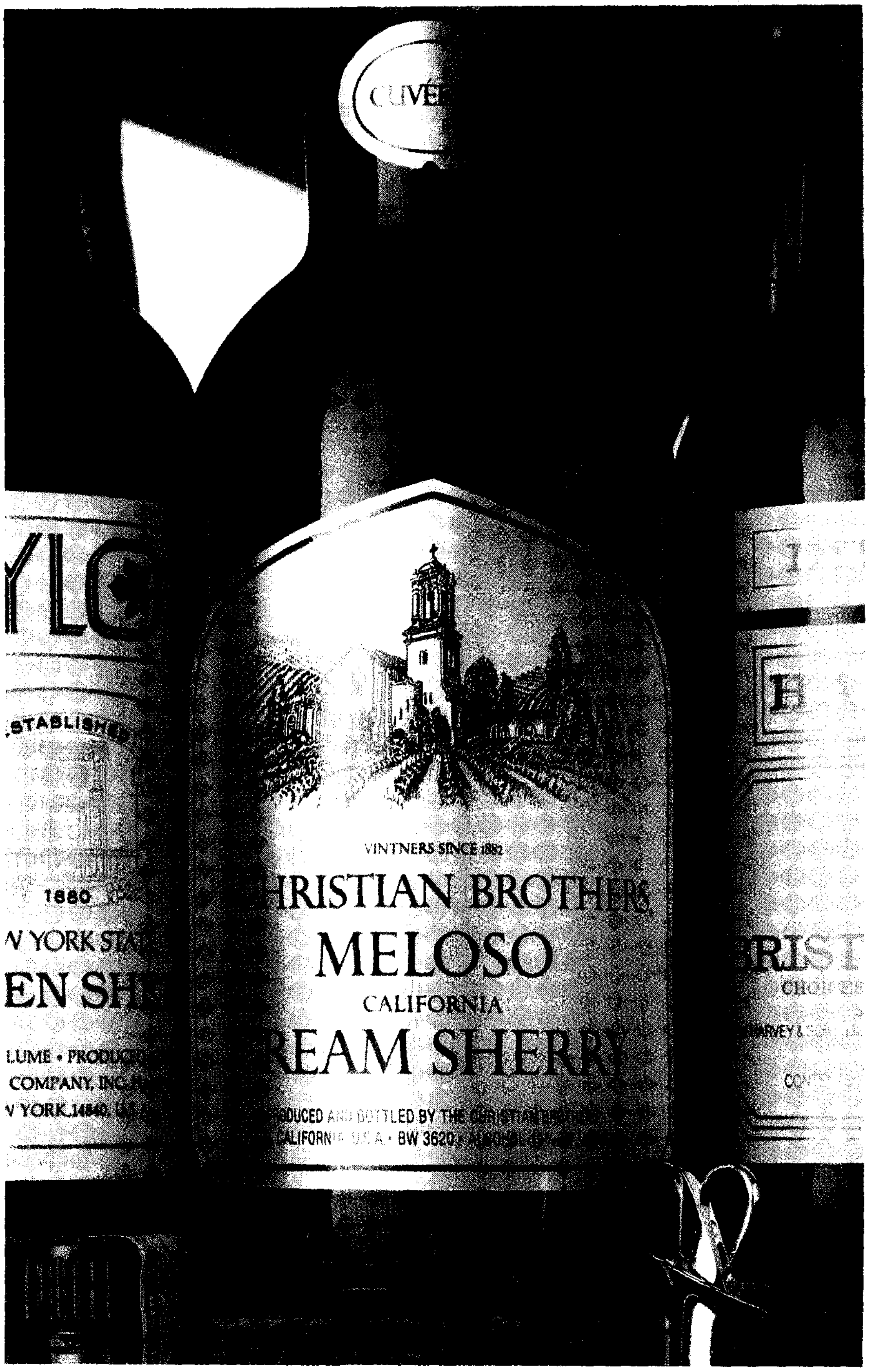

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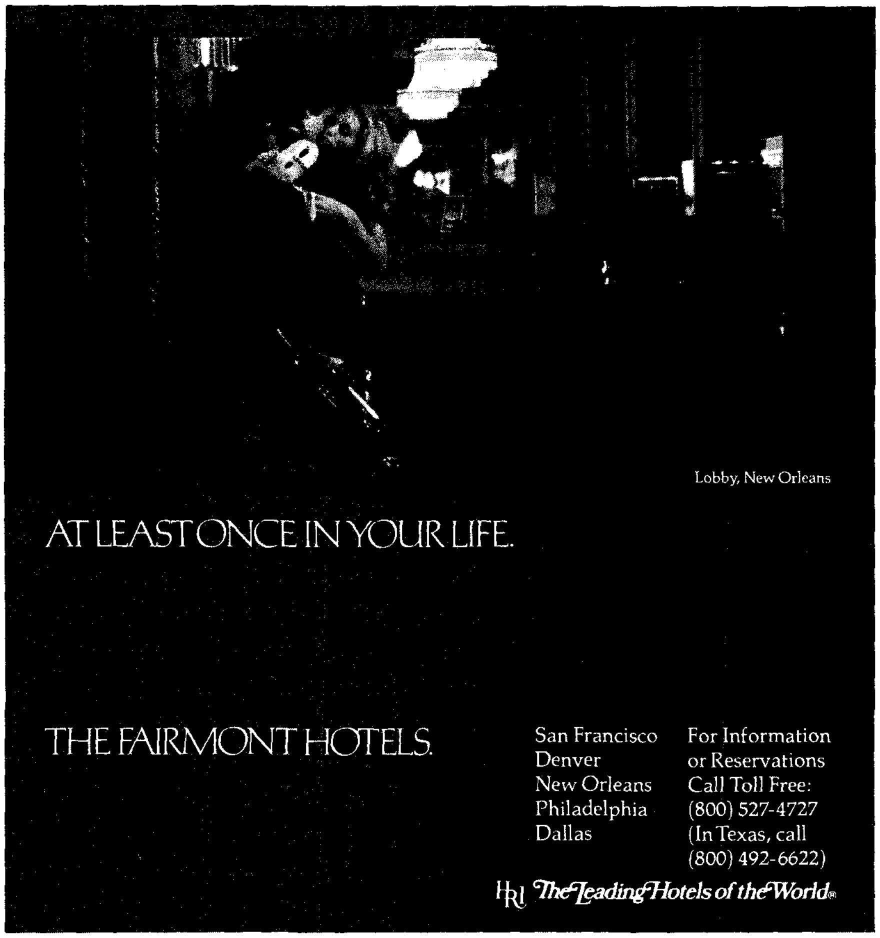
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by the year 2000, because it would run out of resources. "We have found all obvious deposits, and, true enough, we've got to pay the price," he said. "But they did not take into account reserves or future discoveries or picking over once again what the old-timers left behind." Seeking commissions from, for example, the Department of Energy, he began doing studies of expectable discoveries of oil and gas, of uranium. He sort of slid inadvertently from uranium into silver after a syndicate of New York businessmen came to him to ask for his help in their quest for gold. The group was called Eocene and was interested in scavenging old mines. Deffeyes pointed out to them that while new gold strikes are still occurring in the world and new gold mines are still being developed, no major silver mine has been discovered since 1915. The pressure for silver is immense. Dentistry and photography use two-thirds of what there is, and there are no substitutes. "We've been wiped out. We've gone through it, just as we have gone through magnesium and bromine. You can raise the price of silver all you want to but you won't have a new mine." He predicted that as prices went up silver would probably outperform gold, as, by percentage, it overwhelmingly has done. The potentialities in the secondary recovery of silver appeared to him to be a lot more alluring than working through tailings for gold. Eocene engaged him as a consultant, to help them scavenge silver.

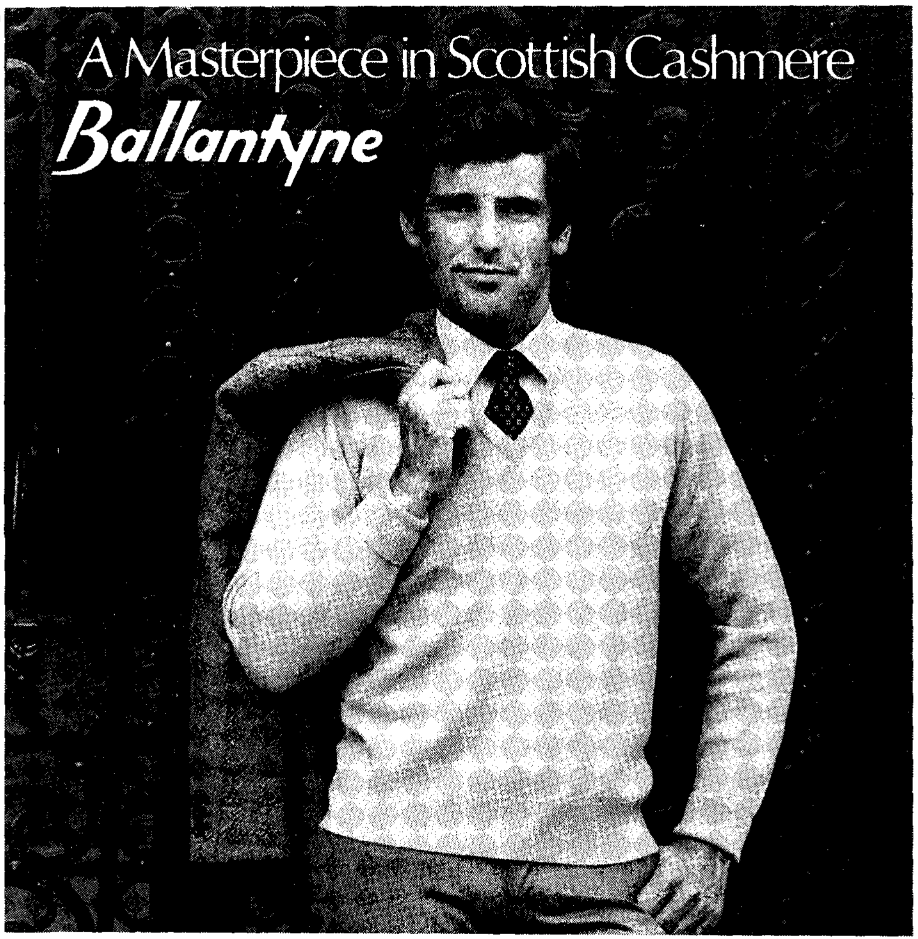
Now far above the basin, we were on the thin line we had seen from below, a track no wider than the truck itself, crossing the face of the mountain. It curved into reëntrants and out around noses and back into reëntrants and out to more noses. I was on the inboard side, and every once in a while as we went around a nose I looked across the hood and saw nothing but sky—sky and the summits of a distant range. We could see sixty, seventy miles down the valley and three thousand feet down the mountain. The declivity was by no means sheer, just steep—a steepness, I judged, that would have caused the vehicle, had it slipped off the road, to go end over end enveloped in flame at a hundred yards a bounce. My hands slid on the wheel. They were filmed in their own grease.

The equanimous Deffeyes seemed to be enjoying the view. He said, "Where did you learn to drive a truck?"

"Not that it's so god-damned difficult," I told him, "but this is about the first time."

Before 1900, the method used in this country to extract silver from most ores was to stamp the rock to powder in small stamp mills, then stir the powder into hot salt water and mercury, and, after the mercury had attracted the silver, distill the mercury. In 1887, a more thorough extraction process had been developed in England whereby silver ores were dissolved in cyanide. The method moved quickly to South Africa and eventually to the United States. An obvious application was to run cyanide through old tailings piles to see what others had missed, and a fair amount of such work was done, in particular during the Depression. There had been so many nineteenth-century mines in Nevada, however, that Deffeyes was sure that some had been ignored. He meant to look for them, and the first basin he prospected was the C Floor of Firestone Library, up the hill from his office in Princeton. There he ran through books and journals and began compiling a catalogue of mines and mills in the Basin and Range that had produced more than a certain number of dollars' worth of silver between 1860 and 1900. He prefers not to bandy the number. He found them in many places, from barrel-cactus country near the Colorado River to ranges near the Oregon line, from the Oquirrh Mountains of Utah to the eastern rampart of the Sierra Nevada. In all, he listed twenty-five. The larger ones, like the Comstock, had been worked and reworked and cyanided to death, and "tourists were all over them like ants." A scavenger had best consider lesser mines, out-of-the-way mines—the quick-shot enrichments, the small-fissure lodes, where towns grew and died in six years. He figured that any mine worth, say, a million dollars a hundred years ago would still be worth a million dollars, because the old mills at best extracted ninety per cent of the silver in the ores, and the ten per cent remaining would be worth about what the ninety per cent had been worth then. Pulling more books and journals off the shelves, he sought to learn if and where attention had been paid to various old mines in the nineteen-thirties, and wherever he discovered activity at that time he crossed off those mines.

His next move was to buy aerial photographs from the United States Geological Survey. The pictures were in overlapping pairs, and each pair



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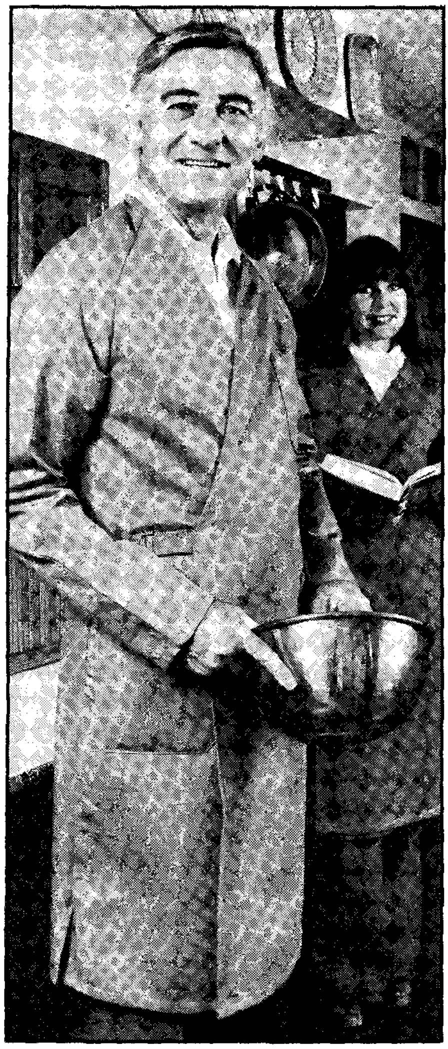

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covered sixteen square miles. "You look at them with stereo equipment and you are a giant with eyeballs a mile apart and forty thousand feet in the air. God, do you have stereovision! Things jump off the earth. You look for tailings. You look for dumps. You look for the faint scars of roads. The environmentalists are right. A scar in this climate will last. It takes a long time for the terrain to erase a road. You try to reason like a miner. If this was a mine, now where would I go for water? If this was a mill here, by this stream, then where is the mine? I was looking for mines that were not marked on maps. I could see dumps in some places. They stood out light gray. The old miners made dumps of rock that either contained no silver at all or did not contain enough silver to be worth their while at the time. I tried to guess roughly the volume of the dumps. Mill tailings made unnatural light-gray smudges on the pictures. Some of the tailings and dumps I found in these mountains appear on no maps I've seen."

He flew to Nevada, chartered a light plane, and went over the country a thousand feet above the ground, taking fresh private pictures with a telephoto lens. When he flew over places where other scavengers looked up and waved, he crossed those places off his list. He went in on the ground then, to a number of sites, and collected samples. He had machines at home that could deal with the samples in ways unheard of just a few years before, let alone in the nineteenth century. Kicking at old timbers, he looked at the nails. Wire nails came into use in 1900 and are convenient index fossils of the Age of Cyanide. He hoped for square nails.

Deffeyes was on his own now. His relationship with Eocene had faded out after they had chosen, on various points, to follow counsel other than his, and they transferred their scrutiny to Arizona, preferring not to cope with winter. One day in Princeton, his wife, Nancy Deffeyes, was looking through a stack of hundred-year-old *Engineering & Mining Journals* when she found a two-line reference to certain mining efforts in the eighteen-seventies that eventually assumed prominence on her husband's list, and that was what had brought him here and why we were crawling like a Japanese beetle across the face of this mountain.

We turned a last corner, with our inner wheels resting firmly on the road and the two others supported by Def-

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feyes' expectations. Now we were moving along one wall of a big V-shaped canyon that eventually became a gulch, a draw, a crease in the country, under cottonwoods. In the upper canyon, some hundreds of acres of very steep mountainside were filled with holes and shafts, hand-forged ore buckets, and old dry timbers. There were square nails in the timbers. An ore bucket was filled with square nails. "Good litter," Deffeyes said, and we walked uphill past the mine and along a small stream into the cottonwoods. The stream was nearly dry. Under the cottonwoods were the outlines of cabins almost a century gone. Here at seven thousand feet in this narrow mountain draw had lived a hundred people, who had held their last election a hundred years ago. They had a restaurant, a brewery, a bookstore. They had seven saloons. And now there was not so much as one dilapidated structure. There were only the old unhappy cottonwoods, looking alien and discontented over the moist bed of the creek. Sixteen stood there, twisted, surviving—most of them over four feet thick. "Those cottonwoods try an environmentalist's soul," Deffeyes said. "They transpire water like running fountains. If you were to cut them down, the creek would run. Cottonwoods drink the Humboldt. Some of the tension in this country is that miners need water. Getting rid of trees would preserve water. By the old brine-and-mercury method, it took three tons of water to mill one ton of ore. There was nothing like that in this creek. They had to take the ore from here to a big enough stream, and that, as it happens, was a twelve-mile journey using mules. They would have gone out of here with only the very best ore. There was probably a supergene enrichment here over a pretty good set of veins. They took what they took and were gone in six years."

We walked back down to the mine, below which the stream—in flash flood once or twice a century over several million years—had cut the deep sharp V of its remarkably plunging valley. A number of acres of one side had been used as a dump, and Deffeyes began to sample this unused ore. "They must have depended on what they could see in the rock," he said. "If it was easy to see, they got it all. If it was complicated and gradational, they couldn't differentiate as well, and I think they threw it here." The material was crumbly, loose,

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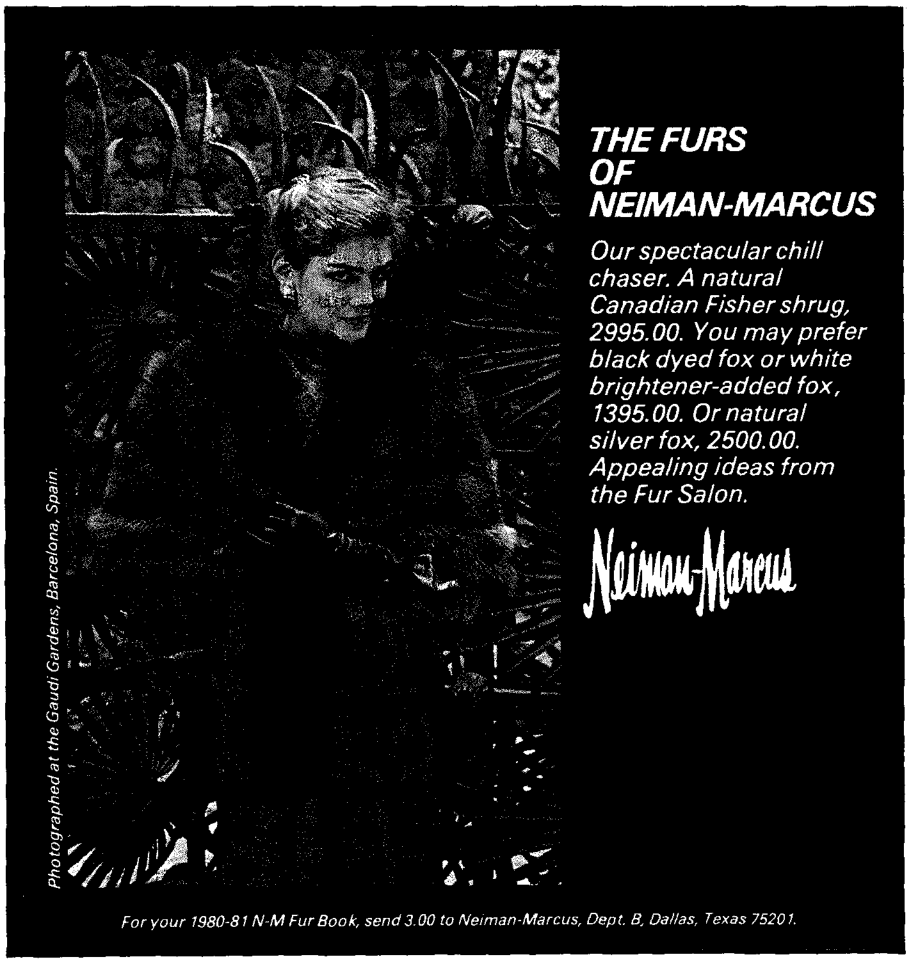
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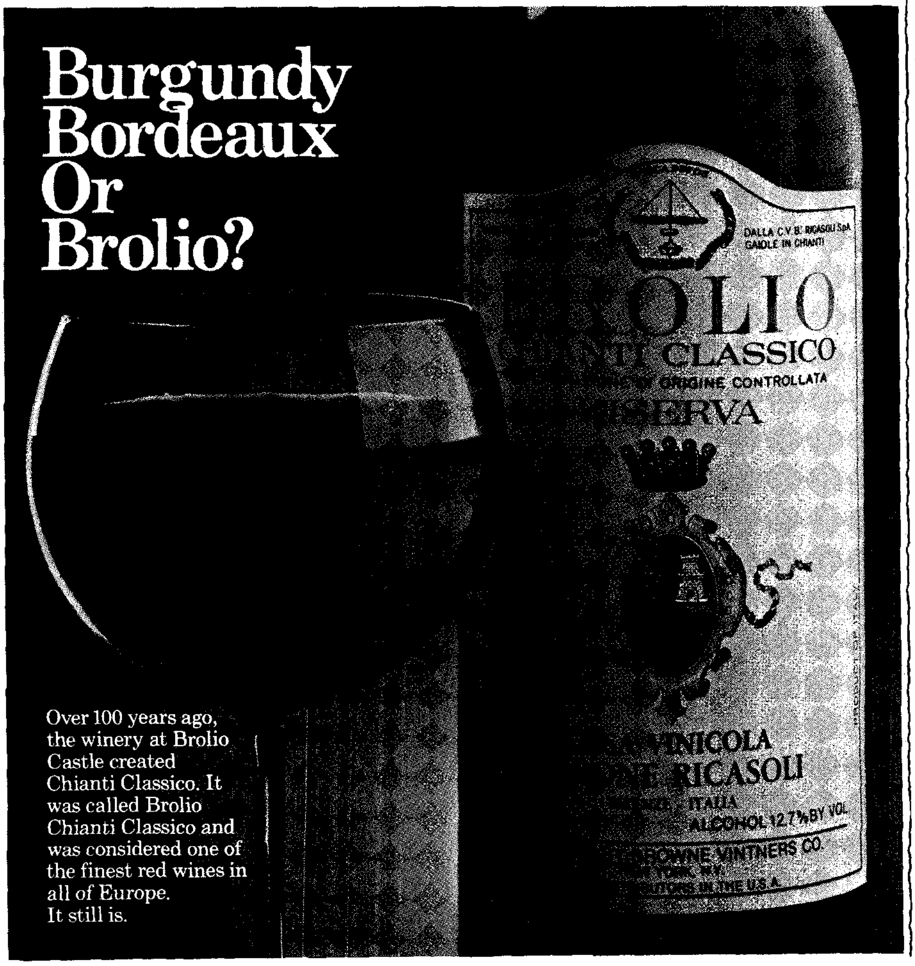
Burgundy Bordeaux Or Brolio?

Over 100 years ago, the winery at Brolio Castle created Chianti Classico. It was called Brolio Chianti Classico and was considered one of the finest red wines in all of Europe. It still is.

weathered, unstable underfoot, a pyramid side of decomposing shards. Filling small canvas bags at intervals of six feet, he worked his way across it. With each step, he sank in above his ankles. He was about two hundred feet above the stream. Given the steepness of the ground and the proximity of all the loose material to the critical angle of repose, I had no trouble imagining that he was about to avalanche, and that he would end up in an algal pool of the trickling stream below us, buried under megatons of unextracted silver. The little stream was a jumble of boulders, testimony of the floods, with phreatophytes around the boulders like implanted spears. Deffeyes obviously was happy and without a fear in the world. When a swift-rising wind blew dust in his face, he mooed. Working in cold sunshine with his orange-and-black conical cap on his head, he appeared to be the Gnome of Princeton, with evident ambition to escalate to Zurich.

To make a recovery operation worthwhile, he said, he would have to get five ounces of silver per ton. The figures would turn out to be better than that. Before long, he would have a little plastic-lined pond of weak cyanide, looked after by a couple of technicians, down where the ore from this mine had been milled. A blue streak in the tailings there would come in at fifty-eight ounces a ton—richer than any tailings he had ever found in Nevada. "You put cyanide on that ore, the silver leaps out of it," he would say. "I have enough cyanide there to kill Cincinnati. People have a love-hate relationship with cyanide. Abelson showed that lightning acts on carbon dioxide and other atmospheric components to make hydrogen cyanide, and hydrogen cyanide polymerizes and later reacts with water to form amino acids, which are the components of proteins—and that may be how life began. Phil Abelson is the editor of *Science*. He's a geochemist, and he worked on the Manhattan Project. To get the silver out of here at an acceptable price, you need small-scale technology. You need miniaturized equipment, simple techniques. In the nineteenth century, they made sagebrush fires to heat the brine to dissolve the silver chloride. When mercury picked up the silver, they knew they had 'the real stuff' from the squeak. A mercury-and-silver mixture is what the dentist uses, and when he mashes it into your tooth it makes the same squeak."

Deffeyes' methodology would de-pend on more than sagebrush and sound. In time, he would have a portable laboratory there, size of a two-hole privy, and in it would be, among other things, a silver single-ion electrode and an atomic-absorption spectrophotometer. He could turn on a flame, close two switches, and see at once the amount of silver in a sample. For a short while, he would have a five-pound ingot of raw silver on the floor, propping open the door. When he was finished with his pond, he would withdraw the cyanide and turn it into a marketable compound known as Prussian blue. He would cover his pond with dirt and sow it with crested wheat.

And now, finishing up his sampling at the mine in the mountains, he filled a large burlap bag with ore he would take home to improve his technique of extraction. The smaller samples he had taken were for assays of silver in various parts of the slope. "I'm nothing but a ragpicker," he said. "A scavenger armed with a forty-thousand-dollar X-ray machine." The wind picked up another cloud of dust off the dump and blew it into his face. He mooed. "That may feel like dirt to you, but it feels like money to me," he said.

"How much money would you say that felt like?" I asked him.

He took out a Magic Marker and began to do metric conversions, geometry, and arithmetic on the side of a new canvas bag. "Well, this section of the dump is at least fifteen thousand cubic metres," he said. "That is the most conservative figure. At two hundred dollars a ton, that works out to about three million dollars, left here in the side of the hill."

"What are those red stakes up there?"

"Somebody seems to think they're finding new ore. I'm interested in the old stuff, down here."

"If you've got good silver in those bags, what about Eocene? What if they decide they still own you? What if they go to the sheriff?"

"Eocene doesn't own me, and Eocene doesn't own the contents of my head. The law has long since decided that. But if anybody comes after me I want you to go to jail cheerfully rather than surrender your notes."

As we wound down the mountain at the end of the day, we stopped to regard the silent valley—the seventy miles of basin under a rouge sky, the circumvallate mountains, and, the better part of a hundred miles away, Sonoma Peak, of the Sonoma Range. Deffeyes said, "If you reduced the earth to the size of a baseball, you couldn't feel that mountain. With a telephoto lens, you could convince someone it was Everest." Even at this altitude, the air was scented powerfully with sage. There was coyote scat at our feet. In the dark, we drove back the way we had come, over the painted cattle guards and past jackrabbits dancing in the road, pitch-dark, and suddenly a Black Angus was there, standing broadside, middle of the road. With a scream of brakes, we stopped. The animal stood still, thinking, its eyes unmoving—a wall of beef. We moved slowly after that, and even more slowly when a white sphere materialized on our right in the moonless sky. It expanded some, like a cloud. Its light became so bright that we stopped finally and got out and looked up in awe. A smaller object, also spherical, moved out from within the large one, possibly from behind it. There was a Saturn-like ring around the smaller sphere. It moved here and there beside the large one for a few minutes and then went back inside. The story would be all over the papers the following day. The *Nevada State Journal* would describe a "Mysterious Ball of Light" that had been reported by various people at least a hundred miles in every direction from the place where we had been. "By this time we decided to get the hell out of there," a couple of hunters reported, "and hopped in our pickup and took off. As we looked back at it, we saw a smaller craft come out of the right lower corner. This smaller craft had a dome in the middle of it and two wings on either side, but the whole thing was oval-shaped." Someone else had said, "I thought it was an optical illusion at first, but it just kept coming closer and closer so that I could see it wasn't an illusion. Then something started coming out of the side of it. It looked like a star, and then a ring formed around it. A kind of ring like you'd see around Saturn. It didn't make any noises, and then it vanished."

"Now we're both believers," said one of the hunters. "And I don't ever want to see another one. We're pretty good-sized men and ain't scared of nothing except for snakes and now flying saucers."

After the small sphere disappeared, the large one rapidly faded and also disappeared. Deffeyes and I were left on the roadside among the starlighted eyes of dark and motionless cattle. "Copernicus took the world out of the

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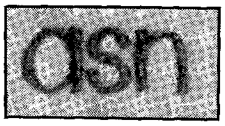

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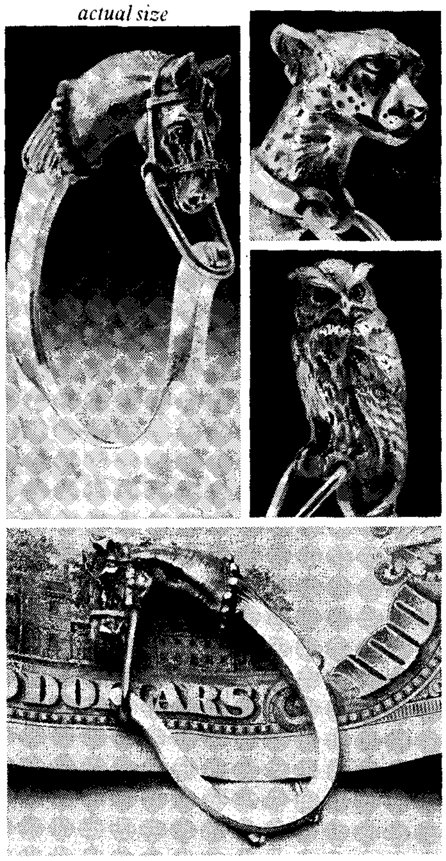

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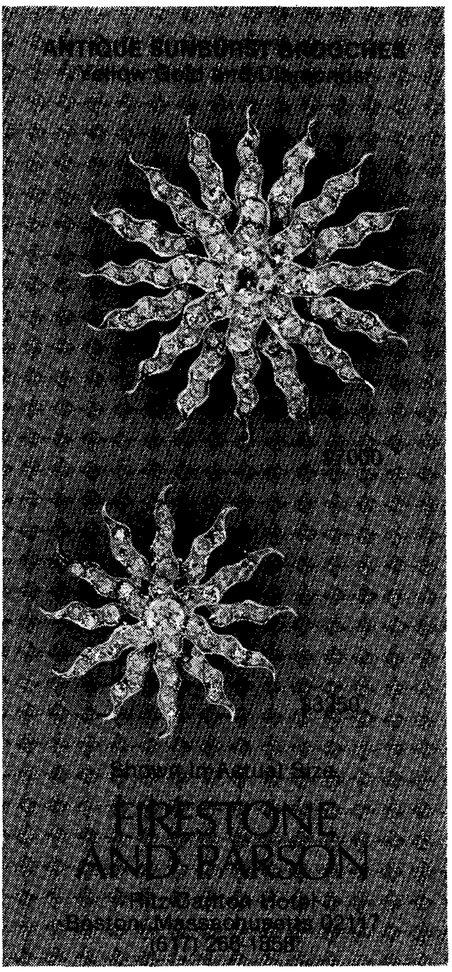
center of the universe," he said. "Hutton took us out of a special place somewhere near the beginning of things and left us awash in the middle of the immensity of time. An extraterrestrial civilization could show us where we are with regard to the creation of life."

WE also went to Jersey Valley, between the Fish Creek Mountains and the Tobin Range, where Deffeyes had once spent a couple of field seasons collecting data for his doctoral thesis. He had lived in a tent in the oven weather, and had chugalugged water in quart draughts while examining the rising mountains and the sediments the mountains had shed. The thick welded tuff of the Oligocene catastrophe, having been the regional surface when the faulting started, was the first material to break into grains that washed and rolled downhill. When erosion wore through the tuff and into the older rock below, it sent the older rock also in fragments to the basins. Reading up through a basin was like reading down through a range. Deffeyes had locally described this record, and now he wished to relate its timing to the development of the province as a whole. Forty miles off the interstate and with a lot of dust settling behind, he paused on the brow of a small hill at the head of Jersey Valley. It was intimate, compared with others in the Basin and Range. For perhaps twenty miles, it ran on south between snow-covered mountains and was filled with a delirium of sage. Deffeyes let out a cowboy yell. There were cinder cones standing in the valley, young and basaltic—enormous black anthills of the Pleistocene. Here and there was a minor butte, an erosional remnant, kept intact by sandstone at the top, but approaching complete disintegration, and, like a melting sugar lump, soon to be absorbed into the basin plain. "In a lot of valleys in Nevada all you will see is sagebrush, and not know that eight feet below you is a hell of an interesting story," Deffeyes said. "I found late-Miocene horse teeth over there in the Tobin Range."

"How did you know they were late Miocene?"

"I didn't. I sent them to a horse-teeth expert. I also found beaver teeth, fish, a camel skeleton, and the jaw of a rhinoceros not so far from here. The jaw was late Miocene, too. Early- and middle-Miocene fossils are absent from the province. You'll remember that wherever we have found fossils in



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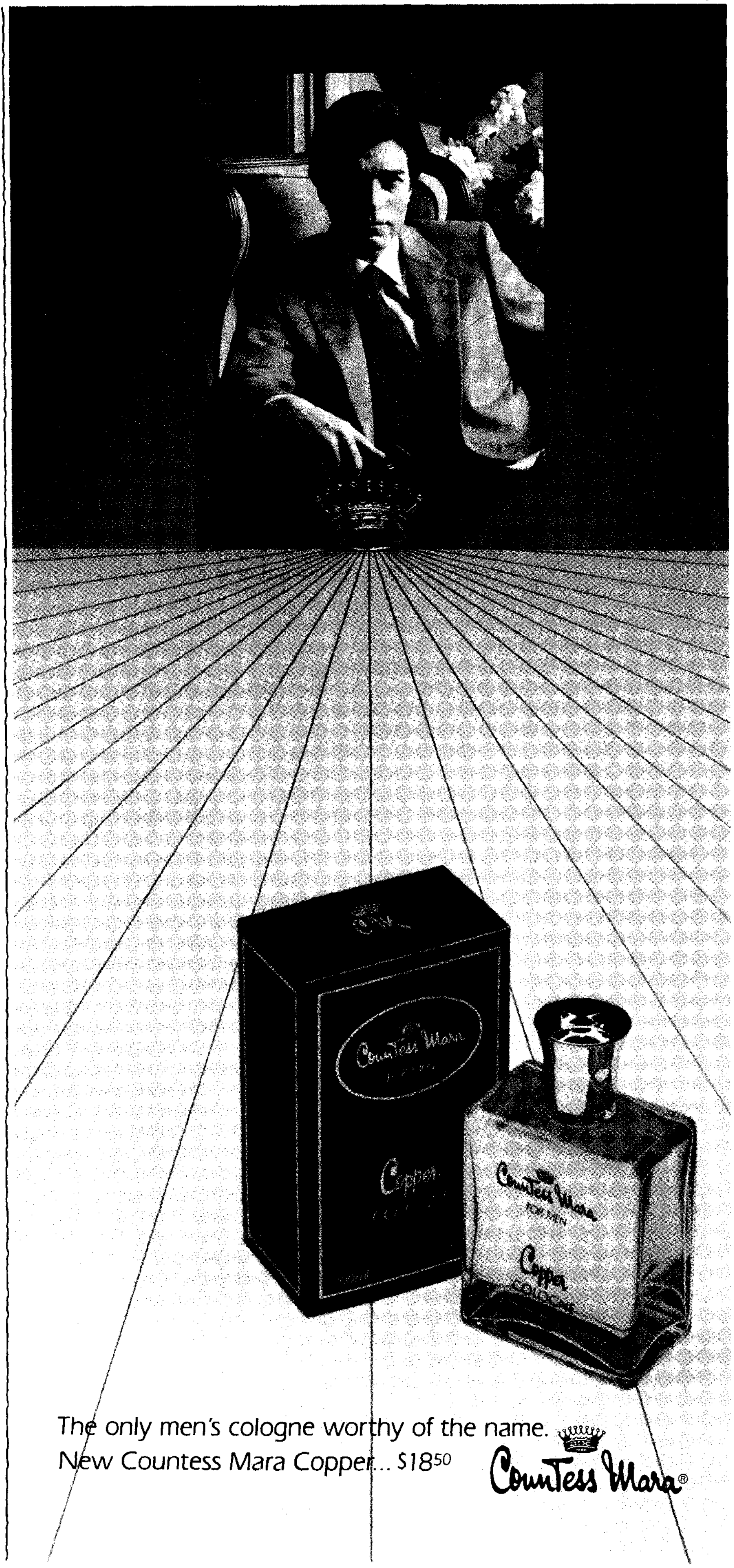
the basin sediments the oldest have been late Miocene. So, if the vertebrate paleontologists have their heads screwed on right, the beginning of the faulting of the Basin and Range can be dated to the late Miocene. Vertebrate paleontology is an important old sport, like tossing the caber."

We left the dirt road and drove a mile or so up a pair of ruts, then continued on foot across a rough cobbly slope. We went down into a dry gulch, climbed out of it, and walked along the contour of another slope. These declivities were not discrete hills but fragments of great alluvial fans that were spilling off the mountains and were creased by streams that were as dry as cracks in leather. In their intermittent way, these streams had exposed successive layers of sediment, all of which happened to be dark in hue, with the pronounced exception of light-gray layers of ash. The ash was from elsewhere, from outside the province, punctuation brought in on the wind. It had come from volcanoes standing, probably, in what is now the Snake River Plain, two hundred miles away. Settling into the basin lakes—long-gone Miocene, Pliocene lakes—much of it had turned into zeolites. Among the zeolites, Deffeyes had found in Jersey Valley three million tons of a variety called erionite, which is named for wool, and is fibrous, and when it gets into the linings of human lungs causes mesothelioma. There are more millions of tons of erionite throughout the Basin and Range, passively causing nothing. But if twenty-five valleys of the province were to be filled up with forty-six hundred concrete shelters for MX missiles, as the Defense Department has proposed, wind would present extraordinary hazards during the process of construction. It would be difficult to overestimate the amount of fine material that can be borne long distances by the wind. The largest single layer of ash that Deffeyes found in Jersey Valley was ten feet thick. He once showed it to Howel Williams, of the University of California at Berkeley, whom he regarded as "the greatest of volcanologists." Deffeyes asked Williams what might have been the size of a volcano that from two hundred miles away could send out such an explosion of ash. Williams just stood there impressed, shaking his head.

On a shelf above us was a pile of sticks of a size that in moister country could well have been collected by a beaver. "Hawk," Deffeyes said. "Note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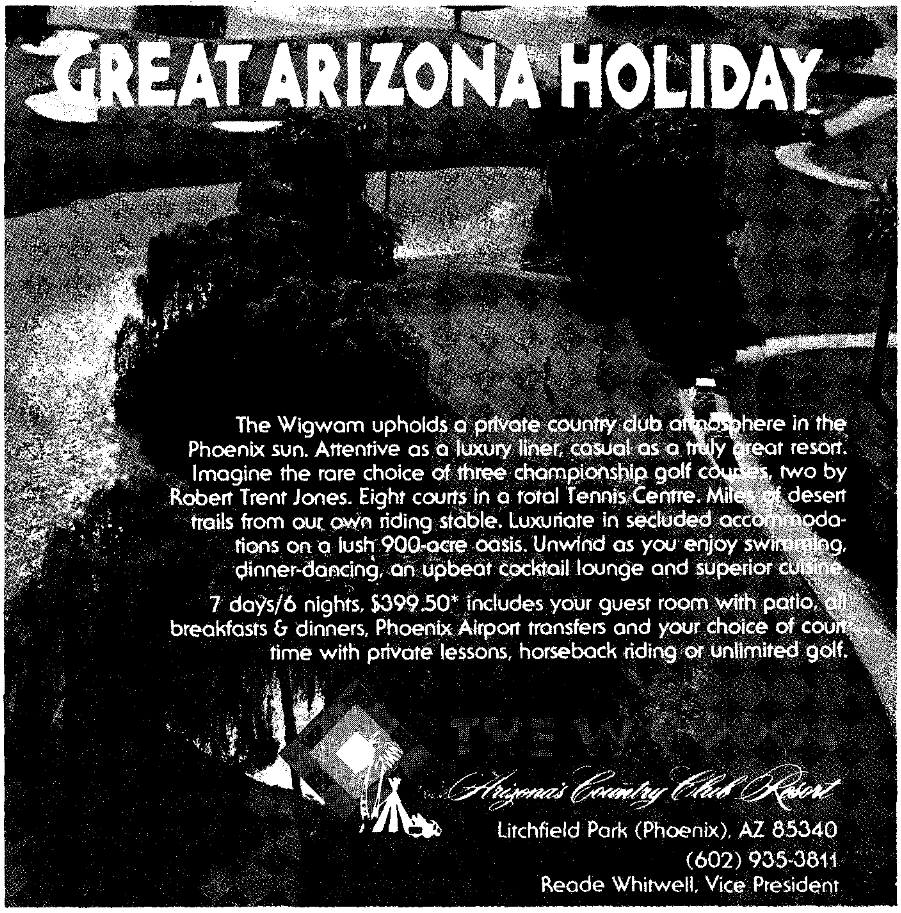
the southern exposure. The hawk went solar long ago. The sun incubates the eggs and the hawk is free to soar." Running his eye over the sequence of sediments revealed in the slope before us, he decided to begin his work right there. He was carrying in his hand a device of his own invention with which he hoped to accomplish the delicate operation of removing paleomagnetic samples from unconsolidated lake sediments. Less delicately, he had equipped me with a military shovel. He asked me to go along the slope digging foxholes a couple of feet deep in order to get rid of the weathered surface and prepare the way for him. As the mountains had given up grains and the grains had come down into the basin, any that had magnetite in them would have settled in a uniform manner, pointing like compasses toward the earth's magnetic pole. Since the late Miocene, the earth's magnetic field had reversed itself twenty times—from north to south, from south back to north—and the dates of those reversals had by now become well established. If Deffeyes could somehow collect unconsolidated but firmly compacted sediment and keep it from falling apart and destroying its own evidence while he carried it to a paleomagnetic lab, he might be able to compare what he already knew from his vertebrate time scale—his expertized horse teeth, his rhinoceros jaw—with the paleomagnetic time scale as expressed by the magnetite in the successive basin sediments. He would thus improve his knowledge of what occurred when—in this basin, this range. Later, he could correlate the ash falls and other stratigraphy of Jersey Valley with other valleys in the region, and make clearer the story of how it all took shape, adding polish to chapters of the Basin and Range. And so he had invented and machined a corer that would tap clear-plastic tubing gingerly into the earth with a micropiledriver made of nonmagnetic aluminum. As I began the crude initial digging, Deffeyes said, "There are ten thousand feet of sediment here, and all of it has been deposited in eight million years. I have high hopes for the success of these endeavors. For each sample, I would prefer to go twenty feet into the slope instead of two. I would like to have a bulldozer as a substitute for you. But one has to settle for what one can get."

The first time I put my foot to the ground, the shovel broke in half. It was decapitated. After that, I had to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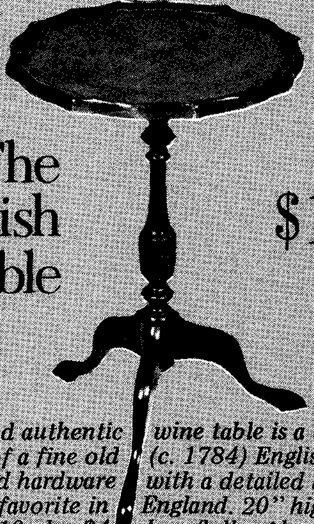
hold its head in my hands and scrape as with an awkward trowel.

"There's more to this paleomagnetism game than reversals," Deffeyes said, "more than just determining when, and whether, the magnetic pole was in the north or south. The earth's magnetic field is such that a compass needle at the equator will lie flat, while a compass needle at the poles will want to stand straight up on end—with all possible gradations of that in the latitudes between. So by looking at the paleomagnetic compasses in rock you can tell not only whether the magnetic pole was in the north or south when the rock formed but also—from the more subtle positions of the needles—the latitude of the rock at the time it formed."

On the striated pavement of Algeria lies the till of polar glaciers. There are tropical atolls in Canada, tropical limestones in Siberia, tropical limestones in Antarctica. From fossils, from climates preserved in stone, such facts were known long before paleomagnetism was discovered; but they were, to say the least, imperfectly understood. Paleomagnetism, first perceived in 1906, eventually confirmed what the paleoclimatologists and paleontologists had been saying about the latitudes of origins of rocks, but it did not resolve the mystery of the phenomenon, because there seemed to be two equally reasonable explanations. Either the rock had moved (and continents with it) or the whole earth had rolled, like a child's top slowly turning on its side, and the poles and equator had wandered. Either the equator had gone to Minnesota or Minnesota had gone to the equator.

In an address to the German Geological Association in 1912, a meteorologist named Alfred Wegener suggested that the continents had moved. Wegener had received fame as a record-setting balloonist, an Arctic explorer, and now he was making an assertion for which his name would live in mockery for about fifty years. He discussed similarities among living creatures in lands separated by broad oceans. He discussed similarities in fossils found in separate parts of the world. He noted the obvious jigsaw relationship between landmasses that were separated by seas. He noted certain rock formations in Africa and South America that would fit right together if the Atlantic were closed. He knew nothing of paleomagnetism, which was in its infancy and was many years away from yielding insight to the problem, but he was the



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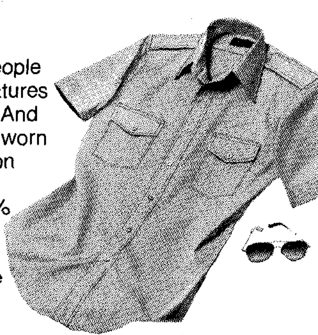

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promulgator of the hypothesis of continental drift. Unfortunately, he attempted to explain how the continents moved. He envisioned them plowing like icebreakers through solid basalt. Almost no one believed his hypothesis, any more than they had believed Benjamin Franklin when, in 1782, possibly after a visit to Edinburgh, he said he thought that the surface parts of the earth were floating about on a liquid interior. Through the nineteen-thirties, and particularly after the Second World War, paleomagnetic data accrued, and, as it presented its story of kaleidoscopic environments changing through time in any given place, academic geologists sketched on globes and maps their curves of apparent polar wander. Here is where the poles were at the end of the Silurian; this is where they went from there. Rocks of identical age, sampled in various parts of the world, indicated as much in their imprisoned compasses.

Some geologists—little cells of them in South Africa, the odd don or two at Cambridge—preferred the other explanation, but they were few, and in geology departments around the world everybody would annually crowd in to hear Lucius P. Aenigmatite, Regius Professor of Historical Geology, give his world-renowned lecture ridiculing continental drift. Oil geologists, when they had found what they were looking for in deep sandstones put down by ancient rivers, naturally yearned to know in what direction those rivers had flowed. They had long since learned empirically that if you wanted to find the direction of the stream you had to use different pole positions for well cores of different ages. Whether this was the result of polar wander or continental drift did not much matter to the flying red horse. Other geologists satisfied themselves by deciding that the paleomagnetic compasses were unreliable, notwithstanding that oil companies were using them to make money. Certain English geologists produced confusion by embracing continental drift and then drawing up narratives and maps that showed continents moving all over the earth with respect to a fixed and undriftable England.

By the late nineteen-fifties, paleomagnetic evidence had piled up so high that it demanded improved explication. India, for example, yielded data that put it out of harmony with the rest of the world with respect to polar wander. Either there was an inexplicable series of anomalies in the

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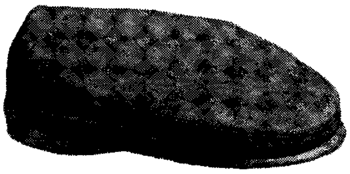

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data or India itself had moved, coming up from the Southern Hemisphere and completely crossing the equator, rapidly, and at a rate of speed (about ten centimetres a year) completely out of synchronization with the rate at which the equator's position had differed in other terrains. More data, and increased sophistication in the analysis of data, began to show that polar-wander curves—once thought to be in agreement worldwide—could differ some from continent to continent. Curves based on Paleozoic and Triassic rock in North America and in Europe looked much alike but, oddly, stood separate in the way that a single line will appear to be double in inebriate vision. The gap corresponds to the present width of the Atlantic Ocean. The opening of the Atlantic began in the Triassic.

If the hypothesis of continental drift had long been overshadowed by the hypothesis of polar wander, the reverse would before long be true. Researchers in paleomagnetism at Cambridge University concluded that their data were showing them that both hypotheses could be correct, as later research at Princeton would confirm. The poles indeed had wandered. The continents had moved as well. The phenomenon of "apparent polar wander" had been caused, right enough, by the movement of masses of land, but concomitantly the earth had rolled—and patterns of "true polar wander" were seen to be superimposed on all the other motions of the shifting surface of the world. But what motions? If the continents had drifted, then in what manner were they drifting? Where had they come from and where were they going? What would happen if two should collide? Since they obviously were not plowing through solid basalt, how in fact did they move? It was all in a single decade—roughly 1957-67—that these questions were given answers of startling cohesion, as not only paleomagnetists but seismologists and oceanographers, geologists and geophysicists, whose specialties had been diverging through time, suddenly drew together around new outpourings of information and produced a chain of scientific papers whose interlocking insights would for most geologists fundamentally adjust their understanding of the dynamics of the earth.

"It was a change as profound as when we gave up the Biblical story," Deffeyes said as he tapped his collector into the ground. "It was a change as

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profound as Darwinian evolution, or Newtonian or Einsteinian physics."

The papers themselves had straightforward scientific titles, some of which—perhaps only in the afterlight of their great effect—seem to resound with the magnitude of the subject: "History of Ocean Basins," "Rises, Trenches, Great Faults, and Crustal Blocks," "Sea-Floor Spreading and Continental Drift," "Seismology and the New Global Tectonics." From Toronto, Princeton, San Diego, New York, Cambridge (England), there were about twenty primal contributions which, taken together, can be said to have constituted the plate-tectonics revolution.

Now, so few years later, plate tectonics is widely taken for granted. When I was in high school, there was essentially no television in America, and four years later television had replaced flypaper. When I was in high school, in the nineteen-forties, the term "plate tectonics" did not exist—albeit there was one remarkably prescient paragraph in our physical-geology textbook about the motions and mechanisms of continental drift. Today, children in schoolrooms just assume that the story being taught them is as old as the hills, and was told by God himself to their teacher in 4004 B.C.

The story is that everything is moving, that the outlines of continents by and large have nothing to do with these motions, that "continental drift" is actually a misnomer, that only the world picture according to Marco Polo makes much sense in the old-time browns and greens and Rand McNally blues. The earth is at present divided into some twenty crustal segments called plates. Plate boundaries miscellaneously run through continents, around continents, along the edges of continents, and down the middle of oceans. The plates are thin and rigid, like pieces of eggshell. In miles, sixty deep by five thousand by eight thousand are the dimensions of the Pacific Plate. "Pacific Plate" is not synonymous with "Pacific Ocean," which wholly or partly covers ten other plates. There are virtually no landmasses associated with some plates—the Cocos Plate, the Nazca Plate. Some plates are almost entirely land—the Arabian Plate, the Iran Plate, the (heaven help us) China Plate. (Jokes may be invisible to some geologists. Harry Hess, who in 1960 opened out the new story with his "History of Ocean Basins," began it with these

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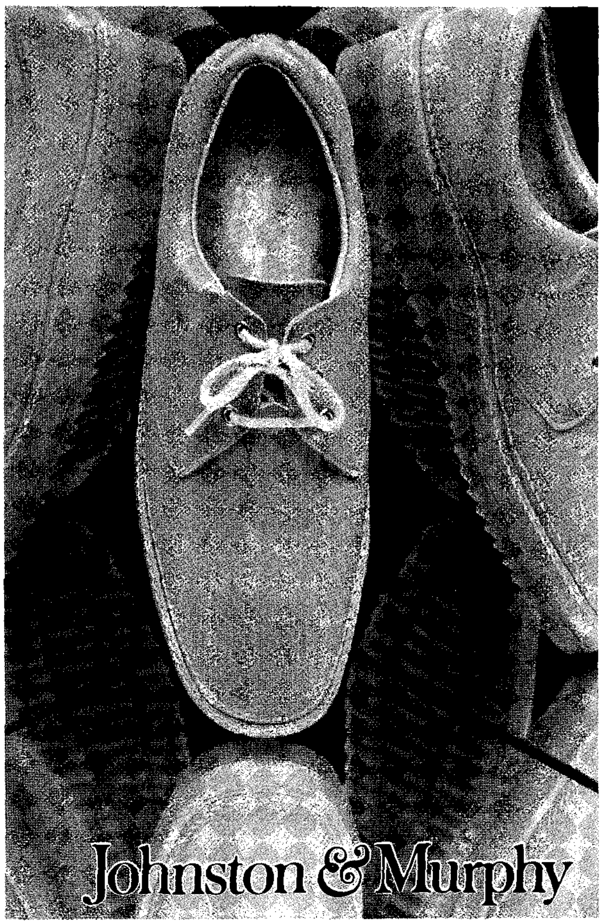
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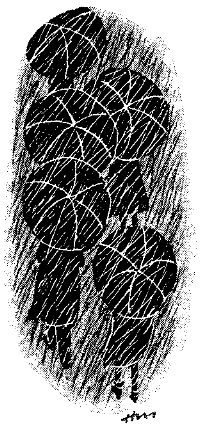
words: "The birth of the oceans is a matter of conjecture, the subsequent history is obscure, and the present structure is just beginning to be understood. Fascinating speculation on these subjects has been plentiful, but not much of it predating the last decade holds water.") Certain major plates are about half covered with ocean—the South American Plate, the African Plate, the North American Plate. Australia and India are parts of the same plate. It is shaped like a boomerang, with the landmasses at either end. Continents in themselves are not drifting, are not cruise ships travelling the sea. Continents are high parts of plates. East-west, the North American Plate starts in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and ends in San Francisco. West-east, the Eurasian Plate begins in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and ends in the sea of Okhotsk.

It is the plates that move. They all move. They move in varying directions and at different speeds. The Adriatic Plate is moving southwest. The African Plate once came up behind it and drove it into Europe—drove Italy like a nail into Europe—and thus created the Alps. The South American Plate is moving west. The Nazca Plate is moving east. The Antarctic Plate is spinning, like pan ice in a river.

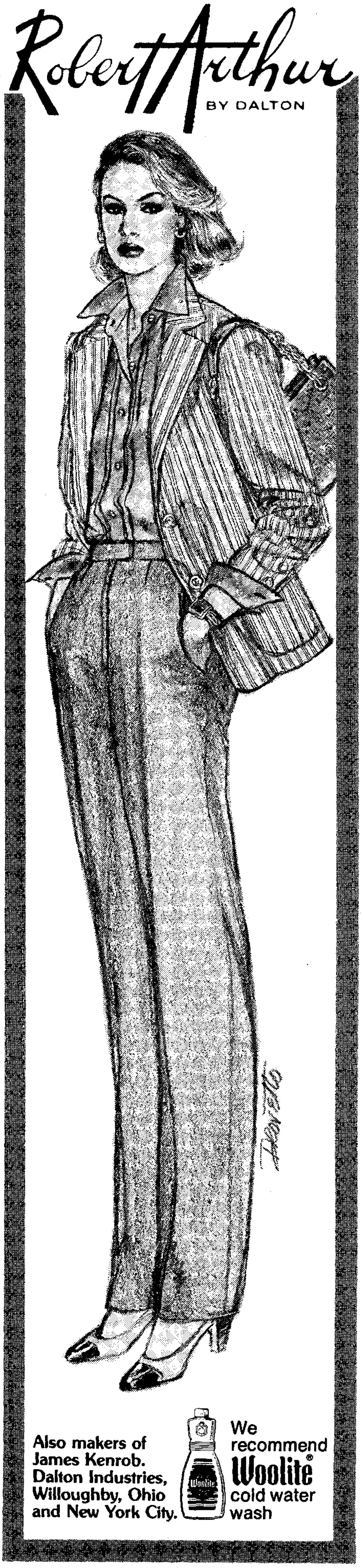


As has happened only twice before in geology—with Abraham Werner's neptunist system and James Hutton's "Theory of the Earth"—the theory of plate tectonics has assembled numerous disparate phenomena into a single narrative. Where plates separate, they produce oceans. Where they collide, they make mountains. As oceans grow, and the two sides move apart, new seafloor comes into the middle. New seafloor is continuously forming at the trailing edge of the plate. Old seafloor, at the leading edge of a plate, dives into deep ocean trenches—the Kuril Trench, the Aleutian Trench, the Marianas Trench, the Java Trench, the Japan Trench, the Philippine Trench, the Peru-Chile Trench. The seafloor goes down four hundred miles after it goes into the trenches. On the way down, some of it melts, loses density, and—white-hot and violent—rises toward the surface of the earth, where it emerges as volcanoes, or stops below as stocks and batholiths, laccoliths and sills. Most of the volcanoes of the world are lined up behind the ocean trenches. Almost all earthquakes are movements of the boundaries of plates—shallow earthquakes at the trailing edges, where the plates are separating and new material is coming in, shallow earthquakes along the sides, where one plate is ruggedly sliding past another (the San Andreas Fault), and earthquakes of any depth down to four hundred miles below and beyond the trenches where plates are consumed (Alaska, 1964). A seismologist discovered that deep earthquakes under a trench had occurred on a plane that was inclined forty-five degrees into the earth. As ocean floors reach trenches and move on down into the depths to be consumed, the average angle is something like that. Take a knife and cut into an orange at forty-five degrees. To cut straight down would be to produce a straight incision in the orange. If the blade is tilted forty-five degrees, the incision becomes an arc on the surface of the orange. If the knife blade melts inside, little volcanoes will come up through the pores of the skin, and together they will form arcs, island arcs—Japan, New Zealand, the Philippines, the New Hebrides, the Lesser Antilles, the Kurils, the Aleutians.

Where a trench happens to run along the edge of a continent and subducting seafloor dives under the land, the marginal terrain will rise. The two plates, pressing, will create mountains, and volcanoes will appear as well. The Peru-Chile Trench is right up against the west coast of South America. The Nazca Plate, moving east, is going down into the trench. Interspersed among the uplifted Andes are four thousand miles of volcanoes. The Pacific Ocean floor, going down to melt below that edge of the continent, has done much to help lift it twenty thousand feet.

Seafloor—ocean crust—is dense enough to go down a trench, but continents are too light, too buoyant. When a continent comes over a trench, it will become stuck there, causing havoc. Australia is such a continent, and where the Australian Plate has jammed a trench it has buckled up the earth to make the mountains of New Guinea, sixteen thousand five hundred feet.

When two continental masses hap-



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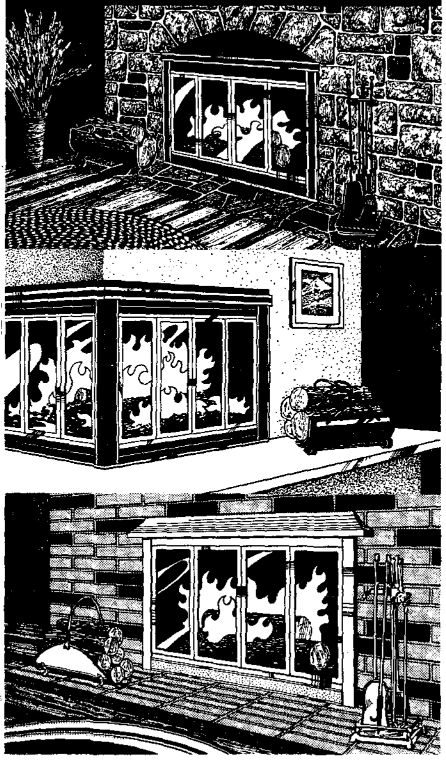

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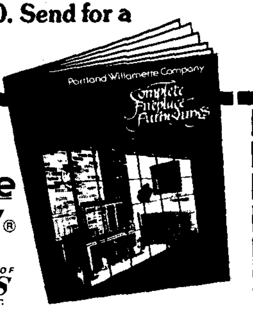

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pen to move on a collision course, they gradually close out the sea between them—barging over trenches, shutting them off—and when they hit they drive their leading edges together as a high and sutured welt, resulting in a new and larger continental mass. The Urals are such a welt. So is the Himalaya. The Himalaya is the crowning achievement of the vigorous Australian Plate, of which India is the northernmost extremity. India in the Oligocene, completing its long northward journey, crashed head on into Tibet, hit so hard that *it not only* folded and buckled the plate boundaries but also plowed in under the newly created Tibetan plateau and drove the Himalaya five and a half miles into the sky. The mountains are in some trouble. India has not stopped pushing them, and they are still going up. Their height and volume are already so great they are beginning to melt in their own self-generated radioactive heat. When the climbers in 1953 planted their flags on the highest mountain, they set them in snow over the skeletons of creatures that had lived in the warm clear ocean that India, moving north, blanked out. Possibly as much as twenty thousand feet below the seafloor, the skeletal remains had formed into rock. This one fact is a treatise in itself on the movements of the surface of the earth. If by some fiat I had to restrict all this writing to one sentence, this is the one I would choose: The summit of Mt. Everest is marine limestone.

Plates grow, shrink, combine, disappear, their number changing through time. They shift direction. Before the Pliocene, there was a trench off California. Seafloor moved into it from the west and dived eastward into the earth. Big volcanoes came up. Under the volcanoes, the melted crust cooled in huge volumes as new granite batholiths. Basin-range faulting has elevated the batholiths to fourteen thousand feet, and weather has sketched them out as the Sierra Nevada.

When seafloor goes into a trench, there can be a certain untidiness as segments are shaved off the top. They end up sitting on the other plate, large hunks of ocean crust that formed as much as a few thousand miles away and are now emplaced strangely among the formations of the continent. The California Coast Ranges—the hills of Vallejo, the hills of San Simeon, the hills of San Francisco—are a kind of berm that was pushed up out of the water by the incoming plate,

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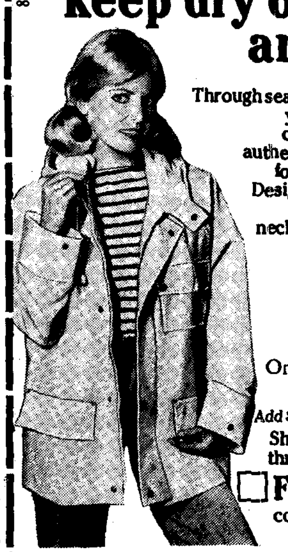

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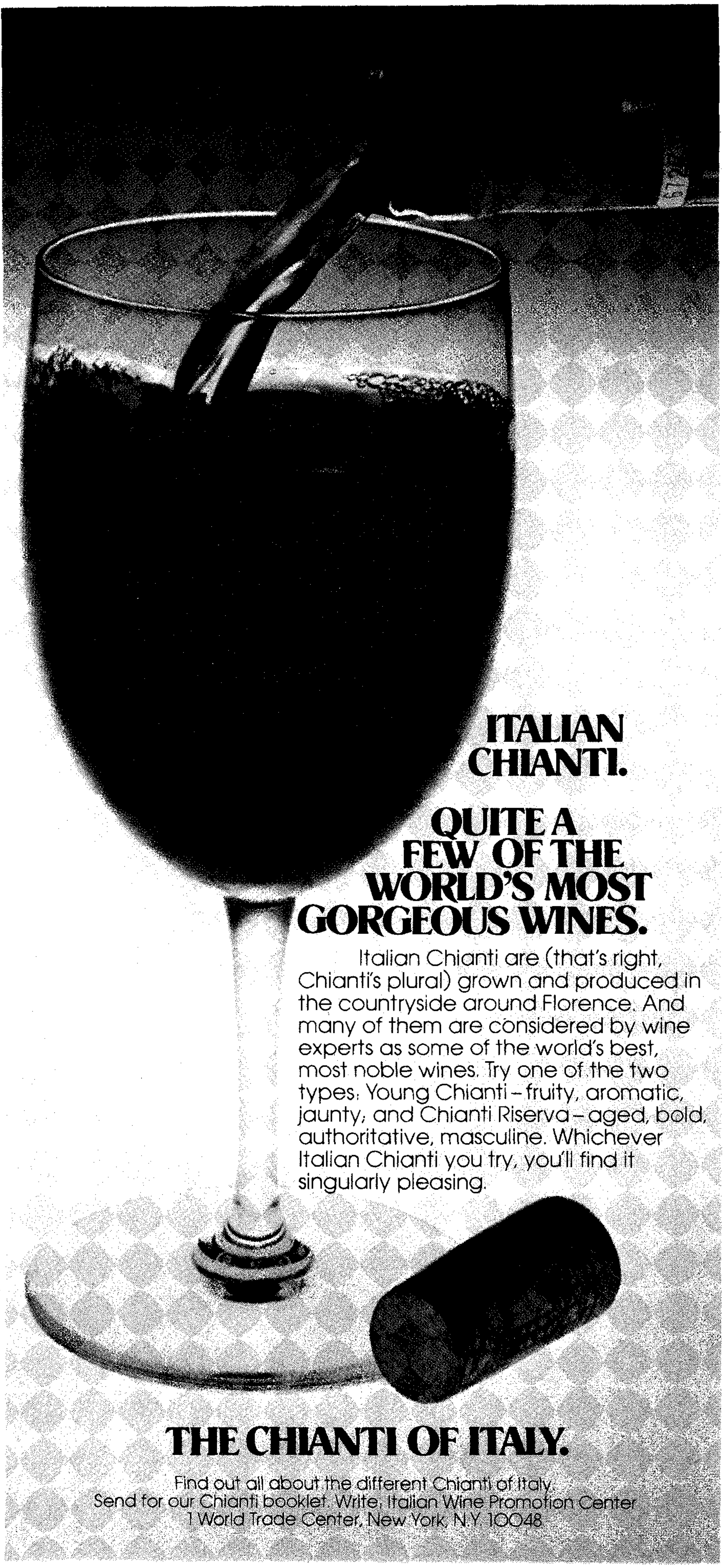
including a jumble of oceanic and continental materials known to geologists as the Franciscan mélange. Geologists used to earn doctorates piecing together the stratigraphy of the Franciscan mélange, finding bedding planes in rock masses strewn here and there, and connecting them with dotted lines. Plate tectonics reveals that there is no stratigraphy in the mélange, no consecutive story of deposition—just mountains of bulldozed hash. The eastward motion of the ocean plate stopped soon after basin-range faulting began. The plate started moving in another direction. The trench, ceasing to be a trench then, was replaced by the San Andreas Fault.

Mountain building, in the Old Geology, had been seen as a series of orogenies rhythmically spaced through time, in part resulting from isostatic adjustments, and in part the work of "earth forces" that were not extensively explained. As mountains were disassembled, their materials were deposited in huge troughs, depressions, downbendings of the crust that were known as geosynclines. Earth forces made the geosynclines. As sediment accumulated in them, its weight pressed ever farther down into the mantle until the mantle would take no more, and then there came a trampoline effect, an isostatic bounce, that caused the material to rise. The Gulf of Mexico was a good example of a geosyncline, with a large part of the Rocky Mountains sitting in it as more than twenty-five thousand feet of silt, sand, and mud, siltstone, sandstone, and shale. "The South will rise again!" Deffeyes used to say. The huge body of sediment would one day be lifted far above sea level and dissected by weather and wrinkled into mountains in the way that the skin of an apple wrinkles as the apple grows old and dry. The steady rhythm of these orogenies was known as "the symphony of the earth"—the Avalonian Orogeny in latest Precambrian time, the Taconic Orogeny in late Ordovician time, the Acadian Orogeny in late Devonian time, the Antler Orogeny in Mississippian time, the Alleghenian Orogeny in Permian time, the Laramide Orogeny in Cretaceous-Tertiary time. It was a slow march of global uplifting effects—predictable—proceeding through history in stately order. By the end of the nineteen-sixties, the symphony had come to the last groove, and was up in the attic with the old Aeolian. Mountain building had become a story of random collisions, unpredictable,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whims of the motions of the plates, which, when continents collided or trenches otherwise jammed, could give up going one way and move in another. The Avalonian, Taconic, Acadian, and Alleghenian Orogenies were now seen, in plate theory, not as distinct events but as successive parts of the same event, which involved the closing of an ocean called Iapetus that existed more or less where the Atlantic is today. As every scholar knows, Iapetus was the father of Atlas, for whom the Atlantic is named. The continents on either side of Iapetus came together not head on but like scissors closing from the north, folding and faulting their conjoining boundaries to make the Atlas Mountains and the Appalachian chain. It was a Paleozoic story, and the motions finally stopped. In the Mesozoic, an entirely new dynamic developed and the crust in the same region began to pull apart, to break into blocks that formed a new province, a Eurafrican-American basin and range. The blocks kept on separating until a new plate boundary formed, and eventually a new marine basin, which looked for a while like the Red Sea before widening to become an ocean.

IT was on the mechanics of the seafloor that geology's revolutionary inquiries were primarily focussed in the early days. Harry Hess, a mineralogist who taught at Princeton, was the skipper of an attack transport during the Second World War, and he carried troops to landings—against the furious defenses of Iwo Jima, for example, and through rockets off the beaches of Lingayen Gulf. Loud noises above the surface scarcely distracted him. He had brought along a new kind of instrument called a Fathometer, and, battle or no battle, he never turned it off. Its stylus was drawing pictures of the floor of the sea. Among the many things he discerned there were dead volcanoes, spread out around the Pacific bottom like Hershey's Kisses on a tray. They had the arresting feature that their tops had been cut off, evidently the work of waves. Most of them were covered with thousands of feet of water. He did not know what to make of them. He named them guyots, for a nineteenth-century geologist at Princeton, and sailed on.

The Second World War was a technological piñata, and, with their new Fathometers and proton-precession magnetometers, oceanographers

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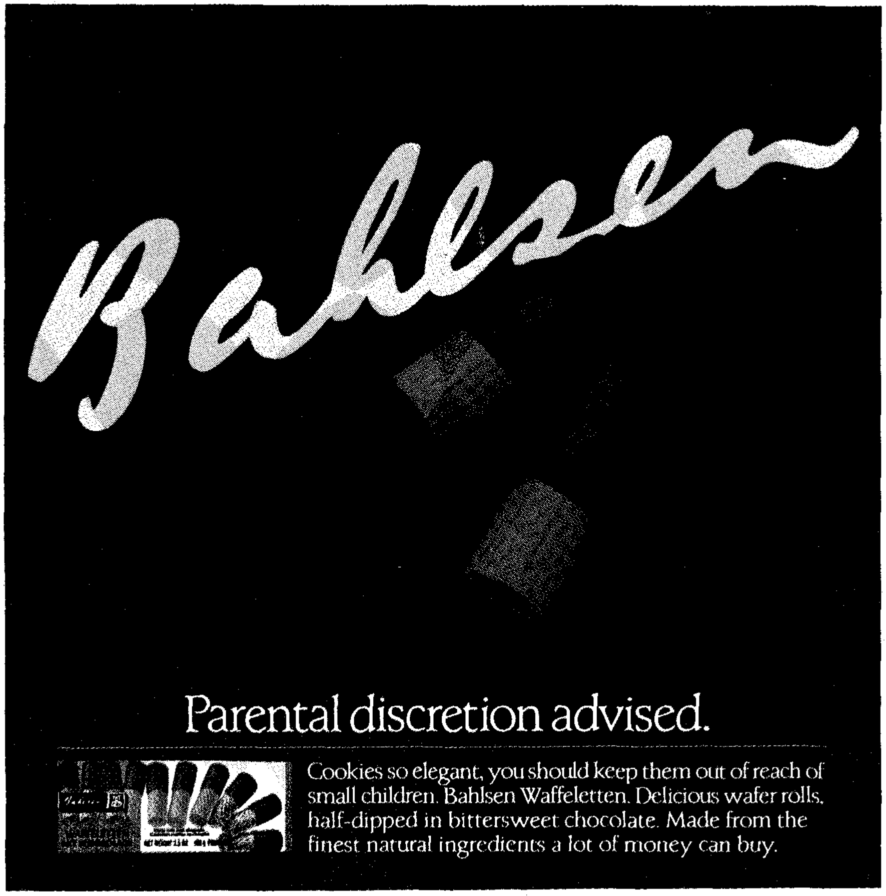

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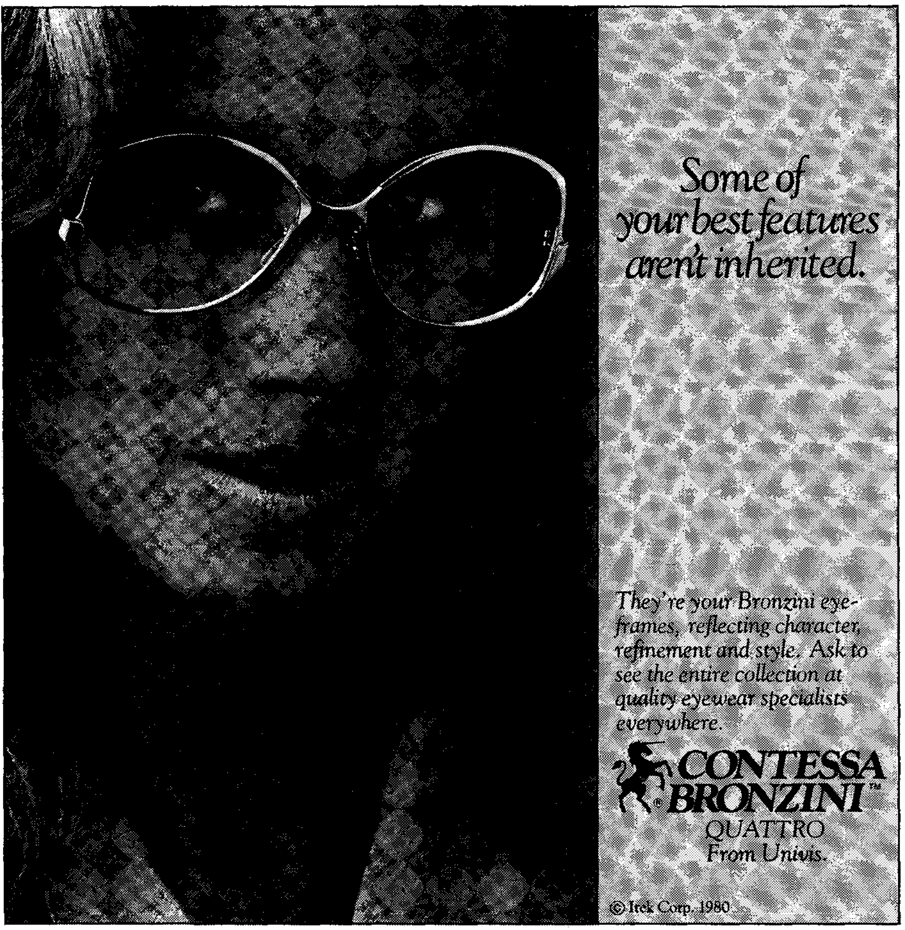
of the nineteen-fifties—most notably Bruce Heezen and Marie Tharp at Columbia University—mapped the seafloor in such extraordinary detail that in a sense they were seeing it for the first time. (Today, the very best maps are classified, because they reveal the places where submarines hide.) What stood out even more prominently than the deep trenches were mountain ranges that rose some six thousand feet above the general seafloor and ran like seams through every ocean and all around the globe. They became known as rises, or ridges—the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, the Southeast Indian Ocean Ridge, the East Pacific Rise. They fell away gently from their central ridgelines, and the slopes extended outward hundreds of miles, to the edges of abyssal plains—the Hatteras Abyssal Plain, the Demerara Abyssal Plain, the Tasman Abyssal Plain. Right down the spines of most of the submarine cordilleras ran high axial valleys, grooves that marked the summit line. These eventually came to be regarded as rift valleys, for they proved to be the boundaries between separating plates. As early as 1956, oceanographers at Columbia had assembled seismological data suggesting that a remarkable percentage of all earthquakes were occurring in the mid-ocean rifts—a finding that was supported, and then some, after a worldwide system of more than a hundred seismological monitoring stations was established in anticipation of the nuclear-test-ban treaty of 1963. If there was to be underground testing, one had to be able to detect someone else's tests, so a by-product of the Cold War was seismological data on a scale unapproached before. The whole of plate tectonics, a story of steady-state violence along boundaries, was being brought to light largely as a result of the development of instruments of war. Earthquakes "focus" where earth begins to move, and along transform faults like the San Andreas the focusses were shallow. At the ocean trenches they could be very deep. The facts accrued. Global maps of the new seismological data showed earthquakes not only clustered like stitchings all along the ridges of the seafloor mountains but also in the trenches and transform faults, with the result that the seismology was sketching the earth's crustal plates.

To Rear Admiral Hess, as he had become in the U.S. Naval Reserve, it now seemed apparent that seafloors were spreading away from mid-ocean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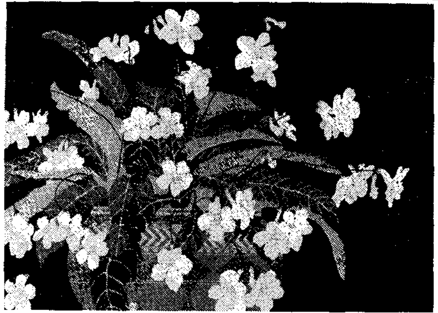
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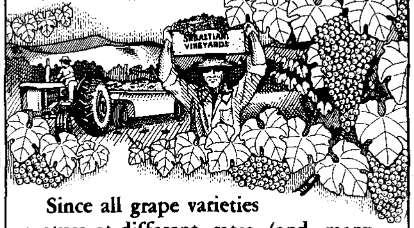

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ridges, where new seafloor was continuously being created in deep cracks, and, thinking through as many related phenomena as he was able to discern at the time, he marshalled his own research and the published work of others up to 1960 and wrote in that year his "History of Ocean Basins." In the nineteen-forties, a professor at Delft had written a book called "The Pulse of the Earth," in which he asserted with mild cynicism that where gaps exist among the facts of geology the space between is often filled with things "geopoetical," and now Hess, with good-humored candor, adopted the term and announced in his first paragraph that while he meant "not to travel any further into the realm of fantasy than is absolutely necessary," he nonetheless looked upon what he was about to present as "an essay in geopoetry." He could not be sure which of his suppositions might be empty conjecture and which might in retrospect be regarded as precocious insights. His criterion could only have been that they seemed compelling to him. His guyots, he had by now decided, were volcanoes that grew at spreading centers, where they protruded above the ocean surface and were attacked by waves. With the moving ocean floor they travelled slowly down to the abyssal plains and went on eventually to "ride down into the jaw crusher" of the deep trenches, where they were consumed. "The earth is a dynamic body with its surface constantly changing," he wrote, and he agreed with others that the force driving it all must be heat from deep in the mantle, moving in huge revolving cells (an idea that had been around in one form or another since 1839 and is still the prevailing guess in answer to the unresolved question: What is the engine of plate tectonics?). Hess reasoned also that the heat involved in the making of new seafloor is what keeps the ocean rises high, and that moving outward the new material gradually cools and subsides. The rises seemed to be impermanent features, the seafloor altogether "ephemeral." "The whole ocean is virtually swept clean (replaced by new mantle material) every three hundred to four hundred million years," he wrote. "This accounts for the relatively thin veneer of sediments on the ocean floor, the relatively small number of volcanic seamounts, and the present absence of evidence of rocks older than Cretaceous *in the oceans.*" In ending, he said, "The writer has attempted to invent

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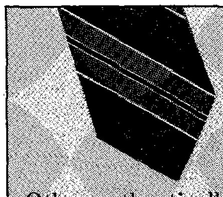

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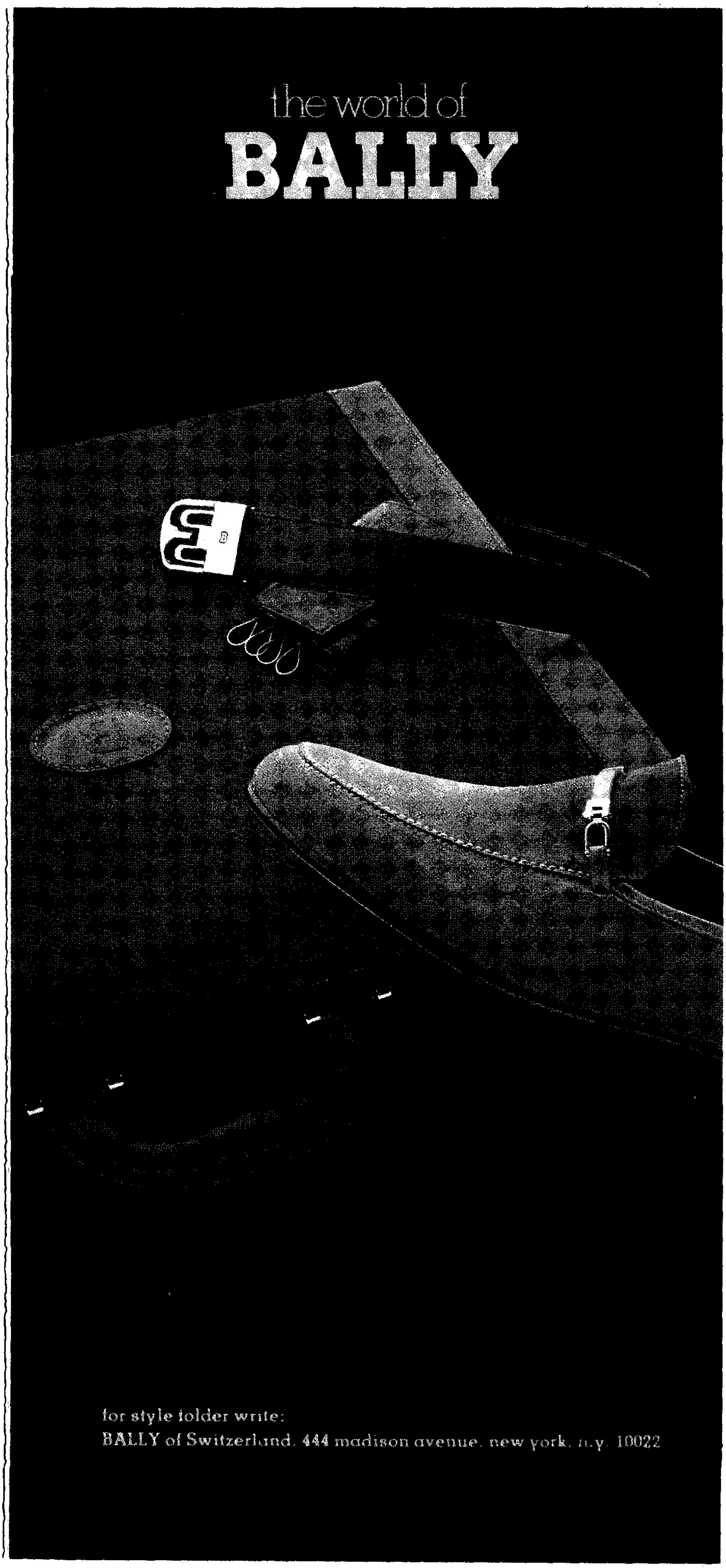
an evolution for ocean basins. It is hardly likely that all of the numerous assumptions made are correct. Nevertheless it appears to be a useful framework for testing various and sundry groups of hypotheses relating to the oceans. It is hoped that the framework with necessary patching and repair may eventually form the basis for a new and sounder structure."

In 1963, Drummond Matthews and Fred Vine, of Cambridge University, published an extraordinary piece of science that gave to Hess's structure much added strength. Magnetometers dragged back and forth across the seas had recorded magnetism of two quite different intensities. Plotted on a map, these magnetic differences ran in stripes that were parallel to the mid-ocean ridges. The magnetism over the centers of the ridges themselves was uniformly strong. Moving away from the ridges, the strong and weak stripes varied in width from a few kilometres to as many as eighty. Vine and Matthews, chatting over tea in Cambridge, thought of using this data to connect Harry Hess's spreading seafloor to the time scale of paleomagnetic reversals. The match would turn out to be exact. The weaker stripes matched times when the earth's magnetic field had been reversed, and the strong ones matched times when the magnetic pole was in the north. Moreover, the two sets of stripes—calendars, in effect, moving away from the ridge—seemed to be symmetrical. The seafloor was not only spreading. It was documenting its age. L. W. Morley, a Canadian, independently had reached the same conclusions. Vine and Matthews' paper was published in the British journal *Nature* in September, 1963, and became salient in the development of plate tectonics. In January of the same year, Morley had submitted almost identical ideas to the editors of *Nature*, but they were not yet prepared to accept them, so Morley then submitted the paper in the United States to the *Journal of Geophysical Research*, which rejected it summarily. Morley's paper came back with a note telling him that his ideas were suitable for a cocktail party but not for a serious publication.

Data confirming the Vine-Matthews hypothesis began to accumulate, nowhere more emphatically than in a magnetic profile of the seafloor made by the National Science Foundation's ship Eltanin crossing the East Pacific Rise. The Eltanin's data showed that



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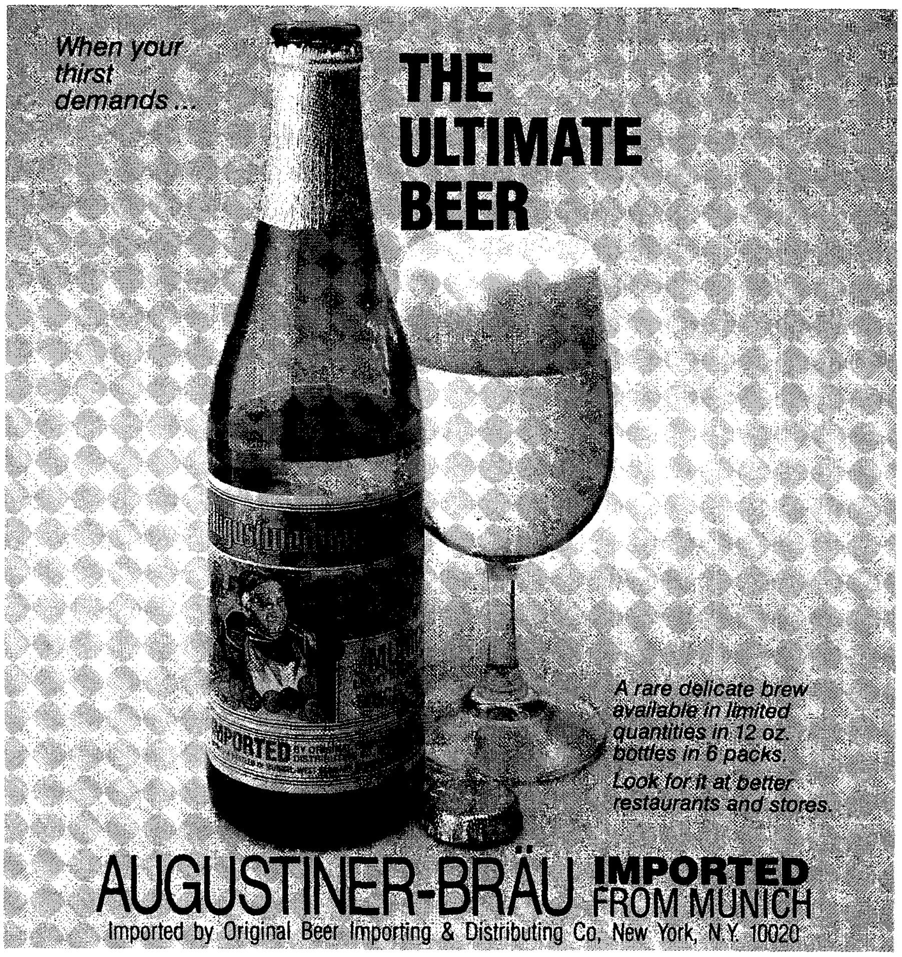
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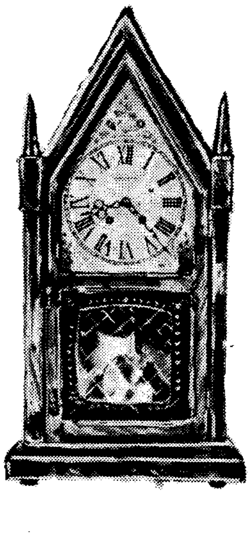

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the seafloor became older and older with distance from the spreading center, and with perfect symmetry for two thousand kilometres on either side. All through the nineteen-sixties, ships continued to cruise the oceans dragging magnetometers behind, and eventually computers were programmed to correlate the benthic data with the surface wanderings of the ships. Potassium-argon dating had timed the earth's magnetic reversals to apparent perfection for the last three and a half million years. Geologists at Columbia calculated the rate of seafloor spreading for those years and then assumed the rate to have been constant through earlier time. On that assumption, they extrapolated a much more extensive paleomagnetic time scale. (Improved radiometric dating later endorsed the accuracy of the method.) And with that scale they swiftly mapped the history of ocean basins. Compared with a geologic map of a continent, it was a picture handsome and spare. As the paleomagnetist Allan Cox, of Stanford University, would describe it in a book called "Plate Tectonics and Geomagnetic Reversals," "The structure of the seafloor is as simple as a set of tree rings, and like a modern bank check it carries an easily decipherable magnetic signature."

Meanwhile, geophysicists at Toronto, Columbia, Princeton, and the Scripps Institution of Oceanography were filling in the last major components of the plate-tectonics paradigm. They figured out the geometry of moving segments on a sphere, showed that deformation happens only at the margins of plates, charted the relative motions of the plates, and mapped for the first time the plate boundaries of the world.

If it was altogether true, as Hess had claimed, that with relative frequency "the whole ocean is virtually swept clean," then old rock should be absent from deep ocean floors. Since 1968, the drill ship Glomar Challenger has travelled the world looking for, among other things, the oldest ocean rocks. The oldest ever found is Jurassic. In a world that is 4.6 billion years old, with continental-shield rock that has been dated to 3.8, it is indeed astonishing that the oldest rock that human beings have ever removed from a seafloor has an age of a hundred and fifty million years—that the earth is thirty times as old as the oldest rock of the oceans. In 1969, it seemed likely that the oldest ocean floor would be found in the northwest Pacific. The

Glomar Challenger went there to see. Two Russians were aboard who believed that rock older than Jurassic—rock of the Paleozoic, in all likelihood—would be discovered. They took vodka with them to toast the first trilobite to appear on deck. Trilobites, index fossils of the Paleozoic, came into the world at the base of the Cambrian and went out forever in the Permian Extinction—eighty million years before the age of the oldest rock ever found in modern oceans. As expected, the oceanic basement became older and older as the ship drilled westward from Hawaii. But even at the edge of the Marianas Trench, the Russians were disappointed. No vodka. Ah, but there might be older rock on the other side of the trench, in the floor of the Philippine Sea. The ship pulled up its drill pipe and moved across the trench. This time the rock was Miocene, more or less a tenth as old as the Jurassic floor. The Russians broke out the vodka. A toast! Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin were walking around on the moon.

"IN the old days we would have called this North America," Deffeyes said, sinking another clear tube into the ground. "We now think of plates. The plate-tectonics revolution came as a surprise, with very little buildup to it. There was none of that cloud that precedes a political revolution. In the nineteen-fifties, when I was a graduate student, nearly all the faculty at Princeton thought continental drift was sheer baloney. A couple of years later, Harry Hess broke it open. I had thought I would go through my career without anything like it. Oil and mining seemed enough of a contribution to keep one going. But now something had come along that was so profound that it took the whole science with it. We used to think that continents grew like onions around old rock. That was overturned by plate tectonics. And we could see now how amazingly fast you could put up a mountain range. A continent-to-continent collision was a hell of an episode at a limited place. After the Appalachians and the Urals were recognized as continent-to-continent sutures, people said, 'O.K., where's the suture in California?' Geologists kept jumping up and saying, 'I've got the suture! I've got the suture!' It turned out, of course, that there were at least three sutures. In each instance, a great island had closed up a sea and hit into America—just as India hit Tibet, just

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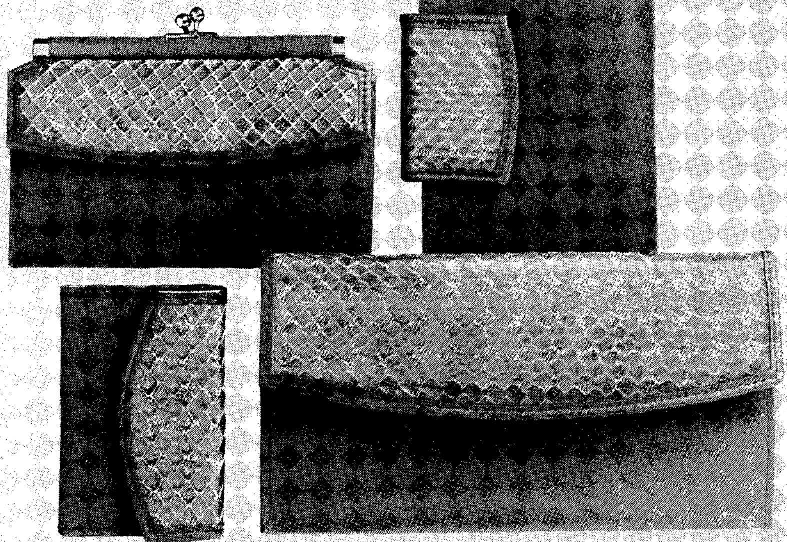

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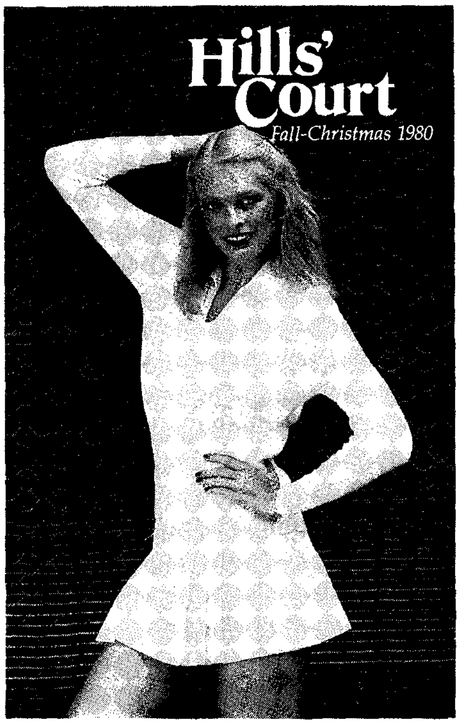

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as Kodiak Island, which is a mini-India, is about to plow into Alaska. Fossils from the mid-Pacific have been found here in the West, and limestones that lithified a thousand miles south of the equator. Formations in California have alien fossils with cousins in the rock of New Guinea. For a while, people were going around naming a defunct ocean for every suture. The first piece, coming in from the west, was the one that rode up onto North America about forty miles, not a trivial distance, in Mississippian time. That was the action that first tipped the rock in the Carlin unconformity. The old name for it was the Antler Orogeny. In the Triassic, the second one arrived—the Golconda Thrust—and rode fifty miles over the trailing edge of the first one, and in the Jurassic the third one came in, sutured on somewhere near Sacramento, and more or less completed California. I have read that two geologists have found in Siberia a displaced terrain that was taken off of North America. The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

I mentioned that I had read in *Geology* that one out of eight geologists does not accept plate-tectonic theory.

He said, "There are still a few people dragging their feet. They don't want to come into the story."

I asked him if he thought the Uinta Mountains could be explained in terms of plate theory. The Uintas are a range in the Rockies, seven hundred miles from the sea, and they run east-west, unlike virtually all other ranges for thousands of miles around them. If the western cordilleras were raised by colliding plates, how did the Uintas happen to come up at right angles to the other mountains?

He said, "You must have been talking to a Rocky Mountain geologist." He said nothing else for a time, while he tapped at the earth I had uncovered and captured a perfect sample. Then he said, "The north side of the Uintas is a spectacular mountain wall. Glorious. You come upon it and suddenly you see structurally the boundary of the range. But you don't see what put it there. The Uintas are mysterious. They are not a basin-range fault block, yet they have come up nearly vertically, with almost no compression evident. You just stand there and watch them go up into the sky. They don't fit our idea of plate tectonics. The Rockies in general will be one of the last places in the world to be deciphered in terms of how many hits

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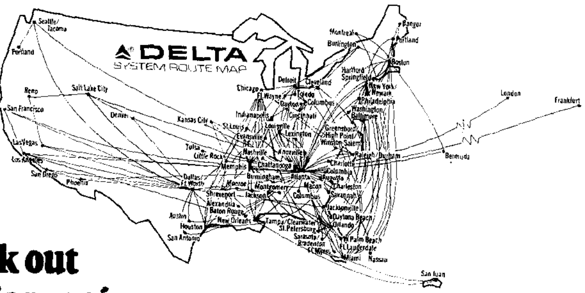

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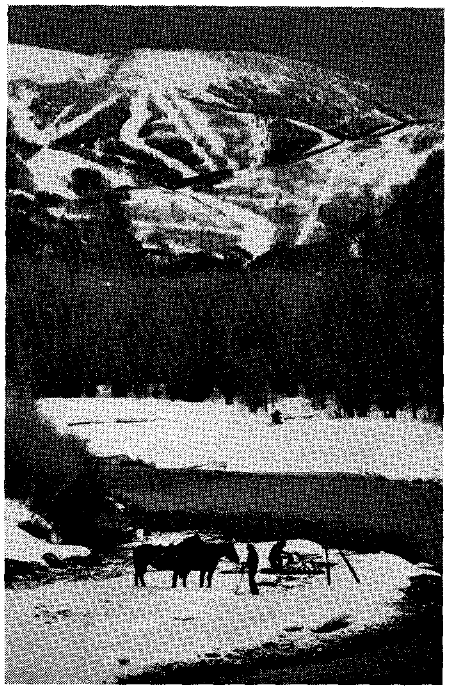

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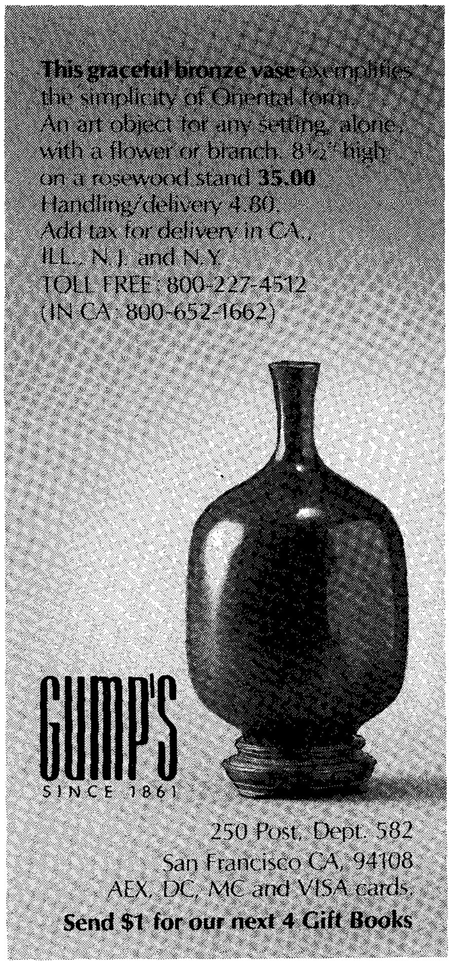

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created them, and just when, and from where."

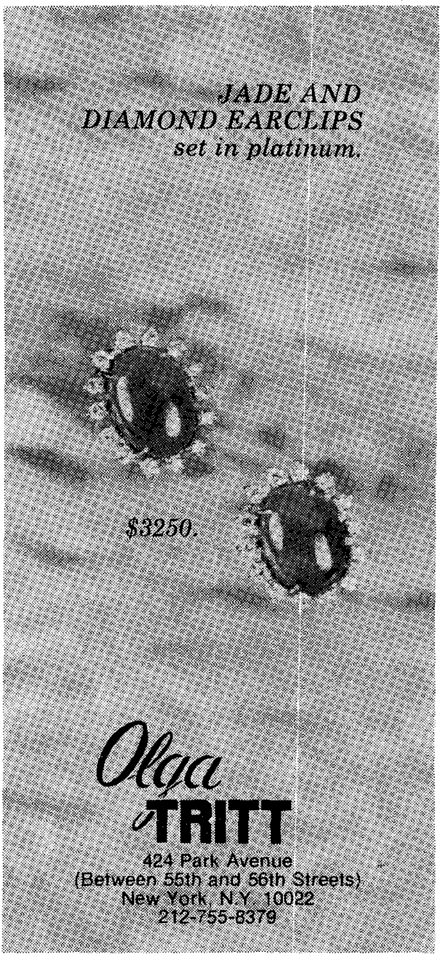
The article in *Geology* was based on a questionnaire that was circulated toward the end of the nineteen-seventies. The results indicated that forty per cent of geologists had come to feel that plate theory was "essentially established," while a roughly equal number preferred to qualify a bit and say that it was "fairly well established." Eleven per cent felt that the theory was "inadequately proven." Seven per cent said they had accepted continental drift before 1940. Six per cent thought plate tectonics would be "still in doubt" in the late nineteen-eighties. And one geologist predicted that the theory would eventually be rejected.

"At any given moment, no two geologists are going to have in their heads exactly the same levels of acceptance of all hypotheses and theories that are floating around," Deffeyes said. "There are always many ideas in various stages of acceptance. That is how science works. Ideas range from the solidly accepted to the literally half-baked—those in the process of forming, the sorts of things about which people call each other up in the middle of the night. All science involves speculation, and few sciences include as much speculation as geology. Is the Delaware Water Gap the outlet of a huge lake all other traces of which have since disappeared? A geomorphologist will tell you that, in principle, the idea is O.K. You have to deal with partial information. In oil drilling, you had better be ready to act shrewdly on partial information. Do physicists do that? Hell, no. They want to have it to seven decimal places on their Hewlett-Packards. The geologist has to choose the course of action with the best statistical chance. As a result, the style of geology is full of inferences, and they change. No one has ever seen a geosyncline. No one has ever seen the welding of tuff. No one has ever seen a granite batholith intrude."

Since I was digging his sample pits, I felt enfranchised to remark on what I took to be the literary timbre of his science.

"There's an essential difference," he said. "The authors of literary works may not have intended all the subtleties, complexities, undertones, and overtones that are attributed to them by critics and by students writing doctoral theses."

"That is what God says about ge-



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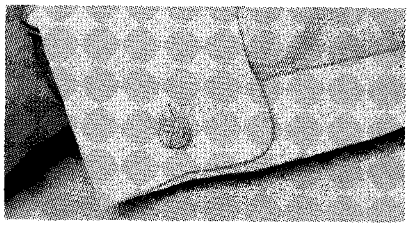

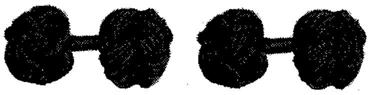

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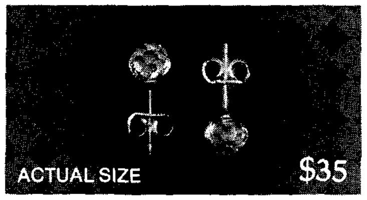

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ologists," I told him, chipping into the sediment with his broken shovel.

"You may recall Archelaus's explanation of earthquakes," he said cryptically. "Earthquakes were caused by air trapped in underground caves. It shook the earth in its effort to escape. Everyone knew then that the earth was flatulent."

Deffeyes said he had asked his friend Jason Morgan—whose paper "Rises, Trenches, Great Faults, and Crustal Blocks" defined the boundaries and motions of the plates—what he was going to do for an encore. Morgan said he didn't know, but possibly the most exciting thing to do next would be to prove the theory wrong.

That would be a reversal comparable to the debunking of Genesis. I remembered Eldridge Moores, of the University of California at Davis, telling me what it had been like to be in graduate school at the height of the plate-tectonics revolution, and how he had imagined that the fervor and causal excitement of it was something like landing on Guadalcanal in the middle of the action of "a noble war." Tanya Atwater, a marine geologist who eventually joined the faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was then a graduate student at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. In a letter written to Allan Cox at Stanford, she re-creates the milieu of the time. "Seafloor spreading was a wonderful concept because it could explain so much of what we knew, but plate tectonics really set us free and flying. It gave us some firm rules so that we could predict what we should find in unknown places. . . . From the moment the plate concept was introduced, the geometry of the San Andreas system was an obviously interesting example. The night Dan McKenzie and Bob Parker told me the idea, a bunch of us were drinking beer at the Little Bavaria in La Jolla. Dan sketched it on a napkin. 'Aha!' said I, 'but what about the Mendocino trend?' 'Easy!,' and he showed me three plates. As simple as that! The simplicity and power of the geometry of those three plates captured my mind that night and has never let go since. It is a wondrous thing to have the random facts in one's head suddenly fall into the slots of an orderly framework. It is like an explosion inside. That is what happened to me that night and that is what I often felt happen to me and to others as I was working out (and talking out) the geometry of the western U.S. . . . The

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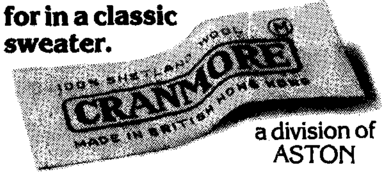

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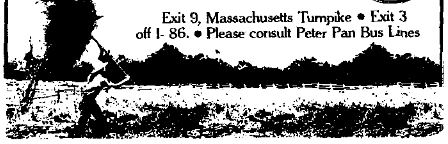

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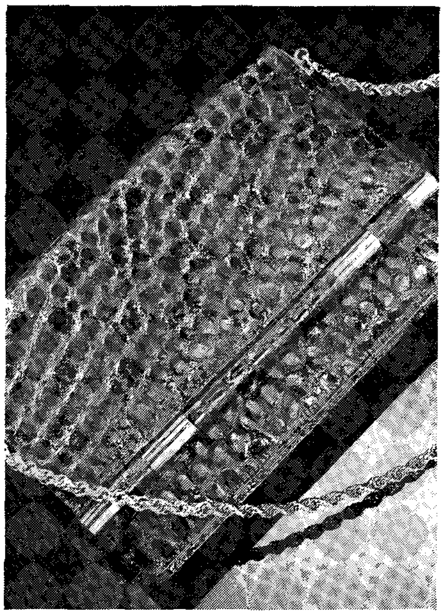
best part of the plate business is that it has made us all start communicating. People who squeeze rocks and people who identify deep-ocean nannofossils and people who map faults in Montana suddenly all care about each other's work. I think I spend half my time just talking and listening to people from many fields, searching together for how it might all fit together. And when something does fall into place, there is that mental explosion and the wondrous excitement. I think the human brain must love order."

Deffeyes, meanwhile, had joined Shell before the excitement developed. Growing up in oil fields, he had grown to like them, to admire the skill and independence of the crews, the competent manner in which they lived with danger. "Like a bullfighter, you are careful. So danger is not an overwhelming risk. But it is always there. And you can be crushed, burned, asphyxiated, destroyed by an explosion. A crew on a rig floor runs pipe in the hole with swift precision, and any piece of equipment can take your hand off just as fast." As a small boy, he often went into oil fields with his father, whose assignments changed many times—Oklahoma City, Hutchinson, Great Bend, Midland, Hobbs, Casper. As a teen-ager, Deffeyes played the French horn in the Casper Civic Symphony. He debated on the high-school team. He became—as he has remained—a forensic marvel, the final syllables of his participles and gerunds ringing like Buddha's gongs. In the way that others collected stamps, he collected rocks. For counsel, he took his specimens to the geologists in town, of whom there were plenty, including Paul Walton, who in 1948 had suggested to J. Paul Getty that he go to Kuwait. High-school summers, Deffeyes worked as an assistant shooter with seismic crews and as a roustabout maintaining wells. When he finished graduate school and moved on to Houston with Shell, he was ignorant not only of the imminent revolution in geologic theory but also of the approaching atrophy in successful exploration for oil. M. King Hubbert, an outstanding geological geophysicist, was with Shell at the time, and Deffeyes had only settled in when Hubbert happened to predict (with amazing accuracy) the approaching date when more oil would be coming out of American ground than geologists would be discovering. He predicted the energy crisis that would



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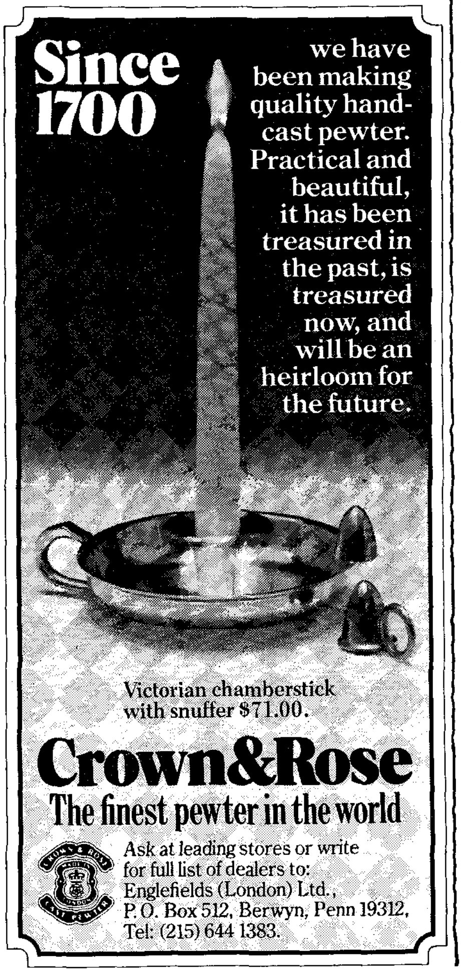

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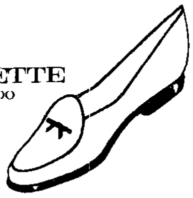

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inevitably follow. When Deffeyes saw Hubbert's evanescing figures, he saw disappearing with them what had looked to be his most productive years. A decade before the first gas lines, he resigned from Shell to go into teaching and was soon on the faculty at Oregon State, where he set himself up as a chemical oceanographer, because the ocean was where things were happening. The university had bought from the government a small ship left over from the Second World War and had converted it for oceanographic research. "Working for an oil company had suddenly become like working for a railroad—a dying industry. Now in this new field new equipment was being improvised, and the problems were the same as they were in the oil fields when I was a kid. In the ocean, we used bottom-hole pressure gauges and other oil-field equipment. I could feel the same sort of excitement I had felt years before in the oil fields, and with the same sorts of people—roustabouts and roughnecks—in the crew."

Unfortunately, Deffeyes had a signal defect as an oceanographer. He got terribly seasick. His enthusiasm grew moist, and he began to contrive to remain ashore. Then in October, 1965, J. Tuzo Wilson, of the University of Toronto, and Fred Vine, of Cambridge, published a paper in which they defined an oddly isolated piece of mid-ocean ridge off the coasts of Oregon and Washington. It was the spreading center of what would eventually become known as the Juan de Fuca Plate, one of the smallest of all the crustal plates in the world. The volcanoes of the Cascades—Mt. Hood, Mt. Rainier, Mt. St. Helens, Glacier Peak—were lined up behind its trench. "Continental drift is one hypothesis I'll get seasick for," Deffeyes decided, and he signed up for a week's use of the ship. He had no program in mind. To ask for a suggestion, he picked up a telephone and called Harry Hess. Instantly, Hess said, "Go to the ridge and dredge some rock from the axial valley. It better not be old." Hess's hypothesis that new seafloor forms at ocean rises had scarcely been tested. This was before the Eltanin profile, and before the voyages of the Glomar Challenger. Hess's immediate response to Deffeyes was to suggest a test that could have shelved his hypothesis then and there.

Deffeyes went out to dredge the rock, but first he had to find the ridge, so he made a long pass with his echo sounder tracing the profile of the bot-

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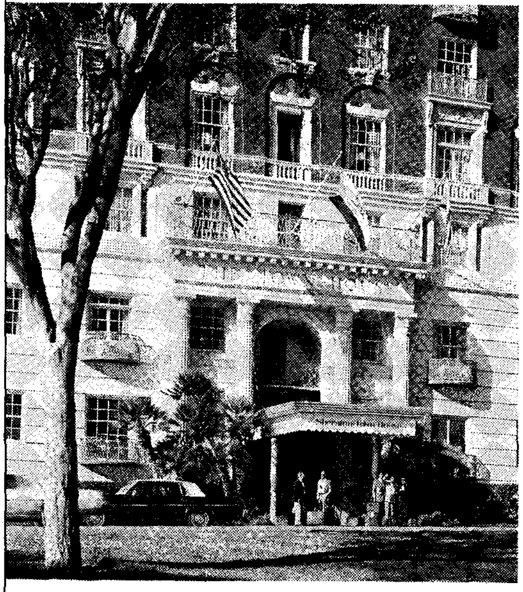

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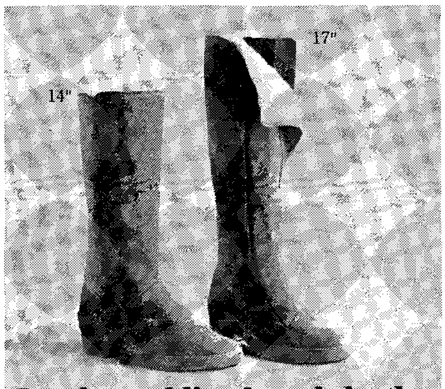

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tom. The ridge-axis rock, when he dredged it up, was extremely young. But what in the end interested Deffeyes at least as much was the benthic profile that had been traced by the stylus of the sounder. The profile of the spreading center in the ocean bottom off Oregon seemed remarkably familiar to someone who had done his thesis field work in Nevada. It appeared to be, in miniature, a cross-section of the Basin and Range. The new crust, spreading out, had broken into fault blocks and had become a microcosm of the Basin and Range, because both were expressions of the same cause. It was a microcosm, too, of the Triassic lowlands of the East two hundred million years ago—Triassic Connecticut, Triassic New Jersey—with their border faults and basalt flows, their basins and ranges, gradually extending, pulling apart, to open the Atlantic. The Red Sea of today was what the Atlantic and its two sides had looked like about five million years after the Atlantic began to open. The Red Sea today was what the Basin and Range would probably look like at some time in the future.

In December, 1972, the astronaut Harrison Schmitt, riding in Apollo 17, looked down at the Red Sea and the Gulf of Aden—at a simple geometry that seemed to have been made with a jigsaw barely separating Africa and the Arabian peninsula. He told the people at Mission Control, "I didn't grow up with the idea of drifting continents and seafloor spreading. But I tell you, when you look at the way pieces of the northeastern portion of the African continent seem to fit together, separated by a narrow gulf, you could make a believer out of anybody." Schmitt was one of the eighty per cent who were changing their minds about the new global theory. In addition to his astronaut's training, he had a Ph.D. in geology, and he would bring back from the moon a hundred kilos of rock.

TWENTY miles out of Winnemucca, and the interstate is dropping south toward the Humboldt Range. A coyote runs along beside the road. It is out of its element, tongue out, outclassed, under minimum speed. Deffeyes says that most ranges in the Basin and Range had one or two silver deposits in them, if any, but the Humboldts had five. We have also entered the bottomlands of the former Lake Lahontan. The hot-springs map shows more activity in this part of the

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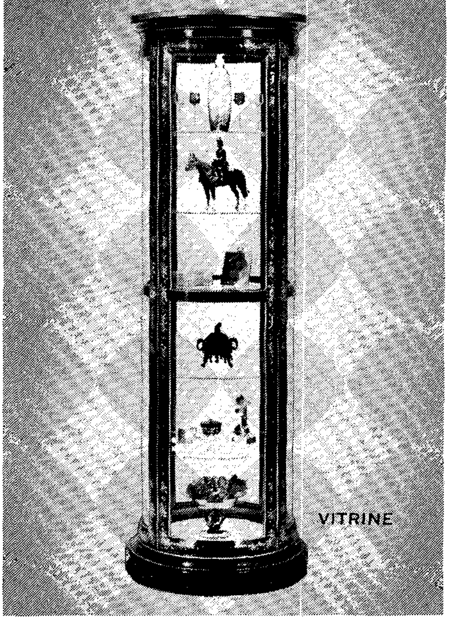

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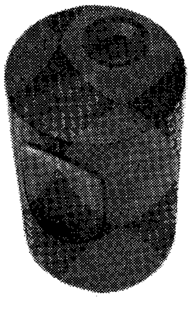

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province. Extension of the earth's crust has been somewhat more pronounced here, Deffeyes explains, and hence there are more ore deposits. He feels that when a seaway opens up, the spreading center will be somewhere nearby. Or possibly back in Utah, in the bed of Lake Bonneville. "But this one has better connections."

"Connections?"

"Death Valley. Walker Lake. Carson Sink." An Exxon map of the western United States is spread open on the seat between us. He runs his finger from Death Valley to Carson Sink and on northward to cross the interstate at Lovelock. "The ocean will open here," he repeats. "Or in the Bonneville basin. I think here."

A few miles off the road is the site of a planned community dating from the nineteen-sixties. It was to have wide streets and a fountained square, but construction was delayed and then indefinitely postponed. Ghostless ghost town, it had been named Neptune City.

With the river on our right, we round the nose of the Humboldt Range, as did the Donner Party and roughly a hundred and sixty-five thousand other people, in a seventeen-year period, heading in their wagons toward Humboldt Sink, Carson Sink, and the terror of days without water. But first, as we do now, they came into broad green flats abundantly fertile with grass, knee-high grass, a fill for the oxen, the last gesture of the river before it vanished into the air. The emigrants called this place the Big Meadows of the Humboldt, and something like two hundred and fifty wagons would be resting here at any given time.

"There was a sea here in the Triassic," Deffeyes remarks. "At least until the Sonomia terrain came in and sutured on. The sea was full of pelagic squid, and was not abyssal, but it was deep enough so the bottom received no sunlight, and bottom life was not dominant."

"How do you know it was not dominant?"

"Because I have looked at the siltstones and the ammonites in them, and that is what I see there."

Visions of oceans before and behind us in time, we roll on into Lovelock. "SLOW—DUST HAZARD." Lovelock, Nevada 89419. There are cumulus snow clouds overhead and big bays of blue in the cold sky, with snow coming down in curtains over the Trinity Range, snow pluming upward over the

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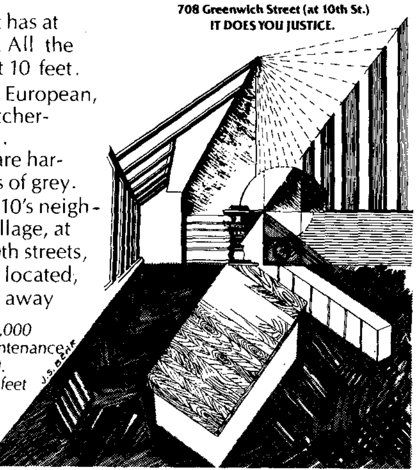

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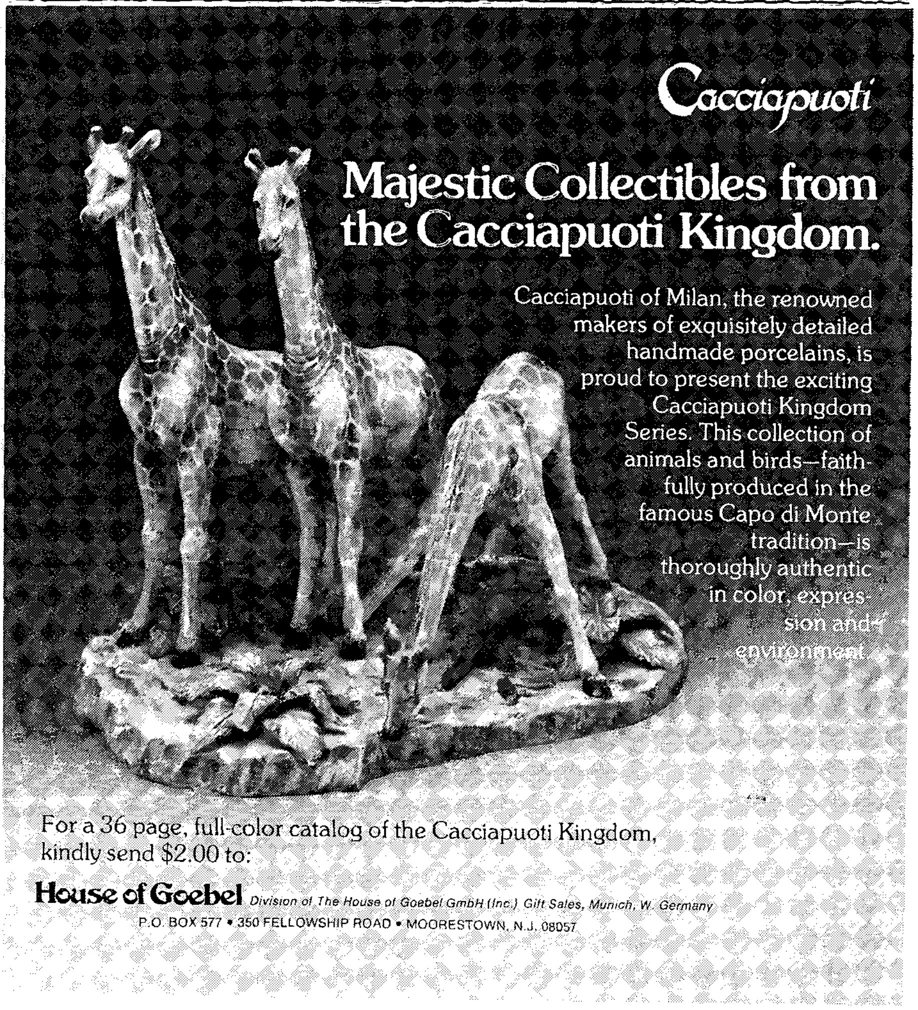

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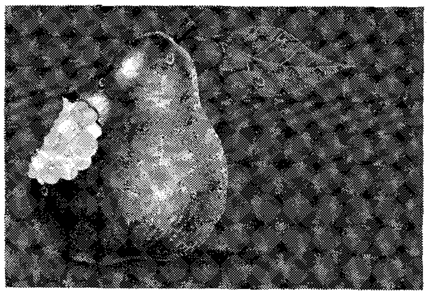

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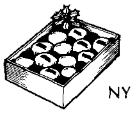

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valley like smoke from a runaway fire. Lovelock was a station of the Overland Stage. It became known throughout Nevada as "a good town with a bad water supply." An editor of the Lovelock *Review-Miner* wrote in 1915, "There is little use in trying to induce people to locate here until the water question is settled. . . . Maybe the water does not kill anyone, but it certainly drives people away." In 1917, Lovelock was incorporated as a third-class city, and one of its first acts was to enforce a ban on houses of prostitution within twelve hundred feet of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Another was a curfew. Another ordered all city lights turned off when there was enough moon.

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There are terraces of Lake Lahontan above the ballfield of the Lovelock Mustangs. Cattle graze beside the field. The Ten Commandments are carved in a large piece of metamorphosed granite outside the county courthouse.

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"Lovelock was a person's name," Deffeyes cautions.

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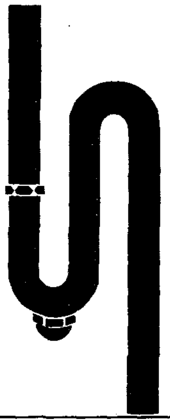

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Western Union office—all in one room. There is a sign on one of the columns that hold up the room:

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Across the valley is a huge whitewash "L" on a rock above the fault scar of the Humboldt Range.

We go into Sturgeon's Log Cabin restaurant and sit down for coffee against a backdrop of rolling cherries, watermelons, and bells. A mountain lion in a glass case. Six feet to the tip of the tail. Shot by Daniel (Bill) Milich, in the Tobin Range.

I hand Deffeyes the Exxon map and ask him to sketch in for me the opening of the new seaway, the spreading center as he sees it coming. "Of course, all the valleys in the Great Basin are to a greater or lesser extent competing," he says. "But I'd put it where I said—right here." With a pencil he begins to rough in a double line, a swath, about fifteen miles wide. He sketches it through the axis of Death Valley and up into Nevada, and then north by northwest through Basalt and Coaldale before bending due north through Walker Lake, Fallon, and Lovelock. "The spreading center would connect with a transform fault coming in from Cape Mendocino," he adds, and he sketches such a line from the California coast to a point a little north of Lovelock. He is sketching the creation of a crustal plate, and he seems confident of that edge, for the Mendocino transform fault—the Mendocino trend—is in place now, ready to go. He is less certain about the southern edge of the new plate, because he has two choices. The Garlock Fault runs east-west just above Los Angeles, and that could become a side of the new plate; or the spreading center could continue south through the Mojave Desert and the Salton Sea to meet the Pacific Plate in the Gulf of California. "The Mojave sits in there with discontinued basin-and-range faulting," Deffeyes says, almost to himself, a substitute for whistling, as he sketches in the alternative lines. "There has to be a transform fault at the south end of the live, expanding rift. The sea has got to get through somewhere."

Now he places his hands on the map so that they frame the Garlock and Mendocino faults and hold between them a large piece of California—from Bakersfield to Redding, roughly, and including San Francisco, Sacramento, and Fresno—not to mention

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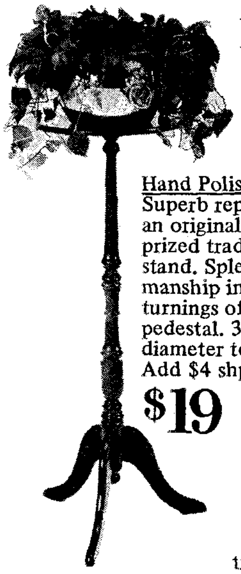

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the whole of the High Sierra, Reno, and ten million acres of Nevada. "You create a California Plate," he says. "And the only question is: Is it this size, or the larger one? How much goes out to sea?" British Columbia is to his left and Mexico is to his right, beside his coffee cup on the oak Formica. The coast is against his belly. He moves his hands as if to pull all of central California out to sea. "Does this much go?" he says. "Or do the Mojave and Baja go with it?" A train of flatcars pounds through town carrying aircraft engines.

My mind has drifted outside the building. I am wondering what these people in this dry basin—a mile above sea level—would think if they knew what Deffeyes was doing, if they were confronted with the news that an ocean may open in their town. I will soon find out.

"What?"

"Are you stoned?"

"The way I see it, I won't be here, so the hell with it."

"It's a little doubtful. It could be, but it's a little doubtful."

"If it happens real quick, I guess a couple of people will die, but if it's like most other things they'll find out about it hundreds of years before and move people out of here. The whole world will probably go to hell before that happens anyway."

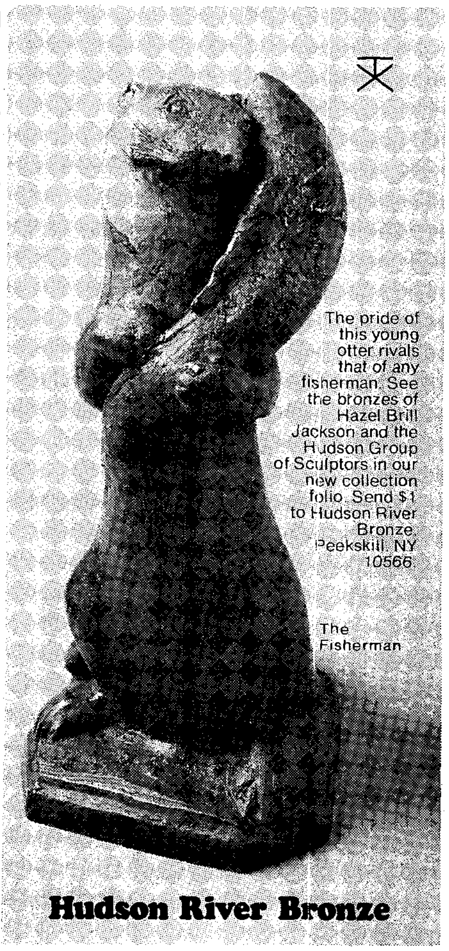
"You mean salt water, crests, troughs, big splash, and all that? Don't sweat it. You're safe here—as long as Pluto's out there."

"We got a boat."

"That's the best news I've heard in a couple of years. When I go bye-bye to the place below, why, that water will be there to cool me. I hope it's Saturday night. I won't have to take an extra bath."

"It may be a good thing, there's so many politicians; but they may get an extra boat. I used to be a miner. Oh, I've been all over. But now they've got machines and all the miners have died."

"The entire history of Nevada is one of plant life, animal life, and human life adapting to very difficult conditions. People here are the most individualistic you can find. As district attorney, I see examples of it every day. They want to live free from government interference. They don't fit into a structured way of life. This area was settled by people who shun progress. Their way of life would be totally unattractive to most, but they chose it. They have chosen conditions



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that would be considered intolerable elsewhere. So they would adapt, easily, to the strangest of situations."

"I've been here thirty-three years, almost half of that as mayor. I can't quite imagine the sea coming in—although most of us know that this was all under water at one time. I know there's quite a fault that runs to the east of us here. It may not be active. But it leaves a mark on your mind."

"Everybody's entitled to an opinion. Everybody's entitled to ask a question. If I didn't think your question was valid, I wouldn't have to answer you. I'd hope the fishing was good. I wouldn't mind having some beachfront property. If it was absolutely certified that it was going to happen, we should take steps to keep people out of the area. But as chief of police I'm not going to be alarmed."

"It'll be a change to have water here instead of desert. By God, we could use it. I say that as fire chief. We get seventy fire calls a year, which ain't much, but then we have to go a hundred miles to put out those damned ranch fires. We can't save much, but we can at least put out the heat. I got a ten-thousand-gallon tank there, which is really something for a place with no water. I guess I won't still be here to see the ocean come, and I'm glad of it, because I can't swim."

Meanwhile, Deffeyes, in Sturgeon's Log Cabin, applies the last refining strokes to his sketchings on the map. "The Salton Sea and Death Valley are below sea level now, and the ocean would be there if it were not for pieces of this and that between," he says. "We are extending the continental crust here. It is exactly analogous to the East African Rift, the Red Sea, the Atlantic. California will be an island. It is just a matter of time."

—JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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I would like to know the address of the secretary of the U.S. Treasury and how he is to be addressed.—S.M., Venice

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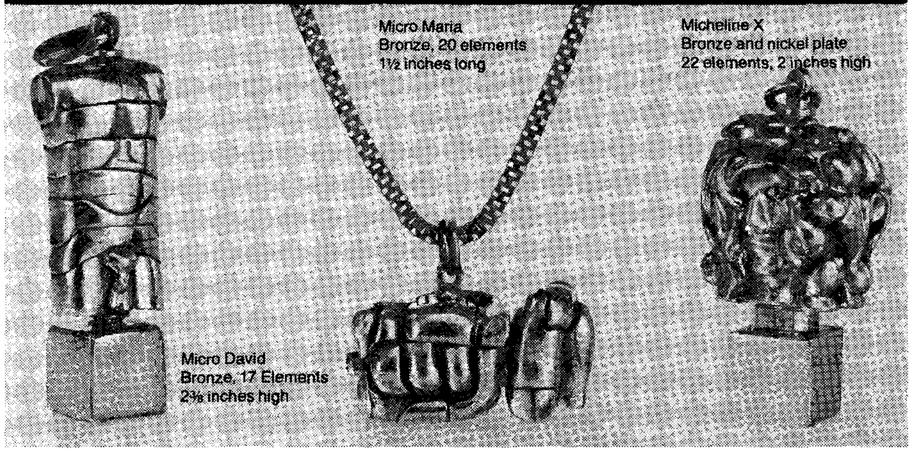

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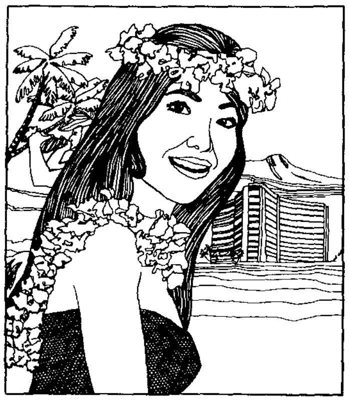

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THE THEATRE

Outwitting Witches

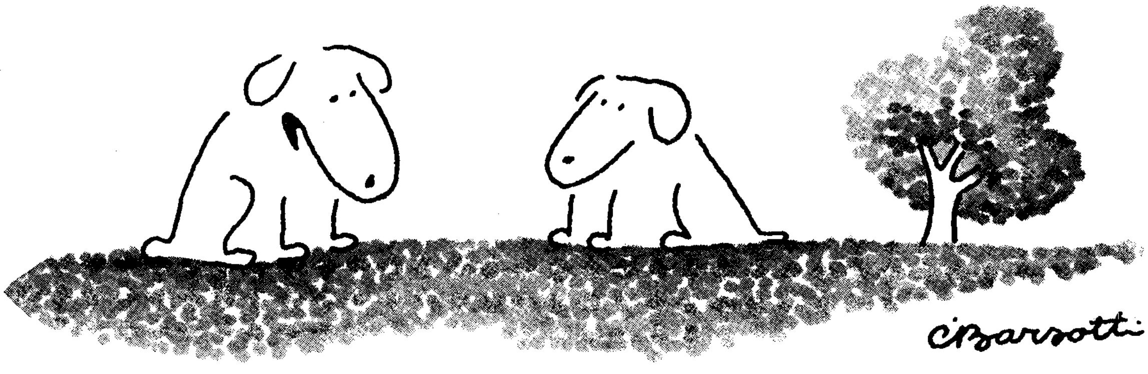
A NEW production of “Brigadoon” has just opened at the Majestic, and the first thing to be said about it is that the Lerner-Loewe songs are as ravishing as ever after thirty-three years. “The Heather on the Hill,” “Come to Me, Bend to Me,” “Almost Like Being in Love,” and “From This Day On” are so much a part of our lives by now that we wonder how on earth we once managed to get along without them. Would that as much could be said for the book, but, alas, it isn’t in the nature of musical comedies in general, and of musical fantasies in particular, to survive the passage of years as successfully as the songs they provide the occasion for. The story of “Brigadoon” is bound to seem even more foolishly improbable when summarized in print than it does when played out upon a stage: Two young Americans, having lost their way in the mists of the Scottish Highlands, suddenly stumble upon a little village called Brigadoon, which unaccountably exists on no maps, and in which it turns out that the inhabitants dress and speak in eighteenth-century fashion. It further turns out that they do so for the very good reason that they are *living* in the eighteenth century, thanks to a bargain struck between the local vicar and God. We are told that Scotland in the eighteenth century was overrun by wicked witches, and in order to keep his congregation from endangering their immortal souls through witchcraft the vicar asked God to supply a miracle, and God obliged. Brigadoon would be enabled to outwit the witches by dint of withdrawing from the world and preserving its ancient Church of Scotland virtue over the centuries with but a single grave risk to be faced: if any native of Brigadoon should quit the village, it would be destroyed. On the brighter side, if a stranger were to enter Brigadoon and fall in love with a native he would be made welcome but would never be allowed to return to the so-called “real” world. Well, of course it happens that one of the Americans falls in love with a comely female Brigadoonian, and that a wretched male Brigadoonian threatens to run away. Plots of this sort have a harmless mechanical suspense built into them (Will the young American lover choose to stay? Will he then change his mind? Will he change his mind a second time?), but a happy ending is almost always to be counted on; our pleasure consists in seeing how neatly the clockwork figures can be made to carry out their tasks. Though “Brigadoon” is neat enough, its gears whir more noisily today than they did in 1947; either that or our ears are sharper and our patience shorter.

Martin Vidnovic, who gained much praise as Jud in the recent revival of “Oklahoma!,” is admirable as Tommy Albright, the young American eagerly and yet uneasily falling in love with Fiona MacLaren (Meg Bussert); as Tommy’s fellow-hiker in the Highlands, Mark Zimmerman does his best to disguise the lack of content in his role, and Stephen Lehew sings sweetly as a Brigadoon bridegroom. The cast also includes John Curry, Mollie Smith, and Frank Hamilton. The scenery, which keeps moving busily about and is perhaps a trifle too quaint for eighteenth-century Scotland, is by Michael J. Hotopp and Paul de Pass; the costumes are by Stanley Simmons; the lighting is by Thomas Skelton; the choreography is by Agnes de Mille; and the direction is by Vivian Matalon. As is now damnably customary, all voices are miked, with the sounds running from High Tin Can to inaudible. —BRENDAN GILL

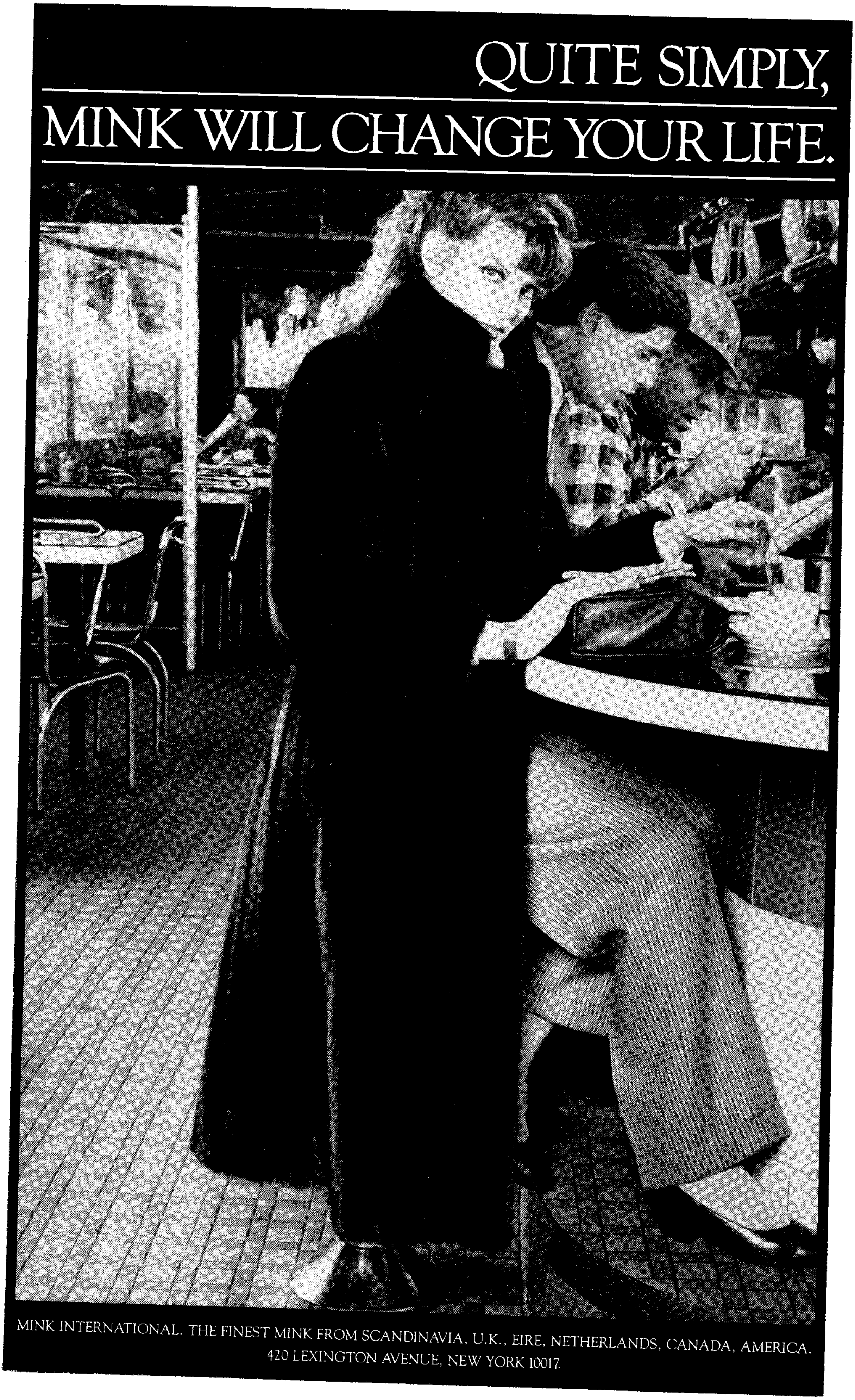
OFF BROADWAY

Vie de Famille Québécoise

THE Phoenix has opened its season at Marymount with a distinguished production of Michel Tremblay’s “Bonjour, Là, Bonjour,” a fascinating play about a young Québécois who returns to his tangled family in Montreal after three months in Europe. At the beginning, when the lights go up, the entire company is onstage on a setting of ramps and platforms, blissfully free of furniture and scenery and clutter. The entire company is the entire family: Serge, his deaf father, his bickering aunts, with whom the father lives, and his four sisters. The eldest (Veronica Castang, sharp and chic in a black pants suit) is married to a rich doctor, an *Anglais*, and has three teen-age children; she has started an affair with one of Serge’s friends and wants to rent an apartment for Serge that she can use for her assignations. Another sister (Judith Drake), married to a shopkeeper of some kind, is fat and miserable and jokey. A third (Cara Duff-MacCormick), whose husband is always away, leaving her with her mother-in-law, is becoming a drug addict. The fourth sister (Dianne Wiest), only five years older than Serge—she is thirty, he is twenty-five—has been living with him as his lover. Soon we realize that he has gone away partly to clear his head. Now he knows—as she has always known—that what he wants is to continue to stay with her for life. Mr. Tremblay, in telling his story, which has to do with the threats of the older sisters to expose the lovers to their father and start a scandal, puts on display every variety of family jealousy and envy and spite and trespass and greed (and love and affection, too), as well as—most especially in this particular, claustrophobic family—incest, for all the sisters want Serge, and all but the youngest of them try to



“I’m trained, yes, but not highly trained.”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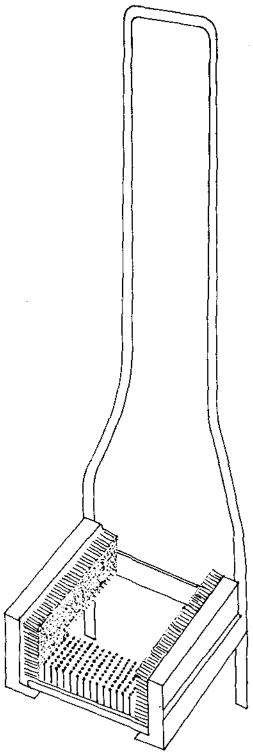

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possess him and eat him alive. "Live with *me!*" "Live with *me!*" "Live with *me!*" . . . "Remember." "Remember." "Remember." . . . "I bathed you." "I dressed you." "I gave you a record-player." That sort of thing.

The situation is claustrophobic for Serge but not for the audience, setting foot, as it were, in new territory. According to a note in the program, Mr. Tremblay some years ago wrote a play in colloquial dialect and thereby "killed pure French in Quebec's theatre forever, substituting an ethnic theatre that burgeoned as other playwrights followed his example." "Bonjour, Là, Bonjour" may lose something in the fluent and plausible-sounding translation of John van Burek and Bill Glassco, but it has its own special flavor all the same. And its own special style: there are overlapping scenes and simultaneous and choral dialogue, and few speeches are uninterrupted. When Serge is having a serious and tender conversation with his father, for instance, the aunts, like statues on an upstage platform, talk endlessly about food and food prices and the meals they serve, to very funny effect. Under the scrupulous and precise direction of Steven Robman (the new artistic director of the Phoenix), every moment is clear and every performance is believable—in some instances, even better than that. William Katt is very good as the put-upon Serge, at last in command of himself, and Miss Wiest is most memorable as the glowing, quiet youngest sister. Fred Stuthman is commendable, too, as the father, and so are Beverly May and Mary Fogarty as the comical maiden aunts. Marjorie Kellogg designed the impressive setting; the costumes, by Jennifer von Mayrhauser, looked just right.

IN "The Diviners," at the Circle Repertory, Jim Leonard, Jr., tells a curious story, about a fourteen-year-old idiot boy who can find water with a dowsing rod and predict weather and count the number of jelly beans in a closed jar, and about a young man, C. C. Showers, who drifts into the Indiana farming community where the action is set, looking for work. The time is the nineteen-thirties. Showers applies for a job with the boy's father and admits, under some pressure from his new employer, that he used to be a preacher in Kentucky but has given that up for good. Not a chance when the local religious busybodies get the news! At any rate, Showers makes friends with the boy, a hydrophobe who refuses to wash or go near water, and eventually, after much talk about itching and spreading ringworm (and much business of scratching), persuades him first to wade in a river and then go in deeper. They are distracted by some insistent hymn-singing women, with sad, predictable results. So much for the plot.

I must say at once that "The Diviners," which sounds awful (dowsing, idiot savant, hymn-singing, itching and scratching), is better than you might expect. The action is a matter of small scenes—in a diner, a garage, a candy store, a field—some of them funny and/or charming, and all of them to the point. The members of the community, old and young, wisecracking about Herbert Hoover, becoming aware of their sexuality—even going on about nature—are nicely sketched by the dramatist. In a sense, the play is as much about the community as about the child, and it is firmly constructed.

Mr. Leonard, aged twenty-four, wrote "The Diviners" at Hanover College, in Indiana, where his professor of drama was Tom Evans, the director of this admirable production. Again the actors are onstage throughout, sitting in bleachers between their scenes and always watchful. A remarkable young actor, Robert Macnaughton, aged thirteen, makes the boy—who could easily be a pain—appealing as well as believable, and Timothy Shelton does very well as the ex-preacher. Of the Circle Rep regulars, I admired Jimmie Ray Weeks and Lisa Pelikan as the boy's father and sister, Jack Davidson as a neighboring farmer, and Jacqueline Brookes as a religious busybody. All the performances are satisfactory, but the most dramatic aspect of the evening is Arden Fingerhut's subtle, telling lighting.

THE less said the better about the annoying "Really Rosie," at the Chelsea, a musical for and with children, devised, designed, and written by Maurice Sendak. A limp balloon if ever there was one. The music is by Carole King. —EDITH OLIVER

•

Love letters I will not discuss. Love letters are like wine, delicious when young, spoiling with age.—*Madeleine Blais in the Washington Post Magazine.*

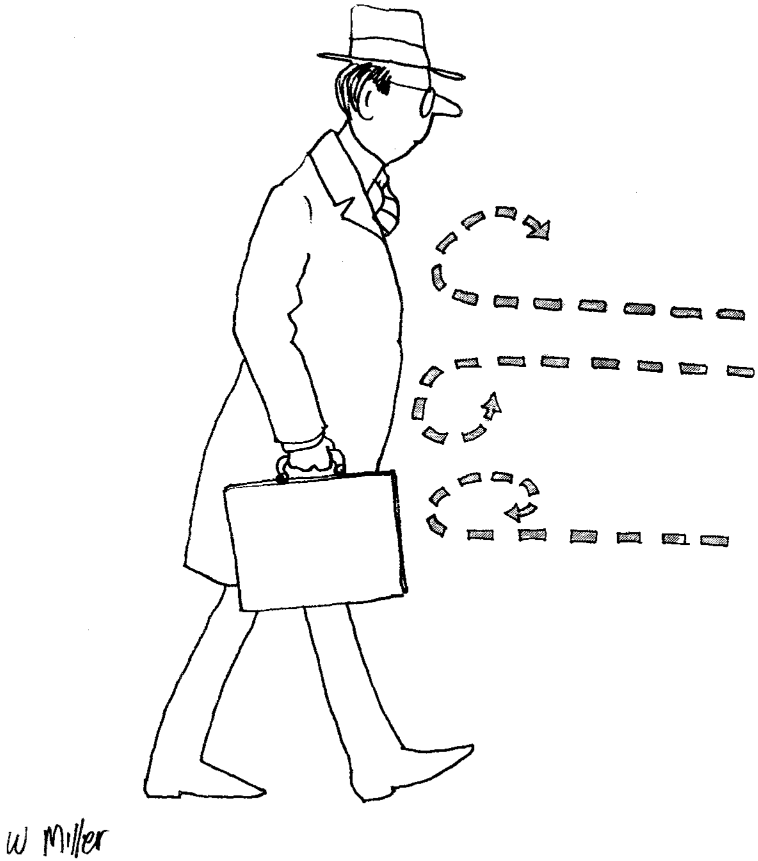
Love is a wonderful thing, and you should have a talk with your vintner.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Buzz, Buzz!

WHILE the Philharmonia Orchestra, from London, was playing three Viennese symphonies and one Russian symphony at its Carnegie Hall concerts last week, American musicians were giving the American premières of some British works. Philip West's Alice Tully Hall recital, on Sunday, entitled "An Evening of English Music for the Oboe," began with Britten's early Fantasy Quartet, Opus 2, for oboe and string trio, and his "Six Metamorphoses After Ovid," for solo oboe, and it included the American premières of his "Two Insect Pieces" (1935) and his "Temporal Variations" (1936), both for oboe and piano, and both but recently published. The "Insect Pieces"—the Grasshopper and the Wasp—are slight, brief scherzi, one hoppity-skippity, the other a thing of darting zigzag flights from the oboe and angry buzzing, now loud, now soft, from the piano, with a sting in the coda. Mr. West and his pianist, David Burge, treated them solemnly, steadily, and missed the fun. The graphic vividness of the final episode—on the page the lines seem to track an increasingly infuriated wasp, homing at last on its target—was given no correspondingly picturesque sound image. And that was surprising, for Mr. West and Mr. Burge are both known to be witty men. As I have had occasion to observe before, Puritan hangups persist in American "classical" music-making. Even the merriest men can turn sobersides when they put on the old soup-and-fish and step out in front of an audience. Oboists, I'm told, daren't smile; embouchure must determine the set of their lips. But surely their eyes can twinkle and their music can smile? I'd never before heard the Bacchus movement of the "Metamorphoses"—which represents "the noise of gaggling women's tattling tongues and shouting out of boys"—played in so careful and unintoxicate a manner. Would it be wrong to suggest that British music and therefore British executants—or is it vice versa?—are the most relaxed of any, the least formal, the readiest to reach out to audiences and share enjoyment with them? Handel was British by choice and by adoption; most of his music was written for London. Mr. West and Mr. Burge played his G-Minor Sonata, Opus 1, No. 6, and played its sparkling movements too earnestly.

The "Temporal Variations" is a substantial, often entertaining composition—theme, seven variations, and "resolution"—lasting about fifteen minutes. Subtleties of motivic, harmonic, rhythmic, and textural transformation show Britten's innate command of musical science, and the piece also has charm and wit—more than were revealed by a prim, inhibited performance. Britten's almost Expressionist range of dynamics and accents was narrowed. The variation called "Oration" was not declamatory; "Commination" didn't sound like a string of colorful curses. The stress of the germinal motif seemed to fall on the second, not on the accented first, note. The recital ended with Arthur Bliss's Oboe Quintet (1927), written, as the Fantasy Quartet was, for Leon Goossens. Mr. West was joined by four of his colleagues on the Eastman faculty. (Since one celebrated review of the composition began "Five oboes is an unusual combination," perhaps I should specify that they were four distinguished string players, versed in chamber music, making up an ad-hoc string quartet.) Bliss's "absolute" music has its champions, but I, though I liked the man very much, am not among them. The Pastoral "Lie strewn the white flocks" is beautiful; the film music (notably "Things to Come") and the three ballets are strong and effective. But the Oboe Quintet and its stronger successor the Clarinet Quintet now seem to say little, to do little, even in performances more freely romantic than that of Mr. West and his colleagues. It was a disappointing recital from a player who is a master of his instrument, a scrupulous and dedicated musician, and an explorer of new repertory. No sparks flew; no fire was kindled.



THE FAULTY AERODYNAMICS OF MR. RICHARD P. FARNLEY

THE next day, William Walton's "Façade 2" had its American première, at a concert in the Symphony Space given by the Caecilian Chamber Ensemble. "Façade," Walton's most famous composition, has an intricate history. In brief, there were eighteen "numbers"—Edith Sitwell poems recited in tempo to musical accompaniment from wind quartet, cello, and percussion—at the first public performance, in 1923. Eleven of them were retained at the next performances, in 1926, and seventeen new settings were added. Only five of the originals survived at the ISCM performance, in 1928. The following year, Miss Sitwell, with Constant Lambert as her partner,

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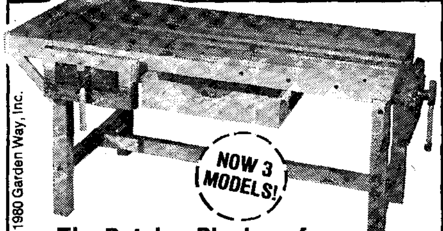
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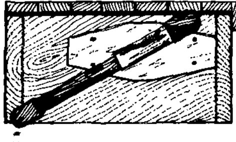
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made the first of her three "Façade" recordings—eleven numbers, all of which were taken into the "definitive" suite. This was published only in 1951. Like "Pierrot Lunaire," it consists of thrice seven settings. It has become the familiar "Façade." Then in 1977, Walton's seventy-fifth-birthday year, eight of the earlier "Façade" pieces were revived, by the English Bach Festival, and were prepared for publication. While reading the proofs, the composer decided to reject three of them and replace them with three other numbers, and "radically to rework and reorder the music." The quotation is from the recently published score of "Façade 2," which comes from the Oxford University Press. ("Façade 2" has also been recorded, as a prelude to "Façade," on an O.U.P. disc distributed here by Peters International. Cathy Berberian and Robert Tear are the speakers.) This summary history could be complicated by consideration of the "Façade" orchestral suites; the different scores, with different contents, used for the Ballet Rambert's and the Royal Ballet's "Façade;" and the three (at least) "Façade" poems that Walton has also set as songs.

Study of "Façade" would not be ado about nothing. The piece has a touch of magic in it and more than a touch of genius. On several counts, it is an important work in musical history. Nicholas Kenyon suggested one of them in his *High Fidelity* review of the O.U.P. recording: "The effect of its success on Walton's composing career seems in retrospect to have been disastrous. . . . It is ironic that while Michael Tippett, for example, has become ever more searching in the works of his later years, Walton had to celebrate his seventy-fifth birthday by returning to a youthful triumph of forty years before." Anyone working on Mascagni, who never repeated the success of "Cavalleria," on Leoncavallo (ditto with "Pagliacci"), or on Rossini, who conquered the musical world while he was young and after "William Tell" retired into almost forty years of near-silence, must speculate on this phenomenon. Tippett, Schütz, and Verdi are the opposite types. Then, there is the matter of bringing "popular" idioms into "serious" music, with its bearing on Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, Krenek. Walton's tango, foxtrot, and popular song, with its smoochy saxophone, precede those of Kurt Weill. "Façade" also throws its own light on the mysterious marriage of the sounds and

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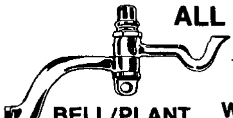

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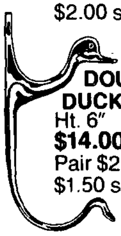
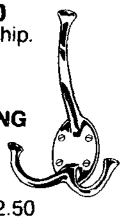
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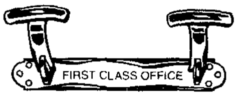

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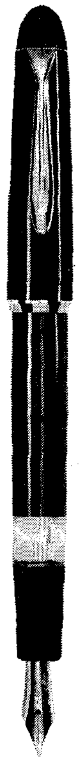
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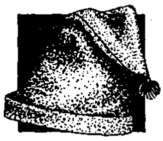
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rhythms of words to those of instruments. When I was a schoolboy, Edith Sitwell's writings—her essays and her poetry—opened my ears to the *sounds* of English, to niceties of weight, length, speed, vowel colors, and the percussion of consonants. (As antidote to this heady stuff, there was the daily sound of the Prayer Book and the Authorized Version, and plenty of Gibbons and Purcell to be sung.) Today, I make students slowly read aloud

Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creaks down again

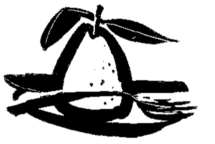
and listen to the sustained vowels. And hear the muted music of

Jumbo asleep!
Grey leaves thick-furred
As his ears, keep
Conversations blurred.

And learn to join distinct consonants o vowels short and long with

Madam Mouse trots,
Gray in the black night!

Years ago, I wrote in a "Façade" eview of the incantatory effect on me of Sitwell's verses, chanted from nurery days onward, and of the imagery vith which she had filled my life. From Sunset Boulevard, Dame Edith ent a generous letter, explaining what he had tried to achieve with her "Faade" poems. The work's long genesis, he refinements and rejections spread over nearly a decade are enough to indicate that "Façade" was more than a eu d'esprit on Sitwell's and Walton's part. "Pierrot Lunaire" had appeared n 1912, "The Soldier's Tale" in 918; they lay behind this further experiment with sounds and sense. The core of "Façade 2" gives no hint of how radical Sir William's latest reworking f its contents has been, but everal of the "new" pieces —at least two of them go ack to the 1923 score—how sparer textures and less exuberntly detailed working than those of he familiar "Façade." The mood is ften close to that of "Pierrot."



The Caecilian performance, conucted by Gerardo Levy, was intrumentally brilliant. The reciter was hythmically exact but otherwise had ittle to recommend her. She adopted ancy voices, added camp or coy "expression," shimmied, swung her hips, waved her arms, "sang" in lines f *Sprechstimme*, and did almost everyhing except pronounce the words learly and beautifully. Although she used a microphone, the rapid numbers became an incomprehensible gabble. (The audience had been given broadsheets with the texts of all the poems, clearly reproduced but useless: the lights in the hall were turned out.) In three recordings—two of them still in the British catalogue, the third in the American—Dame Edith herself set a standard for "Façade" recitation. That exquisite patrician art may well be inimitable; at least, it should be studied by any prospective "Façade" interpreter. After a while, I tried to shut out the voice and attend only to the virtuosity of the instrumentalists and Walton's "compositional art." It's one way of listening to "Façade," but not the way its creators intended.

"An American Trilogy," at the New York State Theatre, is a bill of three new one-act operas. The best of them is Stanley Silverman's "Madame Adare," with a libretto by Richard Foreman. The plot turns on some loose and surely inaccurate equation of mental instability with interpretative genius. "If you were well, Madame," says the Psychiatrist, "if I had cured you, Madame, nothing would have remained seething inside, forcing those glorious notes from your beautiful throat, Madame." Madame Adare, it's true, replies, "That's garbage, doctor," so both sides of the argument are presented. She then shoots the Psychiatrist and "becomes a sexy movie star on the basis of such notoriety." Hindemith's "Neues vom Tage" treated the second limb of the plot more wittily and precisely. The libretto is a loose, unpolished, undergraduate piece of work. Silverman's score—Weillish but without the bite and the depth of human feeling that give Weill's music its greatness—is dapper and inventive. A pity, though, that Silverman didn't take the chance when writing for the City Opera (which commissioned the piece) of advancing beyond the idiom of "Dr. Selavy" and "Hotel for Criminals," small-house successes, to produce something more ambitious, more potent—something that really uses and needs opera-house resources.

Thomas Pasatieri's "Before Breakfast" is a monodrama that was written three years ago for Beverly Sills to do on television. The libretto is an expansion and prolongation, by Frank Corsaro, of O'Neill's brief dramatic monologue with the same ti-

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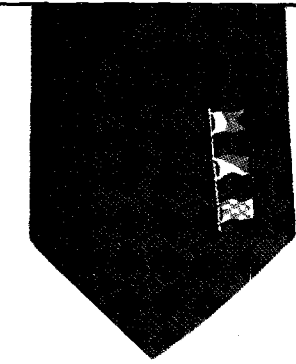
tle. Cocteau's one-woman play "La Voix Humaine," a not dissimilar work, is possibly more effective theatre "straight" than in Poulenc's operatic version, but Poulenc's score added a "dimension" of thoughts, emotions, and reminiscences, and some of it is elegant, distinguished music. Pasatieri's score strikes me as worthless, sub-Menotti stuff. There is an elaborate production, by Mr. Corsaro, in a richly detailed period set, by Lloyd Evans. (The refrigerator light that goes on when the door opens is surely an anachronism.) Marilyn Zschau does what she can to give life to this stagy confection. Her talents would be better employed in Schoenberg's "Erwartung."

Jan Bach's "The Student from Salamanca" is a farce with a libretto by the composer based on Cervantes' interlude "The Cave of Salamanca," with touches from "The Jealous Old Man." The first few minutes, of bright neoclassical chatter, are sprightly. With increasing dismay, one sits on through more than an hour of less amusing, less inventive larkiness. For some reason, the lusty, witty Student is played, by Allan Glassman, in a lugubrious hangdog manner; the rest is produced, efficiently, in the primping, Mickey Mousing caricature style thought appropriate to operatic comedy. The words are clear—even those of the old husband, John Lankston, who is required to sing his patter music with a lisp. Bach has technical skill. Beverly Evans, as Cristina, the maid, is brilliant. Was this score, winner of a nationwide competition for new one-act operas, really the best that turned up? Better, in that case, to have awarded no prize and strengthened the "Trilogy" with some existing opera that deserves a New York production.

THE City Opera production of "Silverlake," an entertainment derived from "Der Silbersee," a play by Georg Kaiser with music by Weill, has been recorded by Nonesuch and revived at the State Theatre. In an essay accompanying the records, Kim Kowalke, the author of "Kurt Weill in Europe," remarks that " 'Silverlake' is not 'Der Silbersee.' " Indeed no. "Der Silbersee" was the last strong great statement of the Weimar Republic's lyric stage; an earnest, emphatic, brave, and beautiful fable illumined by some of Weill's keenest and deepest music—his "Fidelio," one might say. It appeared in February, 1933; Hitler was already Chancellor. Nine days



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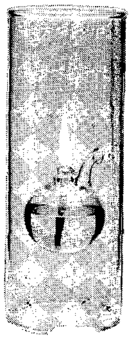

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after the première, the Reichstag was burned; in March, Weill's scores and Kaiser's plays were proscribed. To make "Silverlake," Kaiser's drama (called by its first director "ten times tougher than any Brecht play") has been rewritten by Hugh Wheeler, who is cited in Mr. Kowalke's essay as saying, "The original play is so difficult and highfalutin I could barely make out what it was all about." And Weill's score has been diluted with his incidental music for Strindberg's "Gustav III." Played as background music through the dialogue, it blunts the force of the "Silbersee" movements when they arrive. One of them, the "Hungerlied," is omitted.

"Der Silbersee," at once a heavy play and a musically demanding opera, is hard to perform. The complete score was first heard only in 1971, at the Holland Festival, in a concert version for which David Drew had devised a context true to Kaiser. (Tapes and a pirate recording circulate; an authorized recording in good sound would be welcome, for Gary Bertini's conducting was sensitive and committed.) For repertory use in a New York theatre, some adaptation was doubtless inevitable. But the City Opera version lacks force, feeling, and faithfulness; it misrepresents the tone, the spirit, and the content of the work. Like "The Magic Flute," "Der Silbersee" balances sacred, operatic, and popular elements in a topical play-with-music whose concerns are timeless. Some opera company with a social conscience—Boston? Minnesota?—should revive it. At the State Theatre, Harold Prince's smart, superficial staging was not even slickly executed. Julius Rudel's conducting was glib, unimpassioned. Among the newcomers to the cast, Mr. Lankston, as Olim, made sense of his role and was altogether admirable. On the first night of the revival, the voices were amplified; miking is preferable to inaudibility, but the sound here was tinny.

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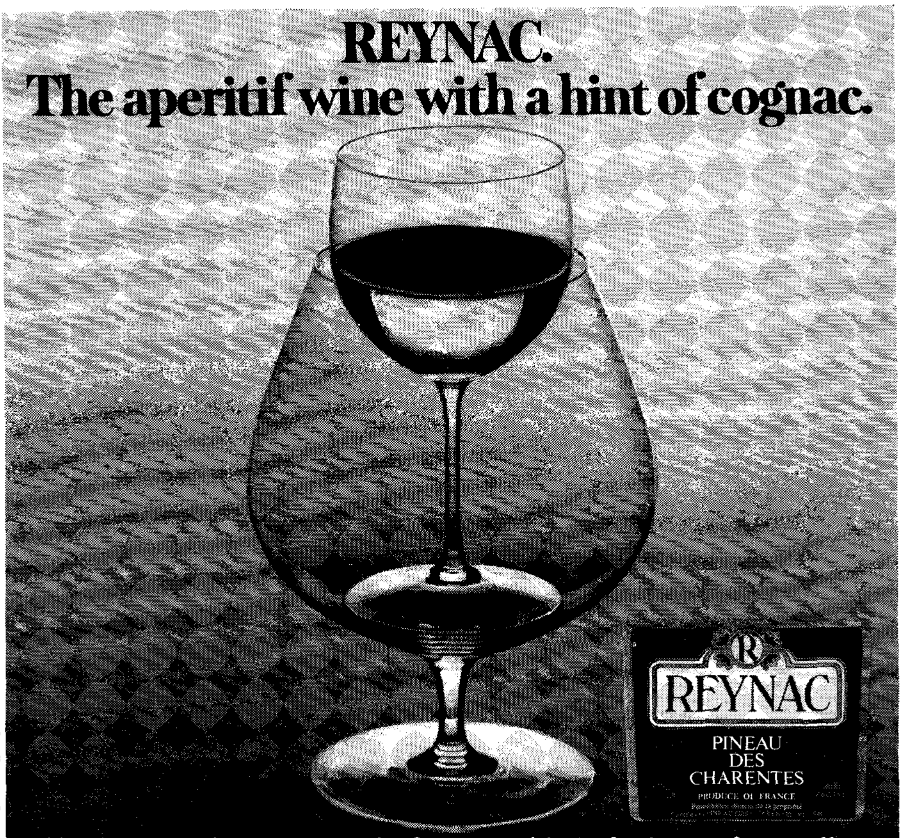
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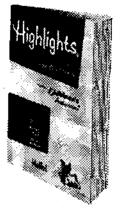

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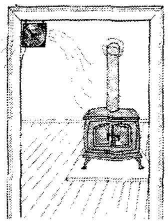

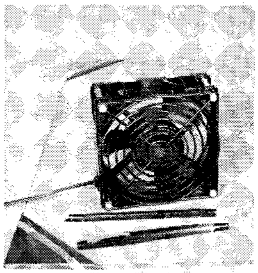

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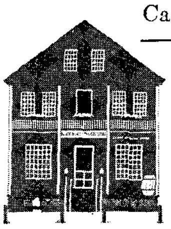

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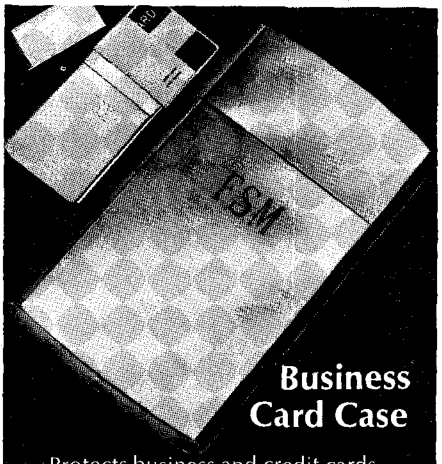
Steven Kimbrough, having begun a recital with songs by Alexander Zemlinsky and Mahler, was continuing it with songs by Franz Schreker. Schreker's early songs, written in student days, are fairly conventional, but the Five Songs of 1909—Mr. Kimbrough sang three of them—are arresting studies in Schreker's "deliquescent" style, where "fused" harmonies and rhythms glow around the words. An aria from the opera "Der Ferne Klang" and a fairly late song, "Das Feurige Männlein," proved even more striking. Mr. Kimbrough is a remarkable singer, with a cultivated, easily flowing baritone of fine quality and a rare command of words and rhythms. —Andrew Porter

FURTHER EVENTS

Parables

TWO works recently given in New York were parables of adolescence. In both, a young man ascended a mountain in search of universal truth. In neither case did he find what he was looking for. There the resemblance ended. Robert Moran's "Through Cloud and Eclipse . . ." was given three performances at The Kitchen, to small audiences (about forty, the night I went); I found it enchanting. Jon Deak's Concerto for Oboe d'Amore and Orchestra, entitled "The Fearsome Endeavor," was played three times to Philharmonic subscription audiences (sold out, *the night I went*); *I found it* depressing.

Robert Moran, who is famous among experimental musicians for his massive compositions—for six orchestras and choruses at Berlin in 1974, for eight orchestras at Zagreb in 1977—has often included a strong visual element in his music. Some of his scores for large and small forces are simply graphic designs to be interpreted by the performers; several examples that are attractive to look at are displayed in a cramped space by the elevators near the Amsterdam Avenue entrance of the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, at Lincoln Center. (A pity that we cannot hear some interpretations of the music as we look; the excellent exhibition just up the stairs, in the Amsterdam Gallery, of "The Flute from Hotteterre to Barrère" has pleasant taped recordings.) Moran's visual sense is the most prominent aspect of "Through Cloud and Eclipse . . ." It is a shadow-puppet show, commissioned by an artists-



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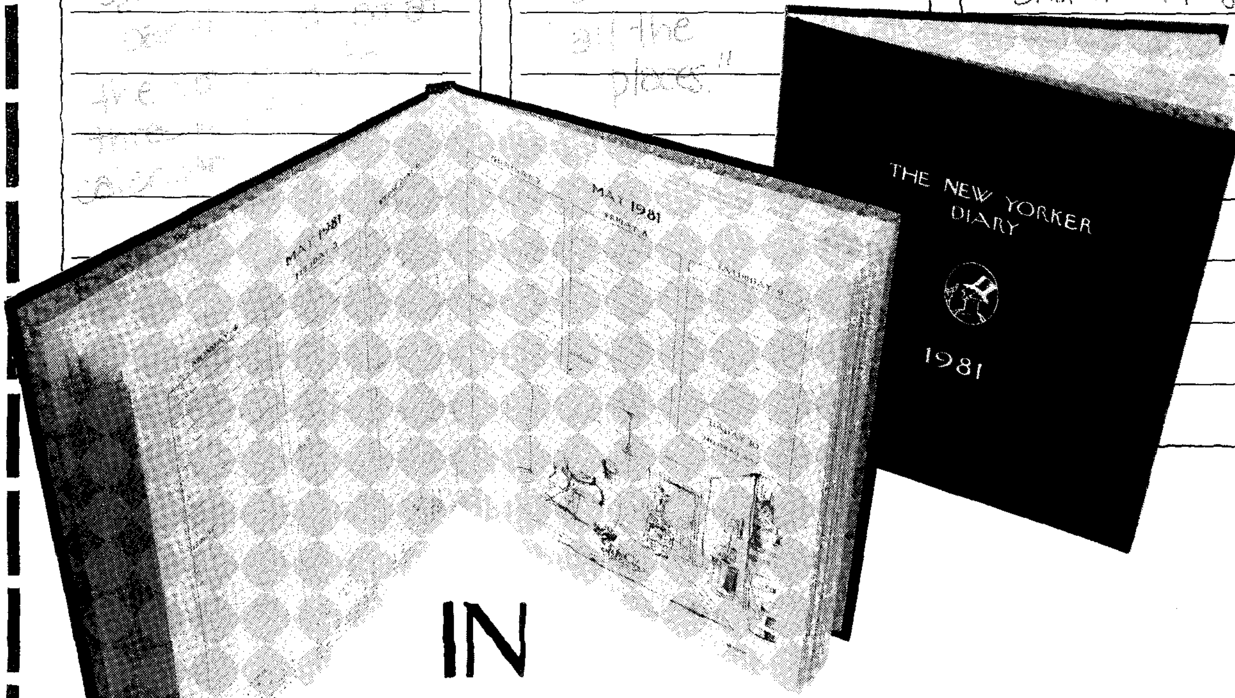

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in-residence program in Berlin and first performed there in 1975. Against shifting scenic backgrounds on a small screen, Moran manipulates a cast of silhouette puppets to tell the story of a student, Hammi, who fails to find knowledge of life either through books or through meeting the most beautiful woman in the world. Hammi ascends Mount Shasta, where he meets two evil giants; they promise him knowledge of life, but a bird explains that the secret resides in a nearby tree. In the last scene, the tree gives Hammi a seedling, saying that only as they grow old together will the secrets be revealed. This eighty-minute show is the first of three parts of a projected epic. It is a quiet, hypnotic experience. The changing scenes provide a sort of rhythm; as images from two projectors mingle and fade, the scene blurs and then focusses. Color is used sparingly and effectively. The puppets are intricate, with detailed outlines and moving arms. The music consists of tape loops, pre-recorded by members of the University Philharmonia at S.U.N.Y. Buffalo; like the scenes, they present complex patterns that fade in and out of one another—they are put together with a wonderful feeling for texture and movement, and they help to give a relaxed tension to the slowly developing story. (This was a newly prepared score, the fourth Moran has used for the work.) A taped narration was read in German by Ysa Lo; it did not help us to understand the piece but added to the remote atmosphere. At The Kitchen, the audience was invited to move behind the screen to watch Moran and his collaborators—Donald Case, who created the puppets, and James Kasprowicz and Craig Brown, who controlled the tape mix—at work. Moran, crouched on a small podium, swooping round to pick up puppets, leaning backward to fly his magical bird close to the screen, was a performance art form in himself.

Jon Deak is assistant principal of the Philharmonic's double-bass section; his virtuoso performance of Jacob Druckman's "Valentine" was admired at a 1975 Prospective Encounters concert, and the next year Boulez gave one of Deak's pieces, "Dire Expectations," in the same series. His new work formed part of the continuing series of concertos commissioned for the Philharmonic principals. The youth here, who is represented by the oboe-d'amore soloist, inhabits not the mythological world of Mr. Moran's work but a supposedly contemporary

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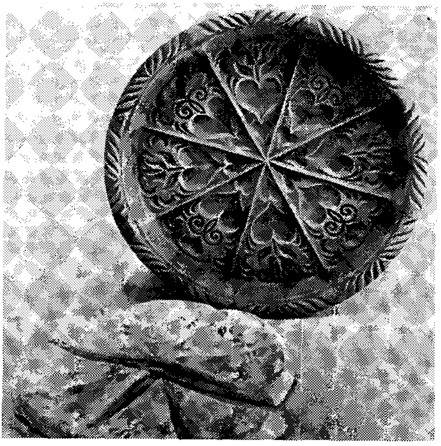

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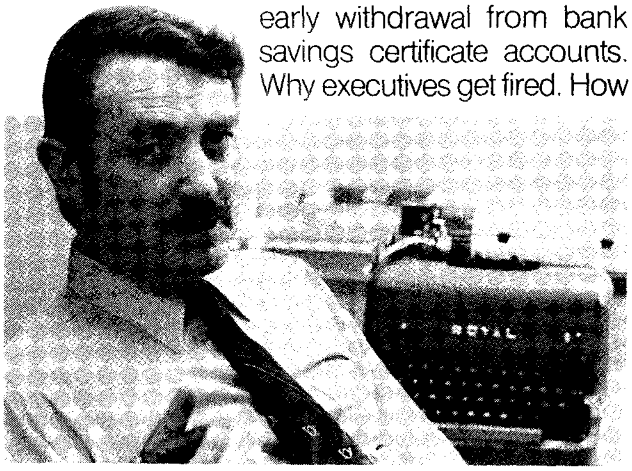

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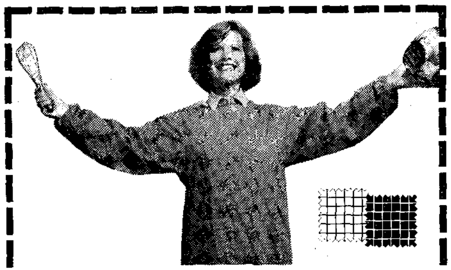

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world of gangs, discos, automobile horns, police whistles, and big-city alienation. In the middle of all this, he experiences what Mr. Deak, in a program note, calls "an ephemeral insight." Encouraged by a wise old man, he sets off toward a high mountain, and, in spite of the old man's warning that he will freeze to death, goes to the top; in the final bars of the piece, he realizes that he will not survive. Mr. Deak's approach to portraying this in music is literal. Instruments represent things: we read of "a river of woodwinds" and "a vast ancient forest of contrabasses" and the "sneers and ridicule" of "passing violas and violins." The old man is characterized by a solo cello, and he speaks as best a cello can; with sliding groans on the strings, the cello makes a series of noises that signify, apparently, the words "What do you want?" The literal sound effects at first caused mirth among the Philharmonic audience but quickly made us feel at home—for once, being in Avery Fisher Hall wasn't much different from being outside on Broadway at Sixty-fifth. The use of sound effects and of musical pseudo-speech might be an imaginative touch, but in a sustained work—"The Fearsome Endeavor" lasts twenty-seven minutes—these effects must be placed in a firm framework. The basis of this piece was entirely programmatic; it had little independent musical logic. Fragments of cliché material—staccato figures for a chase, soft flutes and harps for the vision, quivering *sul ponticello* strings for the cloud-capped mountain—were patched together with no discernible harmonic planning; the chord progressions were awkward, the part-writing was naïve. Thomas Stacy played the oboe-d'amore part, including impressive but meaningless cadenzas, brilliantly. Orchestra and audience gave Mr. Deak a warm reception.

ON the evidence of two works given their first New York performances on successive nights this month, Daniel Perlongo (a thirty-eight-year-old composer who teaches at Indiana University of Pennsylvania) writes music that is easy on the ear, gently understated, yet always interesting, always expressive. "Soliloquy" for solo bass clarinet, which Harry Sparnaay played in the opening recital of the Music New to New York series at the Third Street Music School Settlement, lasted about seven and a half minutes. It grew from a couple of notes, growling low in the instrument's

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register, and took flight into long, sensuous lines that curled up to the reedy top range of the bass clarinet; between these expressive arcs came agitated, scuttering lines and bright, high trills; then all the activity disappeared and the music subsided into quiet low notes. The work made use of Mr. Sparnaay's virtuosity but did not become merely a vehicle for it; he performed it beautifully.

Mr. Perlongo's Quartet for Saxophones was played at Carnegie Recital Hall, in a concert promoted by New Music for Young Ensembles, Inc. This organization runs an annual competition for new works; the quartet is this year's co-winner, with William Ross's Divertimento (which will be heard at the group's concert next May). In accordance with the organization's aim "to create a repertory of contemporary chamber music of moderate difficulty," Mr. Perlongo made no unreasonable demands on his players. There was more emphasis on a harmonious texture than on individual brilliance. The idiom was more tangy than that of "Soliloquy," with plenty of syncopation and bouncy triple-time rhythms, but one did not have the feeling that this was watered-down jazz—a quiet lyricism made the piece nicely undemonstrative. Mr. Perlongo likes to use patterns and play with them: a little fragment (echoing "Moonlight Serenade"?), which seemed to get stuck in a groove, and an expansive melody over a repetitive, throbbing accompaniment, which reminded me irresistibly of the so-called Albinoni "Adagio." The performance, by Dennis C. Anderson, Lawrence Feldman, Dan Trimboli, and Richard Wasley, was unsatisfactory. Without a score, I would have wondered which chords were meant to be played together and which not; the antiphonal writing for pairs of instruments at the start was spoiled because each pair did not play precisely; the soprano-saxophone solos were cautious and uningratiating; the ensemble made breaks between the sections of the one-movement work, interrupting its flow.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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THE AIR

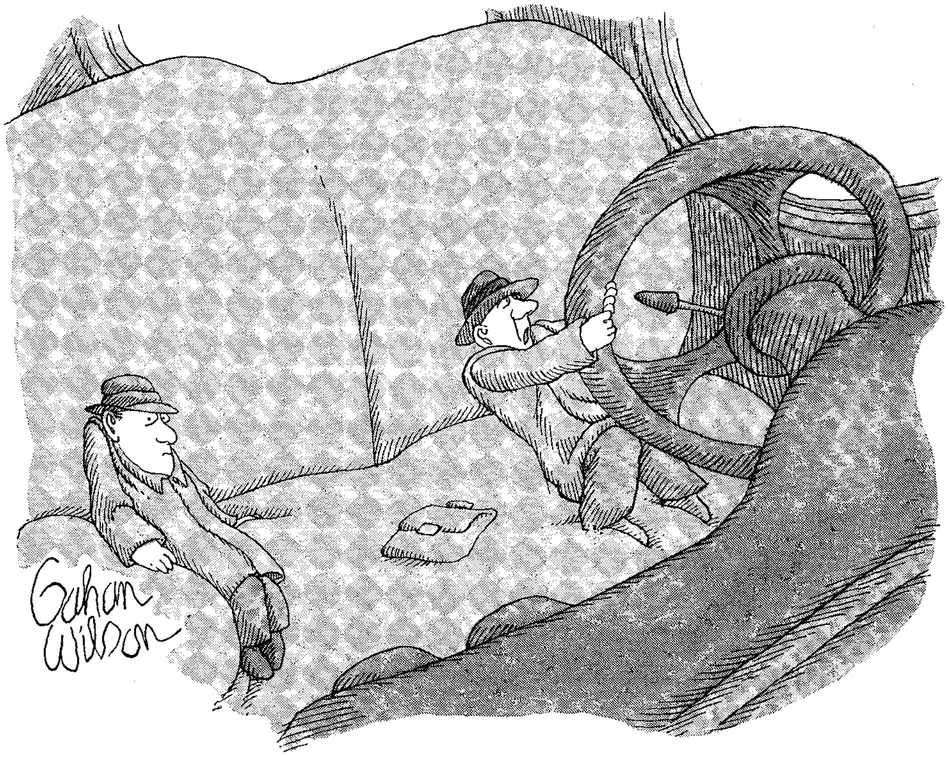
The Modulating of the Presidency

OUR Presidential candidates are lost somewhere out there in America. They've been lost for weeks, for months, maybe for years—two mainstream candidates, one independent candidate, a baker's dozen of peripheral candidates. Bill Moyers found some of the peripheral candidates the other evening—wandering bleakly like trappers in the dark woods, where the media sun never shines—and warmed them briefly in the glow of public television's lights; but soon they wandered off again (their faces pink and glowing) and are lost once more. Of course, our independent and peripheral candidates are always lost—trappers trudging through the wilderness, stubbornly trapping for extinct or near-extinct species. But in this autumn of an election year, in a nation whose politics (so virtually everyone agrees) have been taken over, veritably subsumed, by television, our mainstream candidates are also lost—not entirely out of view or altogether out of mind, for they pop up constantly on the news, addressing factory workers here or chatting with Hispanics there, but nonetheless as good as vanished, *perdu*, lost from sight, and right in front of the all-seeing, all-powerful eyes of the mighty network cameras.

To listen to the political people and the network people talk about the election coverage, you'd think that there was nothing wrong with it that a little more fiddling with the controls and components wouldn't cure. If there's a problem, it is apparently a problem of *modulation;* at any rate, these days everybody is bent on fine-tuning. Some weeks ago, when the networks were riding hard on Governor Reagan for a careless remark he'd made about our China policy (in other words, they were modulating their coverage of the Reagan campaign so as to bring out the special vibrato of his China statement), a Reagan aide observed to a correspondent—in the manner of one engineer talking shop with another—that henceforth Reagan's campaign staff would be "doing a little more fine-tuning" of the Governor's press encounters; in short, they'd be modulating *their* controls so as to excise unplayable Reagan statements before they got locked into the soundtrack.

There are times, of course, when the modulation problem is mainly in the video side of the equipment, as took place the other day when an unexpected visual malfunction occurred over at CBS News—a problem of graphics overload, as it might be described. What happened was this: In an attempt to clearly demonstrate (i.e., fine-tune) candidate Reagan's penchant for changing his mind, CBS News flashed little white Xs over an image of the Governor while a voice-over tracked the candidate's about-faces on the issues. The network's modest foray into early newspaper-art design seemed inoffensive enough at the time, and scarcely the point at issue compared with the Governor's record of rhetorical instability. But clearly the network's efforts at visual fine-tuning had taxed the system. (Doubtless, good Republicans in the television audience, close in spirit to primitive peoples in their concern for the well-being of the soul, had feared that those little white Xs presaged an X'ing out not only of their leader's discarded enthusiasms but of their leader as well.) Alarm bells rang. Red lights flashed in secret control rooms. *Graphics overload on Channel 2!* The next evening, no less a totemic figure than the venerable Walter Cronkite, sage and elder of CBS News, apologized on camera for the mistake—not a mistake of accuracy or reporting but a mistake in graphics. The red lights blinked off. Gradually, the system returned to harmony—sputtering, fizzling, steaming, cooling. Only the Governor and what he stood (or didn't stand) for were left somehow out of focus.

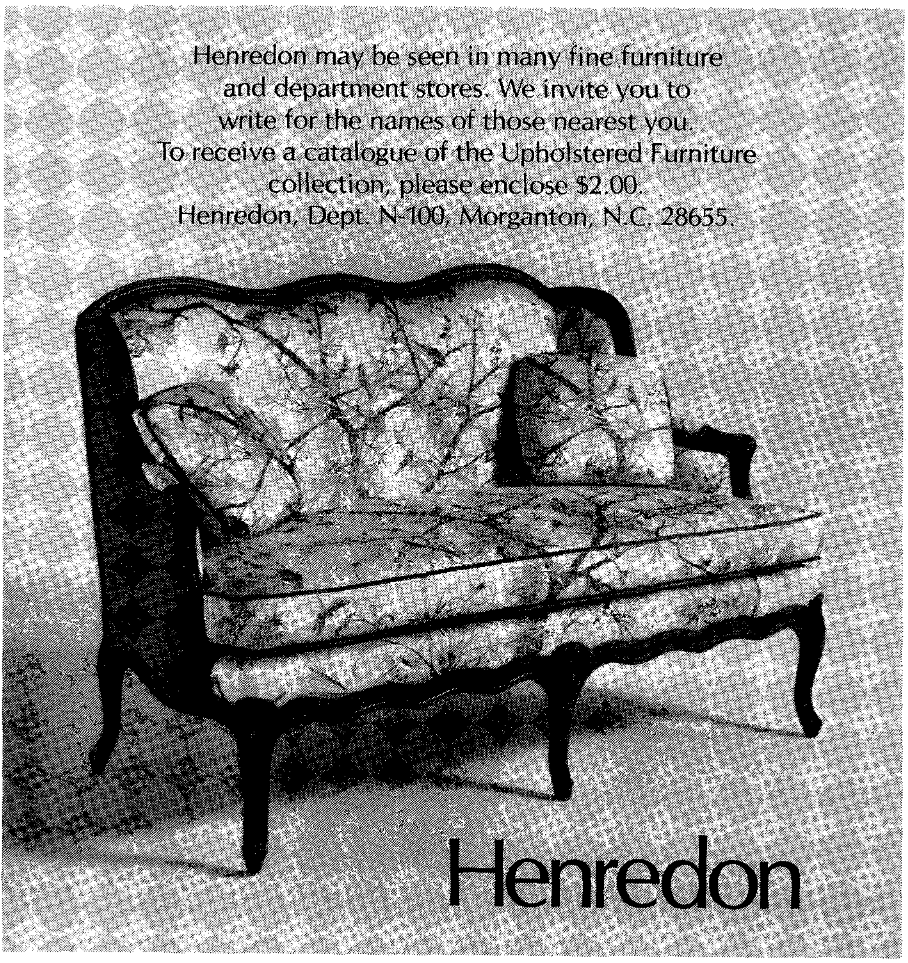
Most of the time, however, the modulation trouble seems to lie in the audio components: problems of sound mixing, so to speak. For example, when President Carter (who had visually fine-tuned himself out of the primaries by staying in the White House) attempted to fine-tune himself into the campaign by criticizing Reagan, his criticisms made news less for their substance than for what might be thought of as their audio qualities—qualities that were measured and noted by the press on a daily basis, and whose generally perceived "harshness" soon became the principal journalistic point of reference for the whole Carter campaign. As a result of poor audio notices, Carter then decided to change the sound of his campaign—or at least the sound mix. This new audio-engineering decision to sound less harsh (which was announced appropriately by the candidate in a Barbara Walters interview) then became the next press reference point for the President's efforts to retain the Presidency. In fact, Carter had probably meant what he had said in his attacks on Reagan, in his admonitions to the effect that Reagan would divide



"This may well be the last car of its kind produced in America."

the country, would turn "race against race," and so forth. That was Carter talking, but the press didn't seem to be listening to what he was saying—only to the sound of what he was saying: a "harsh" sound, a *bad* sound. Perhaps Carter shouldn't have put the word "race" into the soundtrack; the sound of the word "race" seems to grate on everybody's ears this year. Perhaps he should have introduced a little sociology into the mix, thereby providing that kind of soft, blurry, statesmanly sound that makes for easy listening. One imagines, however, that some savvy Carter media strategist—one of the President's fine-tuners—had heard somewhere of the terrific sound produced years ago by Harry Truman in his "Give 'em hell" campaign, and thought, Hey, if we could just get President Jimmy to put on the bib overalls and raise a little hell and play some of that down-home music, we'll be at the top of the charts by Halloween. The Harry Truman sound! The sound of the once and future country-and-Western Presidency! *Good* sound! It was the right general idea but with the wrong particulars. What they got instead was that *other* country music: that dry-lipped Appalachian sound—quavering reeds and sombre, God-fearing plainsong: harsh, albeit authentic.

Similarly, when Governor Reagan, early in the campaign, was making all those discordant sounds about China and the Ku Klux Klan and God knows what else, those were *his* sounds, too. They weren't nice sounds, either, of course, and this posed a special kind of problem. The video equipment indicated the Governor to be a uniformly nice fellow, but the audio equipment registered an awkward mixture: a lot of bad sounds were coming through. Evidently, the equipment was at fault; it was another problem of modulation. Audio engineers were called in to fine-tune the Governor after the China sounds played poorly, but there are some sounds so sharp and strange that they can't easily be mixed. Possibly the equipment is still primitive in certain ways; it amplifies some things when you least expect it. For instance, your candidate is being cool, just bopping along in the recording studio, laying down a little warm and easy candidacy music, doing his thing, figuring that if there's a real soft spot somewhere the engineers can always put in a couple of mariachi tracks after the session, or maybe some echoes, or church bells, or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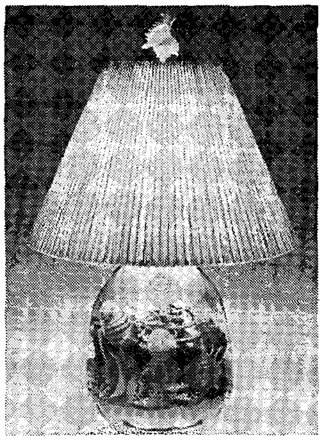

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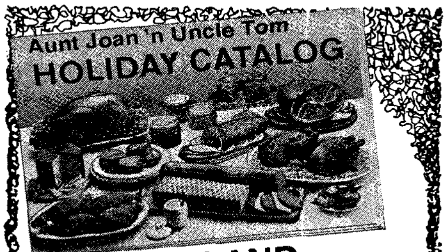
a whole defense-department percussion section, but then suddenly—whoooee! *Ku Klux Klan!* Oh, man. *Ku Klux Klan?* A very bad sound. Just about jams the machine. More alarms. Red lights everywhere. *Bad-sound overload!* No engineer can wipe that kind of sound once it gets on the track. You have to cancel the recording session. Delay the tour. Send everybody back to Malibu and figure out how to get that bad sound out of there.

Sooner or later, nowadays, the bad sound disappears, even if you have to fine-tune the candidate out of the campaign to do it. Television anchormen, like the great stone heads on Easter Island, have had their day. This is the day of the modulating engineers: the cutters, splicers, mixers, editors, and so on. Listen to the hum of our modern political campaigns: the whir of tape on editing and mixing machines—forward, stop, reverse, snip, snip, splice, forward, stop, snip, whir: our new montage actuality. The candidates wander the country, like trappers—or perhaps like rock bands, in full view of everyone but seen by no one. Who are those men behind the painted faces and fright wigs onstage, and what actual music is buried in their wires, cables, consoles, and amplifying systems? Today, both the politicians and the networks are caught up in the same dance of technology. The real power is the power of the men and women who control the montage effects—the technologists who instinctively understand the truth of Eisenstein's statement: "The basic fact was true, and remains true to this day, that the juxtaposition of two separate shots by splicing them together resembles not so much a simple sum of one shot plus another shot as it does a *creation*." One shot plus another shot; one sound plus another sound: *Creation!* These engineers are the new creators, our political kingmakers. The other day, President Carter was on a speaking tour in Nashville, in the course of which, for a brief moment, he criticized the three networks for not having shown on their news programs a few nights before that part of a Reagan interview where the Governor strongly disavowed the SALT II treaty. Carter, in other words, was speaking to the issue of network editing, fine-tuning—scolding them for having declined to transmit a more creative Reagan montage. In rebuttal, however, the CBS technicians employed montage on Carter. They fine-tuned his Nashville remarks so that, in their



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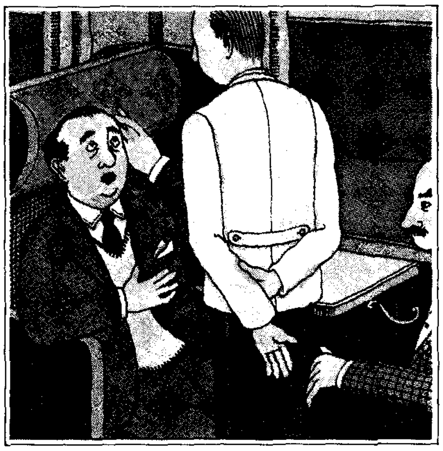
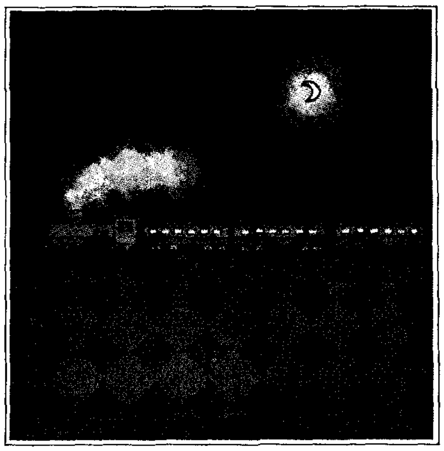
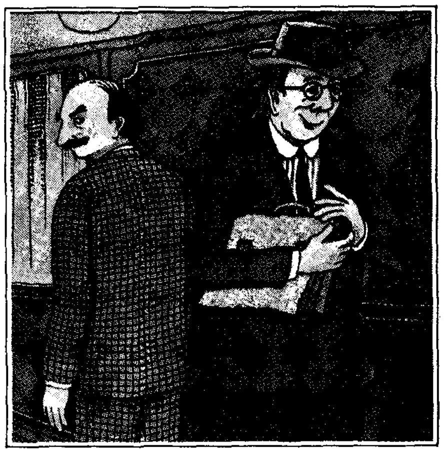
THE CASE OF
·THE·
DANCING DEER



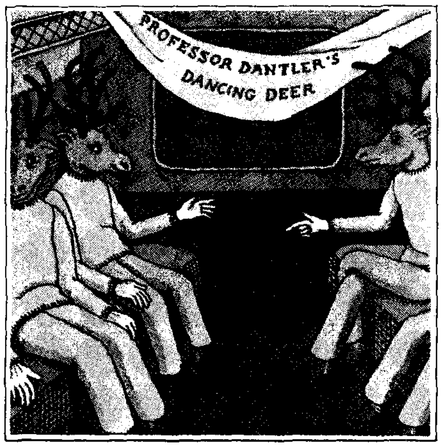
"Mere scotch! Are you daft?" railed my rotund friend MacBerth. "I want Glenfiddich." The steward shrugged an apology. It seemed the celebrated single malt from the valley of the deer was not on our itinerary.



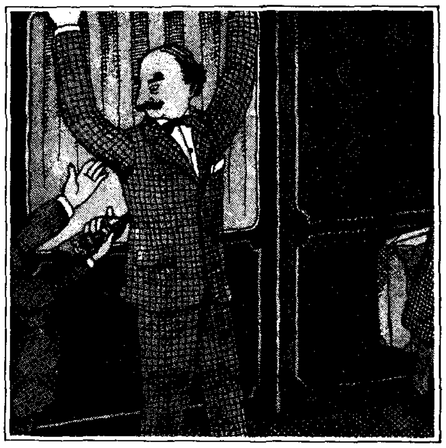
"No Glenfiddich!" moaned Mac. Then a sly grin danced upon his lips. "A temporary dilemma—and purely academic!" he winked, bolting from the carriage. An hour passed without his return; I ventured off in pursuit.



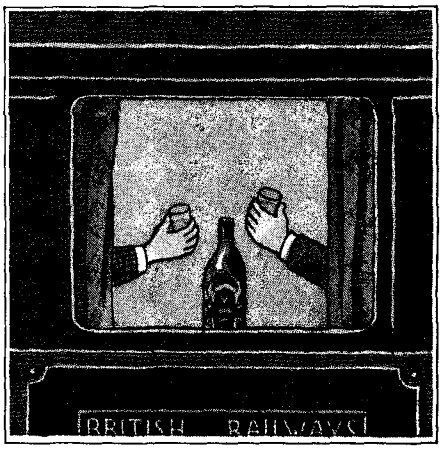
In the corridor I encountered an odd chap clutching a sheepskin pouch. From the clinking sound he made as he passed, I judged his bag to be full of bottles. And, if my ears didn't deceive me, triangular bottles at that.



My suspicions aroused, I trailed the fellow into a private car, only to be startled by a troupe of sprightly stags. 'Professor Dantler's Dancing Deer,' read a dangling banner. I promptly made tracks for the door.



Suddenly, I was confronted from behind. "Sorry about the hold up," chortled my assailant. Peering down I saw, not the barrel of a gun, but the nozzle of a bottle. MacBerth had found his Glenfiddich.



"Elementary," explained Mac, as we hoisted our glasses. "Who but the wise Professor would have the single malt from the valley of the deer?" A bizarre bit of logic: but the solution was eminently palatable.

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esentation, the President seemed to ve little on his mind beyond attack- g the three networks. Then they nployed montage on one of their ear- r news broadcasts and thus extracted brief CBS reference to Reagan's dis- owal of SALT II. Now they put it l together: a new montage—a new eation. How clever, one thought. ch energy of technique! It was more an an interesting example of televi- on byplay. What we had witnessed as a journalistic-political dialogue tirely focussed on montage—on the chnology of video-and-sound modu- tion. The only thing missing, of urse, was a coherent sense of the can- date: of either one, or of both candi- tes, for that matter, who seem des- ed to dart perpetually through fac- ries, airports, slum-housing projects, unicipal parades, etc., always be- ath the camera lights—beautifully med, expertly recorded—but some- w never *seen*. It's as if the love that liticians once bore the public has en transferred to the new machines, d the machines have lost sight of the e thing about these strange, com- ex, and driven people that anyone er really cared about: *who they are.*

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

DEBTS

hings disappear:
he glove lost in snow, pens,
ooks loaned and never returned,
rginity, your dog

ho had to be put to sleep
ecause he wouldn't do it himself.
hey say rules are to be broken,
ut if you break one

hey come knocking on the door
ght in the middle
f a game of Parcheesi,
r dinner, or your life.

he car's stupid grin
ghts up the driveway all night long,
d another, different dog
witches at the foot of the bed,

ut you're still there, in the dark,
hinking about the phone bill,
atching the end of your cigarette:
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—ROBERT LONG

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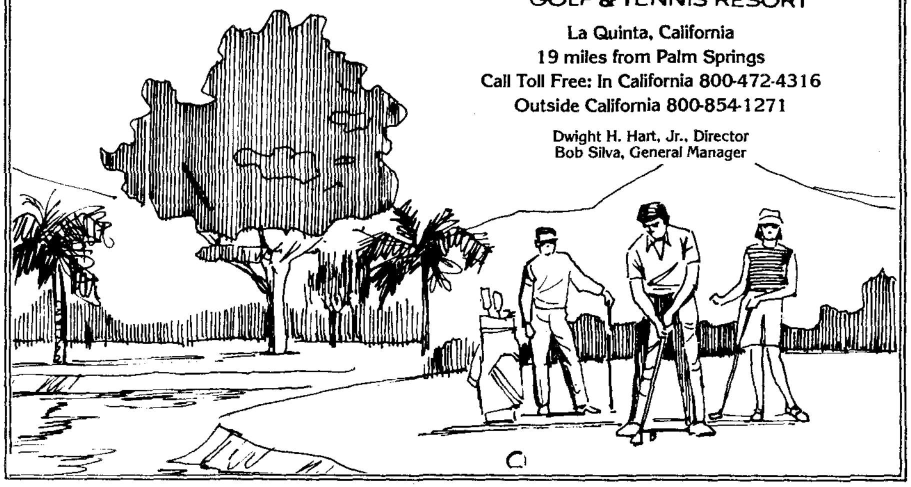

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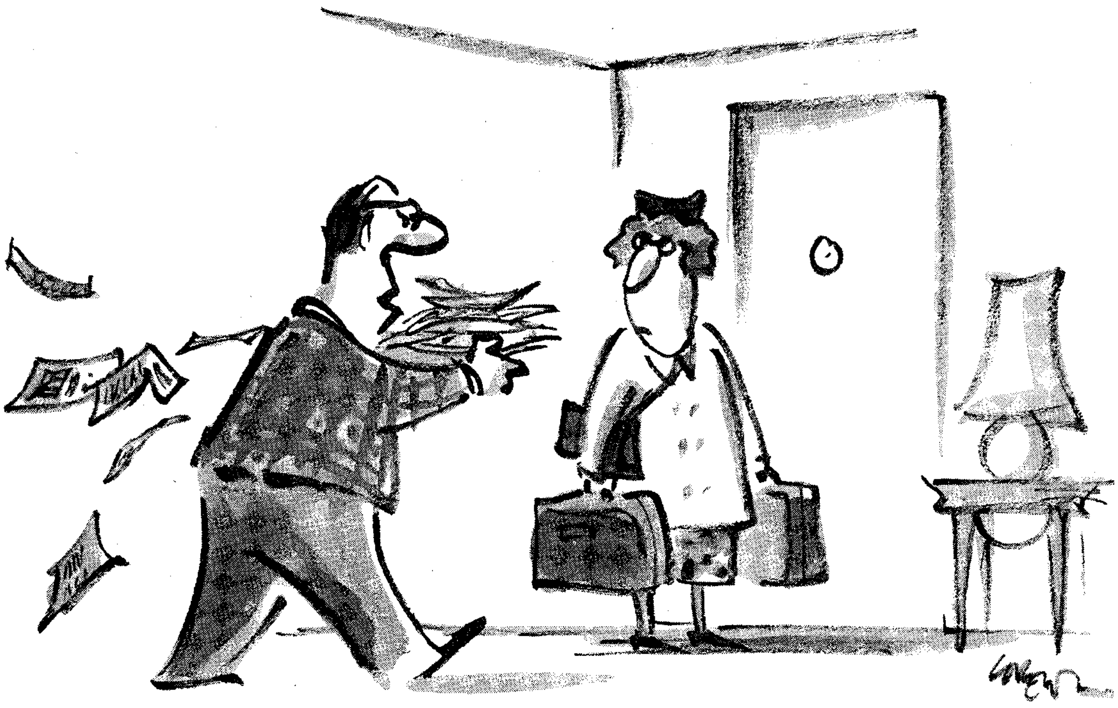
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Frog Who Turned Into a Prince
The Prince Who Turned Into a Frog

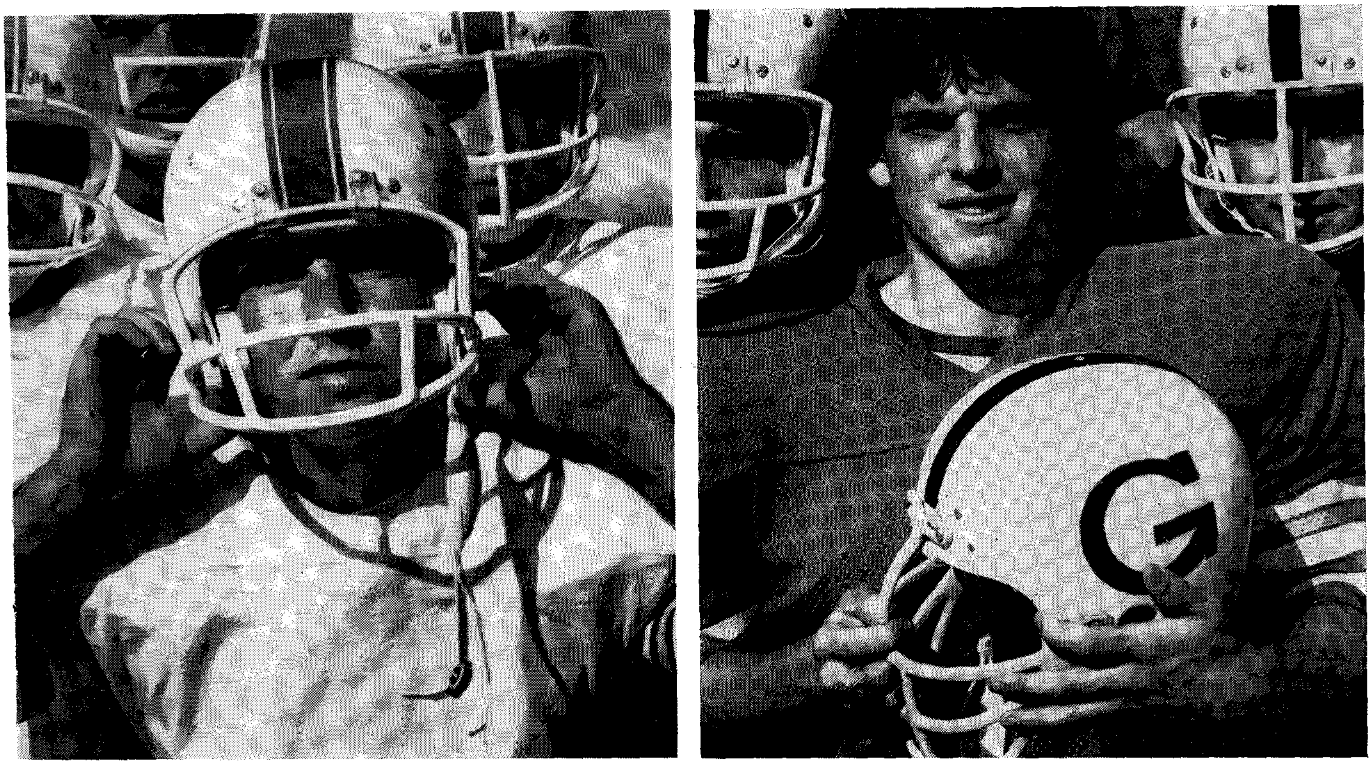
“The Elephant Man” is a very pleasurable surprise. Though I had seen “Eraserhead,” which is the only other feature directed by David Lynch, and had thought him a true original, I wasn’t prepared for the strength he would bring out of understatement. It might be expected that the material—the life of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived—would push Lynch into the kind of morbid masochism that was displayed in the various versions of “The Hunchback of Notre Dame” and “The Phantom of the Opera.” But this young director (he’s thirty-four) has extraordinary taste; it’s not the kind of taste that enervates artists—it’s closer to grace. The movie shows us what the monster feels about himself and what his view of the world is and what he sees when he looks out of the single rectangular slit in his hood (which suggests an elephant’s eye). He must see everything framed, as on a screen, and the movie gives us this sense of framed imagery—of action marked off, with curtains drawn over the surrounding material. (The stitching around the slit gives it depth, and at one point, when the hood is hanging on the wall, the camera moves right into the dark opening.) You may find yourself so absorbed that your time sense changes and you begin to examine the images with something of the same wonder that John Merrick (John Hurt) shows when he looks at the spire of St. Philip, Stepney, from his window at the London Hospital, where he finds refuge.

“The Elephant Man” has the power and some of the dream logic of a silent film, yet there are also wrenching, pulsating sounds—the hissing steam and the pounding of the start of the industrial age. It’s Dickensian London, with perhaps a glimpse of the processes that gave rise to Cubism. Coming from an art-school background, Lynch has rediscovered what the European avant-garde film artists of the twenties and early thirties, many of whom also came from a painting and design background, were up to, and he has combined this with an experimental approach to sound. In Merrick’s fantasy life, his beautiful young mother is trampled by elephants when she is carrying him in her womb, and the sounds of those great beasts as they attack her in his dreams are the hellish sounds of industrial London, whose machines will produce their own monstrous growths. “The Elephant Man” isn’t as daringly irrational as “Eraserhead,” which pulls you inside grubby, wormy states of anxiety, but it pulls you into a serene, contemplative amazement. Lynch holds you in scenes with almost no action: Merrick may be alone on the screen preening, or fondling the brushes and buffers in his gentleman’s dressing case, or just laying them out in an orderly pattern and waltzing around them, like a swell, and you fee fixated, in a trance.

When Frederick Treves (Anthony Hopkins), the doctor who is to become Merrick’s friend, first tracks him down in the illegal, hidden sideshow where he’s being exhibited as the Elephant Man, Treves goes through what seem to be endless slum passageways and alleys into an abyss—the darkness where the monster huddles Finally, he sees the pathetic deformed creature, but *we* don’t. We see only Treves’ reaction, and his tears falling The grace in Lynch’s work come from care and thought: this is a film about the exhibition and exploitatio of a freak, and he must have bee determined not to be an exploite himself. The monster is covered o shadowed from us in the earl sequences and we see only parts o him, a little at a time. Lynch builds u our interest in seeing more in a wa that seems very natural. When we’r ready to see him clearly, we do. B then, we have become so sympatheti that there’s no disgust about seeing hi full deformity. John Hurt has had th screen long enough t make us respond to hi wheezing, groanin sounds and his terrifie movements, so we don see merely the deformations, we see the helples person locked in th repulsive flesh. Even before Merrick begins t speak to Treves and t recite poetry and to reveal his romantic sensibility, we have becom his protectors. He’s large lumplike mass first, but as we get t know him, and respon to his helplessness, h begins to seem ver slight—almost doll-like There’s nothing frightening about him, an he’s not repellent either. His misshape body and the knobb



“Don’t forget all these damn clippings from the Home section.”



One of these helmets came off the field and off the market when the rules of the game changed.

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That's what happened to the manufacturer of the elmet on the right. He stopped production of helmets ntil, as he says, the legal climate changes in the nited States. It has happened also to some makers f vaccines, plastic products and machines. Right now, he chemical and pharmaceutical industries are deeply oncerned about the potential financial impact of recent ourt decisions.

As a major group of property and casualty insur- nce companies, we, too, are concerned about this roblem. Our companies provide insurance designed protect business from financial loss resulting from a awsuit. This protection normally encourages business remain in the marketplace. It enables manufacturers develop new products, to provide more jobs and enerally to contribute to our economy.

But the trend in legal judgments threatens all that stability. As lawsuit settlements and awards become higher, insurance companies tend to be more cautious in writing insurance coverage. And they must charge more for it. That in turn causes manufacturers and sellers to raise their prices to cover the increased cost of insurance protection. Which means that consumers pay more for what they buy.

It's frustrating, but not hopeless. Steps can be taken to prevent injuries and to control the rise of liability costs. And that would benefit everyone.

Here's what we're doing:

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- Seek quality products. Check to see that they meet safety standards where appropriate.
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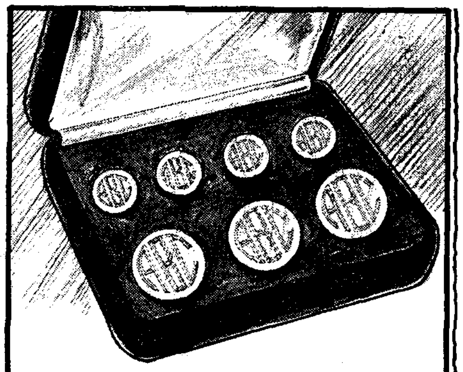

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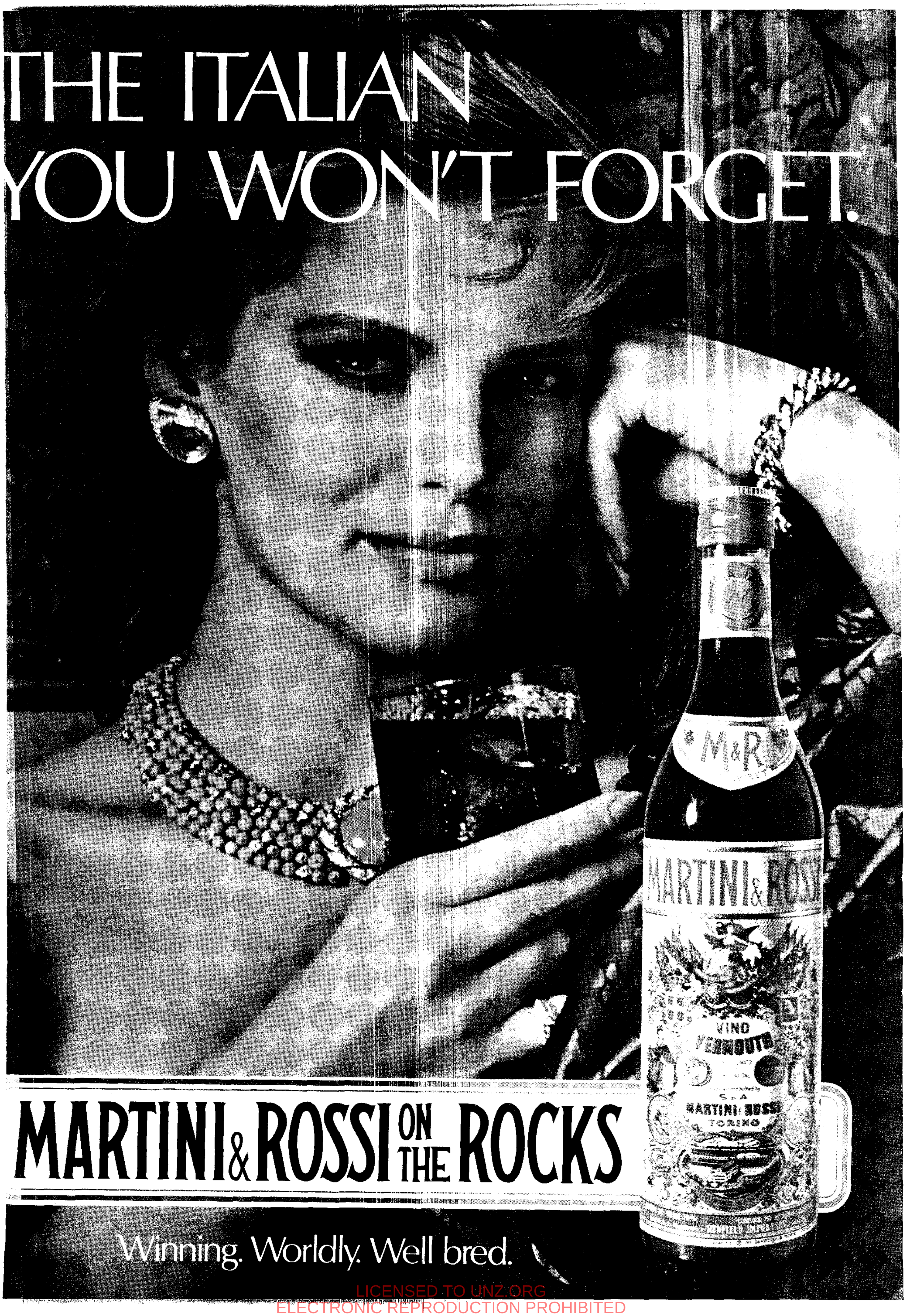
protuberances on his forehead suggest a work of art—an Archipenko or one of Picasso's bulging distortions.

The only horror is in what we experience on his behalf. When a young nurse sees him and screams, it's *his* recoil we respond to. There is a remarkable sequence after Merrick has been kidnapped from the hospital by his London exploiter and taken to be exhibited again, this time on the Continent. Too sick to stand and in despair, Merrick doesn't gratify the ticket buyers, and he is beaten so brutally that the other fairground freaks decide to free him. The giant strong man breaks the lock of the cage next to the baboons where Merrick has been put and lifts him out in his arms, and there is a dreamlike procession of the freaks in the woods along a riverbank as they help him to escape. They buy him his passage back to England, and a small group of them take him to the ship. (We're apprehensive then, because he's going to be alone.) He arrives in London by train, and as he makes his way slowly and painfully through the station his cloaked, hooded figure attracts the attention of a puzzled boy, who demands to know why he's wrapped up as he is and pelts him with a peashooter. Other kids follow him and taunt him; with only the eye slit on one side, when he clumsily tries to move faster to get away he inadvertently knocks down a little girl. People begin to chase him, and he rushes down a flight of stairs; on the landing, someone tears off his hood and he runs down more stairs and staggers into a urinal. A mob comes in after him, backing him against a wall; he moans that he is not an animal and collapses. This whole sequence is saved from being a cheap ecstasy of masochism by the fairy-tale design of the shots and the lighting. Using black-and-white Panavision, the veteran cinematographer Freddie Francis does lighting here that recalls his expressive work in "Sons and Lovers" and "Room at the Top" and "Saturday Night and Sunday Morning." The smoke that softens everything is like J. M. W. Turner clouds, but carrying poison. With the help of the production designer, Stuart Craig, Lynch and Francis use the grays to set a tone of emotional reserve yet make the whites and the sooty blacks, which bleed out of their contour lines, seem very passionate (the way they are in the Londoner Bill Brandt's photographs). The imagery is never naturalistic, ar Lynch never pulls out all the stops.

Every time the director does som thing risky and new or reinterpre something very old, you know you' watching real moviemaking. Thoug the sound isn't nearly as inventive as was in "Eraserhead," whenever it hyperbolic, like the noise of the b gongs that wake Merrick on his fir night at the hospital, it has a di turbing excitement. And Samuel Ba ber's "Adagio for Strings" on t track has an elegiac lyricism—statel

but mellow, too. Lynch least successful with t conventional melodramat scenes. When the night po ter at the hospital invad Merrick's room with gaw ers, and two whores a shoved onto his bed, we wa to climb the wall along with Merric and not just out of empathy: the sta ing is crude. And almost all the scen of the drunken villain, Bytes (Fred Jones), the exploiter and kidnapp seem long, probably because you c read his standard evil piggy expr sions a mile away. The scenes of An Bancroft as Mrs. Kendal, the act whose visits to Merrick turn him in a celebrity (which leads to his bei taken up by London society), feel c ligatory. The first time she's close Merrick, Mrs. Kendal shows a flick of disgust that she covers with her tressy poise—that part is good. B after that we need to read her feelin in her eyes, and all we register is smiley, warm mouth; she's gracious a great-lady way that doesn't provi any clue to why she becomes involv The dialogue in the script, by Chr topher DeVore and Eric Bergr with the later collaboration of Lyn is no more than serviceable, and less than that in Bancroft's role; sh used like a guest star, and though sh more toned down than in other cent appearances, she seems to h dropped in from another era. Hann Gordon, who plays Mrs. Treves, the clearer, better part: when Tre brings Merrick to tea and presents h to his wife, Merrick is so overwhelm at meeting a beautiful woman that snuffles and weeps. And she, of cour weeps, too. (There's no sun in t tale of a terrible enchantment, an tear shed for Merrick is a jewel.)

John Gielgud is in strapping fo as the head of the hospital, and We Hiller, as the chief nurse, matches h in vinegary elegance, syllable for s lable, pause for pause. John Hunt a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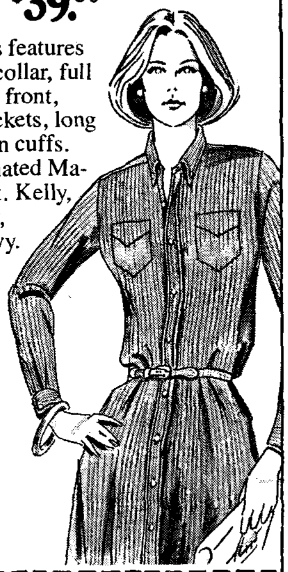
Anthony Hopkins—both specialists in nasochism—might have leaked so nuch emotion that the film would slip ts sprockets. But Hopkins comes hrough with an unexpectedly crisp, highly varied performance—the kind you respect an actor for. He lets Hurt was ever actor better named?) have a nonopoly on our sympathy, and Hurt, using his twisted lips and his eyes, but nostly his voice and his posture and novements, makes of Merrick an asonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. If he were not encased in oathsome flesh, we could never believe n such delicate, saintly humility. But he film makes us understand that in a ime when ugliness was thought to ome from within, Merrick had to beome a dandy of the soul in order to eel human. Once he's out of his cloak and into a suit, he has a soft, sidling walk, askew but airy. He's only in his wenties (he died at twenty-seven), and his wish to be good is childlike and a little cracked, but his kindness eems to come from a mystic simpliciy. There's no irony in the film when he becomes a society figure—an oddity and a pet to be pampered. We see his heer delight in being accepted among people with nice manners; his fawning gratitude is from the heart. He isn't oncerned with Treves' problems of onscience about whether he, too, is xploiting Merrick's condition. Merrick knows that Treves has brought him from agony to peace. The director doesn't stray from the Victorian framework he constructs; nothing is interpreted (not even the recurrent mother-being-raped-by-elephants dream), and so nothing is sentimentalized in a nodern manner.

This is not the usual movie—in which the story supports the images and holds everything together. Lynch's visual scheme is so imaginative that it ranscends the by now well-known tory, and scene by scene you don't know what to expect. You're seeing omething new—subconscious material stirring within the format of a onventional narrative. There is perhaps nothing as eerily, baldly erotic as hat moment in "Eraserhead" when wo lovers deliquesce into their bed—disappearing in the fluid, with only the woman's hair left floating on top. But here is something indefinably erotic going on here; it's submerged in the ilm's rhythm and in the director's whole way of seeing. And wherever you look there are inexplicably satisfyng images: a little barrel-chested mutt bulldog waddles across a London street with its tail stretched straight out, like a swagger stick; at the medical college, when Treves, assuming a matter-of-fact tone, presents Merrick in all his glorious deformity to the assembled doctors, a man with a big furry beard turns on the light at the start of the presentation and turns it off at the close—a silly detail to remember, but it's part of the texture, like the carriage horse that suggests a phantom, and the illumination on the cobblestones that makes them look like fish scales, and the night scene on the Continent that might be a painting, except that dawn comes up. In Merrick's dream of the trampling elephant feet, the camera swerves and swoops across the bodies of the great beasts in strange panning movements that suggest the way Merrick, who must sleep sitting up with his head on his raised knees (because of its weight), would dream, with his head wobbling and jerking. And in perhaps the most elusive series of effects, when Merrick realizes his lifelong ambition of going to the theatre and sees a Drury Lane performance of the pantomime "Puss in Boots," it becomes a fantasy of magical transformations, with ducks and a lion and fairies flying on wires and people who seem to be on horseback, except that the horses' legs are their own, and an ogre behind bars and swans—deliriously snooty cardboard swans. You can't be sure what you're seeing: it's like disconnected memories of the earliest stories you were told. The creatures—animal, human, birds, spirits—are all mixed up together, and the bits of glitter that fall on them have the dreamlike quality of the overturned world in the glass ball that fell from Kane's hand. In this sequence, too, there is a suggestion of the wobbling movement of the heavy head. Late that night, when Merrick, in his fresh nightshirt, smooths his clean white bedsheets—it's like another form of preening—his body seems weightless. He is ready to leave it.

AT the beginning of Woody Allen's "Stardust Memories," there is a Bergmanesque nightmare sequence, silent except for the sound of ticking. Woody Allen is on a stalled train, and as he looks around he sees big-nosed misery on the other faces; his fellow-passengers are self-conscious grotesques who might have been photographed by Diane Arbus. Peering out the window, he can see that on the next track there's another stalled



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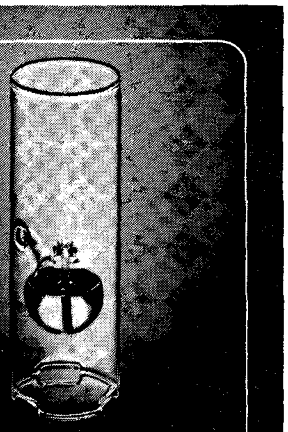

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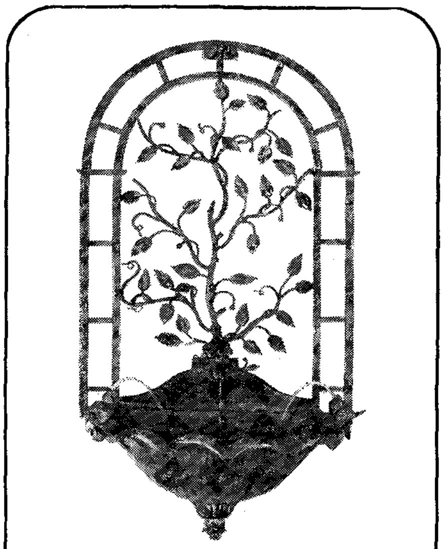

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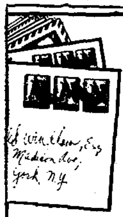

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train that is headed in the same direction, and it's full of swinging, beautiful people living it up and having a ball.

He motions to the conductor that he's on the wrong train and tries to get out, but he's sealed in. This visual metaphor has almost the same meaning as the Groucho epigram that was quoted twice in "Annie Hall": "I wouldn't want to belong to any club that would have me for a member." The clubs from which Groucho was excluded were, of course, the gentiles' clubs, and he was expressing his chagrin at being lumped with the other Jews. (Excluded from a California beach club, Groucho wrote the organization, "Since my daughter is only half Jewish, could she go in the water up to her waist?") "Stardust Memories" might be described as an obsessional pastiche. It is modelled on Fellini's "8½," and the bleached-out black-and-white cinematography suggests a dupe of a dupe of "8½," with some allusions to the clown's pasty despair at the start of Bergman's "The Naked Night." The theme recalls Preston Sturges' "Sullivan's Travels," which is about an acclaimed director who doesn't want to go on making popular comedies—he wants to be stark, tragic, and realistic.

Woody Allen calls himself Sandy Bates this time, but there's only the merest wisp of a pretext that he is playing a character; this is the most undisguised of his dodgy mock-autobiographical fantasies. The setting is the Hotel Stardust, a resort on the New Jersey seashore, where a woman film critic (played by Helen Hanft) conducts weekend seminars; for a fee, the guests spend a weekend looking at the work of a filmmaker and discussing it with him—and they also get to press his flesh. This weekend, Sandy Bates is the celebrity-in-residence; he runs his new picture as well as clips from his comedies, and the discussions are intercut with flashbacks, hallucinations, and fragmentary encounters. The actors slip in and out of the films and his life. Feeling besieged, he goes through a vague sort of crisis, possibly brought on by the seminar guests. Each of them wants something from him—he is asked to appear at a benefit for cancer, to give some personal article to an auction, to sign a petition, to read a script, to answer an imbecilic question. And these pushy fans who treat him in such an overfamiliar way are gross or big-nosed and have funny Jewish names. They're turned into their noses; they leer into the lens, shoving their snouts at Sandy Bates. They chide him (indulgently) for his recent seriousness, and he complains, "I don't want to make funny movies anymore. They can't force me to. I look around the world and all I see is human suffering."

In "Stardust Memories," Woody Allen degrades the people who respond to his work and presents himself as their victim. He seems to feel that they want him to heal them; the film suggests a "Miss Lonelyhearts" written without irony. (Maybe Sandy Bates means he sees human suffering when he looks around his apartment: his walls are decorated with blowups of news photographs, such as the famous one of the execution in a Saigon street during the Tet offensive, and they change like mood music. Is this evidence of Sandy Bates's morbidity, or is it how he proves that he's politically and socially with it? Is there any way it can't be a joke? *What* is going on in this movie?) Woody Allen has often been cruel to himself in physical terms—making himself look smaller, scrawnier, ugly. Now he's doing it to his fans. People who, viewed differently, might look striking or mysterious have their features distorted by the camera lens and by Fellini-esque makeup; they become fat-lipped freaks wearing outsize thick goggles. (They could serve as illustrations for the old saw that Jews are like other people, only more so.) People whose attitudes, viewed differently, might seem friendly or, at worst, over-enthusiastic and excited are turned into morons. Throughout "Stardust Memories," Sandy is superior to all those who talk about his work; if they like his comedies, it's for freakish reasons, and he shows them up as poseurs and phonies, and if they don't like his serious work, it's because they're too stupid to understand it. He anticipates almost anything that you might say about "Stardust Memories" and ridicules you for it. Finally, you may feel you're being told that you have no right to *any* reaction to Woody Allen's movies. He is not just the victim here, he's the torturer. (A friend of mine called the picture " 'Sullivan's Travels' Meets the P.L.O.")

The hostility of the standup comic toward his night-club audience is often considered self-evident, but the hostility of a movie director toward the public that idolizes him doesn't have the same logic behind it, and it's almost unheard of. Woody Allen has somehow combined the two, and his hostility takes a special form. He's trying to stake out his claim to be an artist like Fellini or Bergman—to be accepted in the serious, gentile artists' club. And he sees his public as Jews trying to shove him back down in the Jewish clowns' club. Great artists' admirers are supposed to keep their distance. *His* admirers feel they know him and can approach him; they feel he belongs to them—and he sees them as his murderers.

Conceivably, a comedy could be made about an artist who thinks that those who like his work are grotesque and those who don't are stupid. This misanthrope would have to be the butt of the comedy, though; his pain would have to be funny—like the pain that Portnoy felt about his life's being a Jewish joke. But Woody Allen doesn't show the ability to step back from himself (as he did when he was making comedies); even the notion of doing this particular film in black-and-white is tied up with his not being able to step back. He sees himself only from the inside, and he asks us to *suffer* for the pain he feels about his success. At times, he sets up scenes as if he recognized that this pain is absurd, but he can't achieve—or doesn't want to achieve—the objective tone that would make us laugh. He brings in characters who seem designed for a payoff—an old school chum who complains that he isn't rich and famous like Sandy, an actress who once played Sandy's mother in a film and has now undergone cosmetic surgery and thinks she has become a beauty—but he stages their scenes in what appears to be a deliberately off-key, quavering tone, so that everything turns uncomfortable, morose, icky. And whether it's because of Woody Allen's desire to show us his loss of faith in these gags, or because of the cinematographer Gordon Willis's penchant for dark abstractions, they are shot at such a distance that the purpose of the scenes becomes opaque. (The actress-mother is seen in distant, cruel silhouette.)

The film has a single moment of comic rapport: Sandy visits his tough, lively married sister (played by Anne DeSalvo), and they take relish in a shared bitchy laugh about their mother. Yet even this visit begins with an aggressively rancid scene making fun of the sister's loud, uncouth friends—particularly a fat woman who was raped the night before; inexplica-

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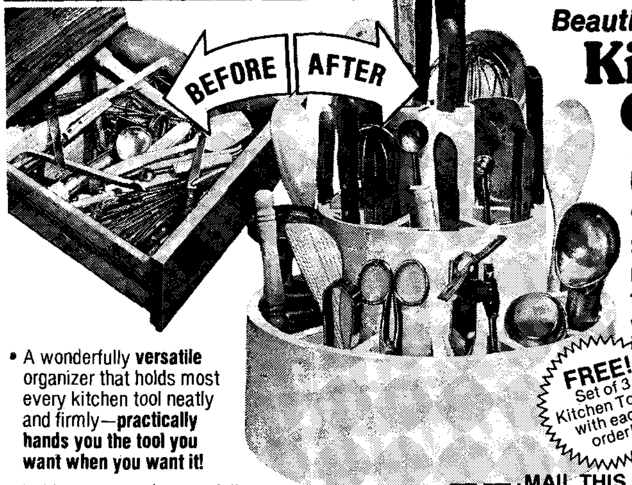

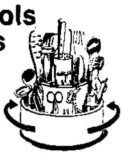

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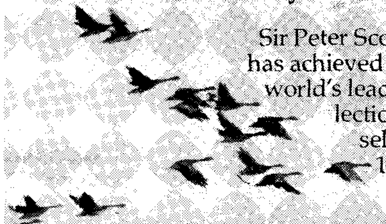

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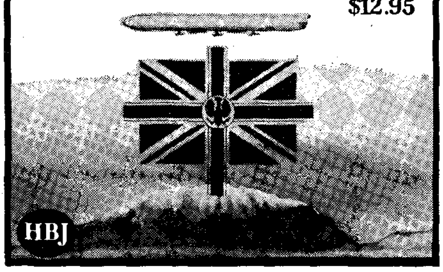

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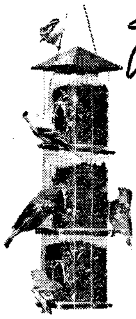

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bly, she wears a T-shirt with the word "Sexy" across her huge bosom. And the purpose of the visit seems to be to burlesque Sandy's relatives. The furnishings of the sister's apartment and the corpulent idiocy of her husband, stuffing his face while pumping on an Exercycle, shriek of bad taste. (The writhing wallpaper in her bedroom suggests something dreamed up for a decorator's Halloween party.) The only concession to vitality in the movie (besides the sister) is in the great jazz recordings used as the score, though in this atmosphere the music sounds like Fellini Dixieland.

Starting with the two trains, there are a number of potentially funny situations, but they don't come out funny. You're not sure how to react: the gags are strained—they seem poisoned by the director's self-pity. You can't laugh at the nightmarish melancholy of those dark, pimply train passengers, or at the ugliness of the seminar guests and the sister's pals. And though Woody Allen's attitudes may have a lot in common with those of Diane Arbus, you can't respond as you would to her photographs. The deep malignity in her work gives those photographs an undeniable punch. Woody Allen assembles people and makes them grotesque, but he uses them in such a casual way that he trivializes the ugliness he puts in front of us. There's no power in the images; he trivializes even his own malignity by his half-joking manner. And he doesn't appear to see any comedy in the fact that the only undemanding, unpushy characters in the movie—the three women in Sandy's life—are all gentile. These women are also indifferent to his work; at least, they don't offer opinions of it. They don't have enough independent existence for us to be sure what they're supposed to represent, and what attracts them to him—if not his films and his fame—isn't made apparent. But we can see what attracts him to them: they're the only women on the landscape in "quiet good taste," the only ones with hair that doesn't look like plaster of Paris or frizzed wire. Charlotte Rampling, who is posed in closeup after closeup—a ship's figurehead, like Anouk Aimée in "8½"—suggests a decaying goddess. She seems to be used just for her physiognomy—for her bony chest and wide mouth (its corners run right into her cheekbones). Marie-Christine Barrault is used for her matronly-milkmaid-goddess look and the beautiful big teeth that can turn threatening. Jessica Harper is used for her wide brow and perverse, waifish grin. The first two are like toys that Sandy Bates has lost interest in; Harper is a possibility glimpsed which he doesn't care enough about to pursue.

The Jewish self-hatred that spills out in this movie could be a great subject, but all it does is spill out. The ostensible subject is the beleaguered artist and what the public demands of him. In a *Newsweek* cover story in 1978, Woody Allen was quoted: "When you do comedy you're not sitting at the grownups' table, you're sitting at the children's table." From the tone of this film, you would think that vulgarians were putting guns to Woody Allen's head and forcing him to make comedies. Considering the many respectful, indeed laudatory reviews he got for "Interiors," which, he says, even "turned a little profit," and considering the astonishing success of "Manhattan," in which he tried to be both Ingmar Bergman and Charlie Chaplin—a wet mixture if ever there was one—his contempt for the public seems somewhat precipitate.

Woody Allen, who used to play a walking inferiority complex, made the whole country more aware of the feelings of those who knew they could never match the images of Wasp perfection that saturated their lives. He played the brainy, insecure little guy, the urban misfit who quaked at the thought of a fight, because physically he could never measure up to the big strong silent men of the myths—the gentile beefcake. Big strong men know that they can't live up to the myths, either. Allen, by bringing his neurotic terror of just about everything out front, seemed to speak for them, too. In the forties and fifties, when Bob Hope played coward heroes the cowardice didn't have any political or sexual resonance, but in the late sixties and the seventies, when Woody Allen displayed his panic he seemed to incarnate the whole anti-macho mood of the time. In the sloppy, hairy counterculture era, Americans no longer tried to conform to a look that only a minority of them could ever hope to approximate. Woody Allen helped to make people feel more relaxed about how they looked and how they really felt about using their fists, and about their sexual terrors and everything else that made them anxious. He became a new national hero. College kids looked

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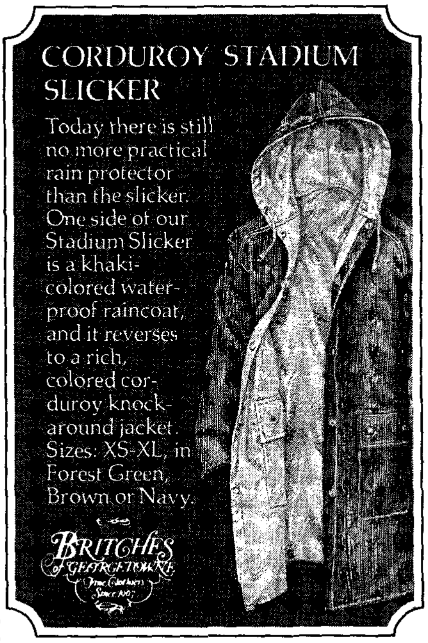
That's why it seems such a horrible betrayal when he demonstrates that despite his fame he still hates the way he looks, and that he wanted to be one of *them*—the stuffy macho Wasps—all along. There were moments of betrayal in his other films, such as the peculiar jokiness of his using actors smaller than he as his romantic rivals (the Hollywood doper played by Paul Simon in "Annie Hall," and Jeremiah, played by Wallace Shawn, in "Manhattan"). But people in the audience could blot out the puzzling scenes of "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan." In "Stardust Memories"—awful title!—he throws so much at you that you can't blink it away. If Woody Allen were angry with himself for still harboring childish macho dreams, that would be understandable, but he's angry with the public, with us—as if *we* were forcing him to embody the Jewish joke, the loser, the deprived outsider forever. Comedy doesn't belong at the children's table, but whining does.

One of the distinctions that is generally made between a "commercial" artist and a "pure" one is that the former is obsessed with how the audience will react, while the latter doesn't worry about the audience but tries to work things out to satisfy his inner voice. That Woody Allen should try to become a "pure" artist by commenting on his audience seems a sign that he's playing genius. In "Manhattan," he reworked too much of "Annie Hall;" it was clear that he needed an infusion of new material. In "Stardust Memories," we get more of the same thoughts over and over—it's like watching a loop. The material is fractured and the scenes are very short, but there was not a single one that I was sorry to see end. "Stardust Memories" doesn't seem like a movie, or even like a filmed essay; it's nothing. You see right through it to the man who has lost the desire to play a character: he has become the man on the couch. He thinks he has penetrated to the core of what life is, and it's all rotten. No doubt he feels that this is the lousy truth; actually, it's just the lousy truth of how he feels. But we've all felt like that at times; he hasn't discovered anything that needs to be shared with the world.

In "Manhattan," Woody Allen began to use his own face more naturally than he had before on the screen; he didn't turn it into a caricature anymore—it was a naked face, sometimes too naked. He is even more relaxed in "Stardust Memories," and in the absence of other characters you may get fed up with his nakedness and, as his depression enters into you, begin to think about what's in his head. Why is he wearing a jersey with the number "24"? Does it represent his publicly recorded twenty-four years in analysis? I referred to Woody Allen's recent films as dodgy because I don't think anybody knows how we're supposed to react to the protagonist's metaphysical head cold—his carrying on about death and the shallowness of his friends. He keeps shifting: at one point in a movie he seems to be its moral center, at another point he's a sniper who turns petty grievances into moral issues, and at other times he's the frailest, weakest person around, trying to manipulate people in terms of his needs. In "Annie Hall," in "Manhattan," and now in "Stardust Memories," the protagonist's high moral tone is often out of scale with what he's indignant about and he just sounds like a crank, but we can't tell when Woody Allen means him to sound like one and when Woody Allen really is one.

No movie star (not even Mel Brooks) can ever have been more explicit on the screen about his Jewishness than Woody Allen, and he was especially so in his Academy Award-winning romantic comedy, "Annie Hall"—the neurotic's version of "Abie's Irish Rose" and the TV series "Bridget Loves Bernie." The hero, Alvy Singer, announced that he was paranoid about being Jewish, and at dinner with Annie's Midwestern Wasp family he had a flash and saw himself through their eyes as a Hassidic rabbi—not just the outsider but the weirdly funny outsider, too ridiculous to be threatening. What's apparent in all his movies is that for him Jewishness means his own kind of schlumpiness, awkwardness, hesitancy. For Woody Allen, being Jewish is like being a fish on a hook; in "Annie Hall" he twists and squirms. And when Alvy sits at that dull Wasp dinner and the screen divides and he sees his own family at dinner, quarrelling and shouting hysterically, the Jews are too heavily overdone for comedy. Here, as almost everywhere else in Woody Allen's films, Jews have no dignity. That's just about how he defines them and why he's humiliated by them.

There was self-love as well as self-hatred involved in "Annie Hall," however: Alvy was very quick to decide that almost everyone connected with show business (except for him) was a



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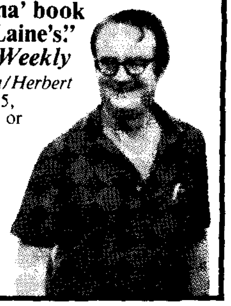

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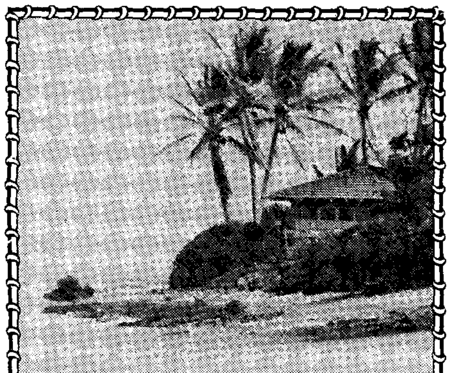

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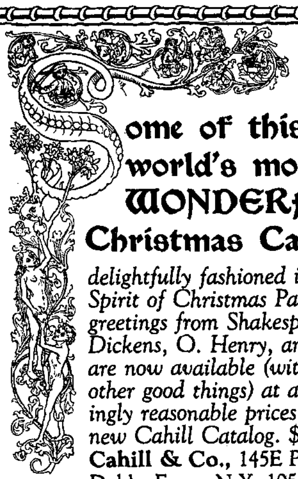

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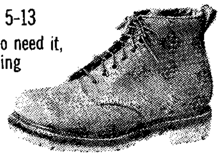

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sellout. Though the story, which turned into a conflict between East Coast and West Coast, faded before it worked itself out, that fading became part of the meaning: relationships fail, and we're not quite sure why. Diane Keaton's Annie was full of thoughts that wilted as she tried to express them, and her lyrical, apologetic kookiness gave the film softness, elusiveness. She was fluttery and unsure about everything, yet she went her own way, leaving Alvy to continue his love affair with death—an affair that he seemed to think represented integrity and high seriousness. What made the movie run down and dribble away was that while Woody Allen showed us what a guilt-ridden, self-absorbed killjoy Alvy Singer was, always judging everyone, he (and not just Alvy) seemed bewildered that Annie wearied of Alvy's obsessions and preferred to move on and maybe even have some fun. By the end, Alvy and the story had disappeared; there was nothing left but Woody Allen's sadness.

At the opening of "Manhattan," Woody Allen's Isaac Davis spoke about the corruption of the city's inhabitants in what came across as a satirical commentary; the audience howled. Then that commentary turned out to be the point of view of the picture. But the audience was right to howl: Allen based his case for general moral decay on the weaknesses (not even cruelties) of two or three selfish, confused people. You could indict Paradise on charges like that. In "Annie Hall," he gave us an L.A. full of decadent pleasure lovers, and his "Manhattan" was also full of naughty, self-centered types: he contrasted their lack of faith with the trusting, understanding heart of a loyal child—played by Mariel Hemingway. (What man in his forties but Woody Allen could pass off a predilection for teen-agers as a quest for true values?) It was clear that he thought we all ran around being rotten and chic, and had to come to terms with our shallowness in order to be saved. (At least he gave us a *big* child to lead us.) Woody Allen the moralist has restated his imponderable questions about man's destiny so often that in "Stardust Memories" even he sounds tired of them; he tosses them out unemotionally—it's his ascetic reflex. He may be ready to become a Catholic convert. If Woody Allen finds success very upsetting and wishes the public would go away, this picture should help him stop worrying.

—PAULINE KAEL

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FOOTBALL

Rises and Falls

COLGATE has been visiting these precincts for dozens of years. It became quite noticeable half a century ago, when Andy Kerr, as much a recruiter as he was a coach, had it in hand, and it remained noticeable in later seasons, especially under the guidance of Wheelwright, now in charge of an extremely vigorous enterprise, Holy Cross. It is at present—and there can be no complaint about that—under the guidance of Dunlap. Kerr represented might and main, Wheelwright a more philosophical approach to the sport; Dunlap represents guile. His guile has in general been more han enough for Colgate's acquainances in the Ivy League, and about ifty-fifty in the more difficult curricuum outside the League. Win or lose, Dunlap football, especially in its offense, is a delight to the eye, a nourshment to the mind. It was visible for what will be the last time in seven years—in Palmer Stadium, at least—on Saturday. (The faulty human eye has no memory bank upon which it an call later, at leisure, to replay the manifold complexity of a perfectly perormed Colgate maneuver on the offense.) Colgate's newest quarter, chuchts, is but a sophomore, yet he an operate that offense to maximum fficiency. Be it noted that he is a graduate of Chaminade, a Florida igh school that supplies many an exert operator to college football. In the vy League, though, it often requires a season or more before a starting quarerback appears really to be in command. Off the record, Colgate should ave had no real trouble on Saturday. But Princeton, whose problems at uarter have been persistent this fall, ent Lockenmeyer, a second-stringer even in his senior year, up against chuchts, and—given not quite two minutes of playing time to fool with—Lockenmeyer moved his comrades sevnty-nine yards in seven snap-the-whip maneuvers (the way Staubach ked to move the Dallas Cowboys as me ran out) and nipped Colgate, 4–10, almost at the wire, with twelve econds to spare. Not many more than ine thousand customers watched this exhilarating example of Princeton-Colgate football, which dates back to the teens of this century.

Not every Ivy League squad has a Lockenmeyer lying fallow, though when Rogan, the junior chief quarter for Yale, falters, as he does—observe his slow start against Columbia on Saturday—Yale can send in its swift, sure miniature quarter, Manley, another senior. It is characteristic of recent Yales to stutter in midseason, and that it did in the encounter with Columbia, but the conclusion (as foregone as any conclusion ever has been) was Yale 30, Columbia 10. This fall, Columbia has Cabrera, a running (and sometimes kicking) back of note, and not a great deal else.

The professional betting odds last week were Dartmouth (won one, lost three) a single point over Harvard (won four, lost none)—a surprise, until you recall that Buckley, nursed along in the traditional fashion of Restic, the Harvard coach, to blossom full-blown in his final year, has been on crutches since the match with Army. Restic sent in Buchanan, who has been doggedly filling in for Buckley, and Buchanan came out of the event in the second quarter; his injury may keep him immobile for some time. Last fall, Restic lost the services, temporarily or permanently, of his first, second, and third choices at quarter; after losing Buckley and Buchanan, Restic has only Lahti and Marion (whose dossiers have nearly nothing to say about them) and Cuccia, who this fall has been flanker, split end, and punt returner, but who has not been at quarter since his freshman year, two seasons back. It was Dartmouth 30, Harvard 12, and no wonder, for with Kemp in full command at quarter, Dufresne at running back, and Shula and Teevens as catchers Dartmouth was at its crest (a belated one, yes). Until its sick bay is emptied, Harvard may now have to hide out in the hills.

—J. W. L.

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In an appeal to be filed in the Ontario Supreme Court today, Niagara Falls lawyer George Walker cites Section 137 of the Criminal Code, which says sentences for being unlawfully large can be made consecutive or concurrent to the unexpired term of the prisoner's sentence.—*Toronto Globe & Mail.*

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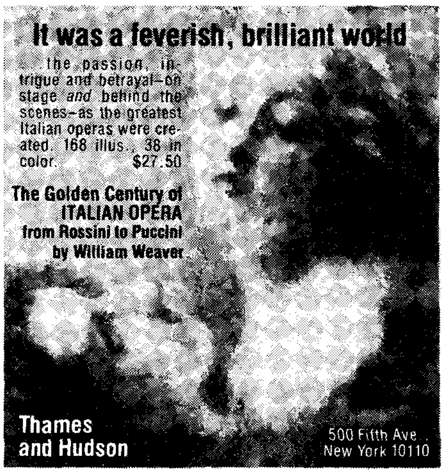

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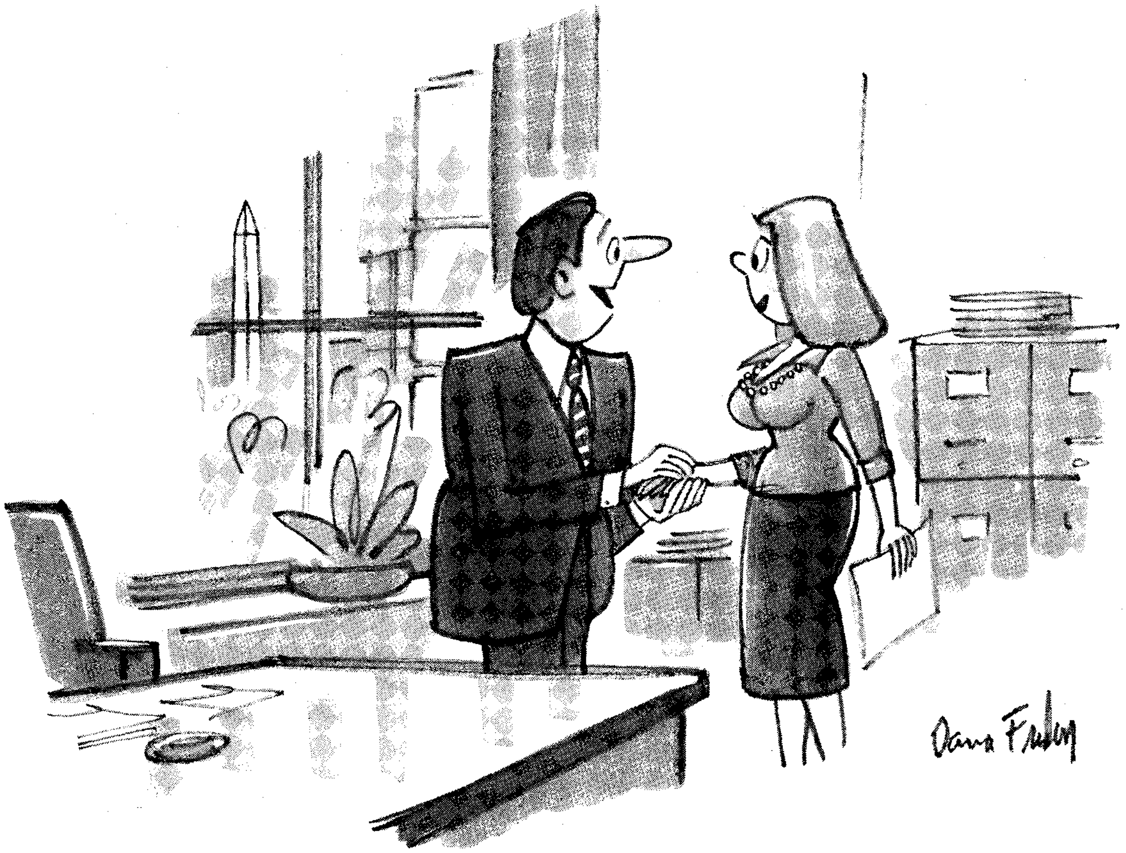
BOOKS

Virginia Woolf

THE third volume of the promised quintet of Virginia Woolf's diaries (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $15.95) covers the peak years 1925 through 1930, when she had become famous, money had ceased to trouble, and her mind was a wonderful, inexhaustible fountain, renewing itself from book to book, often starting to play with fresh ideas before the last one was finished. "Rarely, rarely comest thou, spirit of delight," she complains in a moment of depression, but the spirit is never absent for long. These pages communicate the energetic enjoyment of a writer who was curious about everything and everyone and was bored by nothing, except when illness dimmed the spark for a while. Their fascination, as with all good diaries, lies in their total unbuttoned ease. She seemed to be slipping into a comfortable old dressing gown when she sat down for "my sacred half hour" before lunch or dinner or an interruption by the eternally ringing front doorbell. Her letters were always deliberate exercises, brilliantly shaped to be read by the different recipients. The diaries, dashed off at galloping speed in the elegant handwriting that got progressively more difficult to decipher, as their editor, Anne Olivier Bell, tells us, were written for herself alone. Leonard Woolf, whose ritual and equally sacred first reading and criticism of every new work she awaited in such suspense, was not admitted here, except as an ever-present character—the beloved L., whose steadying wisdom, she said, "picked out her thorns" and was missed if he was away even for a night. While never relaxing his watchful care of his wife, he managed to achieve his own considerable political and literary life. (One wonders what proconsular heights he would have reached if he had not left the Civil Service, which he loved, to marry Virginia Stephen.)

Now and then, Virginia Woolf debates what on earth L. will do with all these diaries if she dies first. Burn them? No, no. Publish them as they stand? Still more impossible. She shelves the problem with the reflection that they may be useful rough material for a life of "old Virginia" at sixty. They were not written every day. There are gaps in the entries, sometimes long ones, caused by overwork that banished her to bed or sofa, forbidden or unable to put pen to paper. The weeks went unrecorded during the Woolfs' summer holidays in Italy and France, when the sights and sounds and smells came pelting in too blissfully fast for her to write them up until they returned to London. Mrs. Bell retraces these missing movements with the same meticulous care with which she provides identifying footnotes for practically all the people and events referred to. We can only marvel that the relaxing therapy of diary-keeping was possible at all in the "helter-skelter" of London social life, which was fitted in somehow with an enormous amount of work. It was "a cascade, a glissade, a torrent."

Virginia was often one of the celebrities who were hooked into the shallows of dinner-table conversation presided over by those dedicated anglers of names Lady Cunard and Lady Colefax. She escaped out of it all, thankfully, into "the divine fresh week-ends" at Monks House, Rodmell. Even there, the peace was shattered all too often by visitors' cars coming up the lane, or by a party dropping in from the triangular Duncan Grant/Clive and Vanessa Bell household at Charleston. "Please God nobody comes to tea," Virginia prays, desperate for quiet in which to cast about for different ways of writing "The Moths," which became "The Waves." One is sure that visitors did come, and that she lit up and performed, while everyone listened and laughed, and Leonard might sit silently disap-



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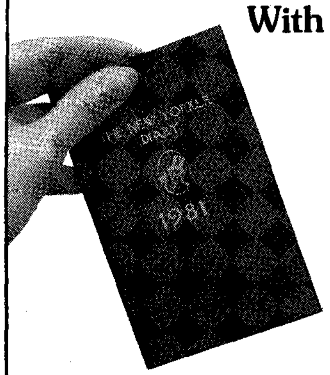

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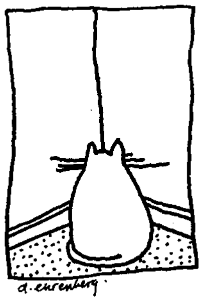
proving if she got too excited. Then they are back in Tavistock Square, and dining out to meet Bernard Shaw, who tells Virginia (a piece of untruthful blarney, it seems) that an earlier meeting with her may have inspired "Heartbreak House;" dining out to meet Ramsay MacDonald—a masterly quick conversation-piece sketch of a Trollopean high-society political drawing room, where the other guests, "engaged in governing England," hail each other with careless ease and the Labour Prime Minister is tossed among the rapacious Tory ladies after dinner "like a fish among cormorants;" dining out and having a long, teasing tête-à-tête with Arnold Bennett ("You drop your aitches on purpose"). Very soon, the usual revulsion in favor of solitude sets in, and she records, with disappointing lack of details, that she has burned her new evening dress in the gas fire, presumably as a sort of atonement. That does not last long, either. She has to go out boldly into new houses, to meet the raw material for the stories that wash continually through her head.

With all these distractions and interruptions, her output of work was astonishing. "Mrs. Dalloway," "The Common Reader," "To the Lighthouse," "Orlando," and "A Room of One's Own" were published in the six years covered here. A first draft of "The Waves" was finished. At the end of this volume, she is talking to herself about what must still be done to bring the last closer to the new kind of fiction that she has been pondering for years—the novel, she once wrote, that was to break the deadly narrative pattern of characters' progressing tidily "from lunch to dinner" and show "no scaffolding; scarcely a brick to be seen; all crepuscular." But meanwhile, to help toward such solid blessings as a new bathroom and a lavatory to replace the primitive old horror of an earth closet at Monks House, she poured out articles for English and American journals by the score between the current half-finished novels. She was a true child of the Victorian era in her awesome industry. The literary criticisms, seemingly light as air, were given the strong scaffolding of immense reading, "with a pen in my hand, discovering, pouncing, thinking of theories." After her morning's work in longhand (she was a connoisseur of pens, and the tricky business of breaking in a new nib is noted with exasperation) came the afternoon drudgery of typing and retyping. Somehow, she found time to write the hundreds of beautiful, lengthy letters that were often more elaborate embroideries of events in the diaries. Until 1929, she was still putting in stints of setting type and addressing envelopes for the Woolfs' successful Hogarth Press, down in the Tavistock Square basement, until she was, she wrote once, "stiff as a coalheaver." She dropped her evening reading program now and then to read manuscripts for the press, too. At Rodmell, she tramped, alone or with Leonard, for miles over the Sussex Downs in all weathers. In London, they would race round the square together most days in what was apparently a regular routine—partly to exercise the dog, mostly to thrash out some problem. We read of the hordes of friends who gravitated toward them as though to an irresistible magnet, and it all seems a gruelling program for a woman in always precarious health, who ran up headaches like danger flags.



Though there were alarming slides toward a breakdown, the general impression of these years is one of happiness and achievement. The descriptions of the Woolfs' new prosperity make delightfully exultant reading. Plumbing gurgles in Monks House. They buy a secondhand car, their first, and dart all over Sussex with the gaiety of butterflies liberated from the chrysalis. By 1929, Virginia is making over a thousand pounds a year and noting that she thinks of blowing six pounds on some blue lustre cups, though after the frugal years of pinching and saving the extravagance is quite an effort. Her new earning powers can be set up consolingly against her passionately loved sister's riches in having children—the one deep, grievously painful thorn that Leonard's wisdom was unable to pick out. Even on a contented holiday with Nessa and Duncan Grant in the South of France, it turns in the wound. Nessa says (or perhaps is imagined saying), "My elder son is coming tomorrow; yes, and he is the most promising young man in King's." "And I made two thousand pounds out of 'Orlando,' and can bring Leonard here and buy a house if I want" is Virginia's unspoken riposte. Another joyful freedom is that she can afford to buy nice clothes.

The lack of them used to plunge her in black despair before a fashionable dinner party. She is no longer haunted by nightmares of being exposed to the cold eyes of shopgirls in underclothes that might be held together by a safety pin. There is talk of perhaps being rich enough to have the ultimate luxury of an intelligent cook who would live out, so that there would be no more of the comic-opera rows with grumbling servants which "screwed the nerves at the back of the head" so abominably. The neurotic Nelly Boxall, their resident maid for many years, gives notice and, from helpless fondness of Virginia, snatches it back with the regularity of a minute gun firing throughout the diary. When one guesses at the pittance Nelly used to be paid, and reads the lists of friends who turned up uninvited and hungry on the Woolfs' doorstep, one feels sympathy for her.

"Orlando" was Virginia's troubadour ballad to the enchantment of a romantic, doublet-and-hose, Forest of Arden relationship—which hardly comes out of the diary's self-examination, at any rate, as an overwhelming passion. She wrote in her diary for herself alone, but self did not wish to receive confidences over the affair with Vita Sackville-West. The ardor is damped down. The nearest it gets to sexual emotion is a spat of jealous irritability when Vita goes off on the quiet for a walking tour in the Val d'Isère with an intellectual woman from the BBC, and Virginia, instead of writing her article on Mary Wollstonecraft, works out her mortification by practicing cutting sentences such as "You can choose between us." She admits to being excited, flattered, and interested by Vita's infatuation with her—mostly the last, one suspects. She is candidly in love with the whole paraphernalia of Knole and the Sackvilles, with Vita sweeping down the long gallery in the middle of a pack of huge dogs and children, as her ancestresses must often have swept; "stalking on legs like beech-trees," dazzling some little grocer in Sevenoaks; sitting on the floor in her own house, opulent in velvet and pearls "like great lustrous eggs." Less so with her mind, however, which is not up to snuff by Bloomsbury standards. Annoyance sharpens the diary's description—"a horrid show up . . . the thick dull middle class of letters that met; not the aristocracy"—of the presentation by John Drinkwater to Vita of the 1926 Hawthornden Prize for literature for

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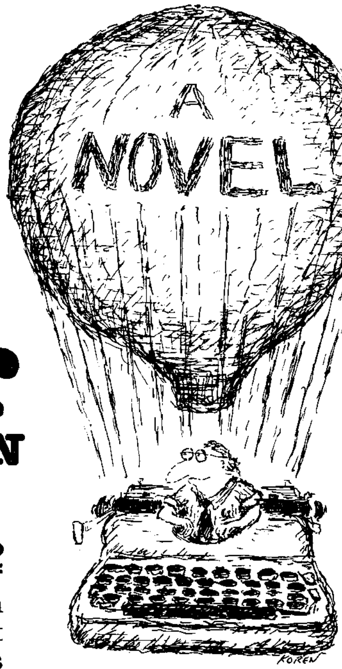

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her poem "The Land." When Vita goes to Persia to join her husband, Harold Nicolson, Virginia misses her, and is glad and girlishly fluttered on her return, but there is not "the kind of drought" she feels during one of Nessa's absences. Then she rejoices at its ending in strikingly different language: "Mercifully, Nessa is back. My earth is watered again." Madge Vaughan, the object of one of these torrid female crushes in her girlhood, died in 1925, and it saddened Virginia to find that she had no tears to shed. The news made her list the six people whose deaths, imagined to take place simultaneously, would mean that her life was more or less over. Leonard and Nessa head it, of course. After them come Duncan Grant, Lytton Strachey, Clive Bell, Morgan Forster. The attachment to Vita Sackville-West was only just beginning, but it seems doubtful that her name would ever have been added. Virginia's true loves and loyalties always had deep roots running back into the past.

Thoughts of death recur through the years. The frightening vision of "a fin passing far out" in the deep waters of a bad depression comes back—the "something in the universe one's left with." But the act of writing always faces down the blackness valiantly. The year 1930 closes with the cheerful entry that she has practically recovered from influenza and is about to return to "The Waves." "Having got astride my saddle the whole world falls into shape; it is this writing that gives me my proportions." It might be the summing up, too, of this section of the diaries, which is like a stretch of splendid, settled harvest weather before the darker days come.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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Correction to Fall 1980 Events Calendar at the Harvard Divinity School. Please note the following changes in date and title of upcoming event:

October 17, 1980—"Understanding Research in Islam" should be October 7, 1980—"Understanding Resurgent Islam."
—*Notice circulated at Harvard University.*

Leave it to the Harvard Divinity School to be on top of things.

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[*Headline in the Williamsport (Pa.) Sun-Gazette*]

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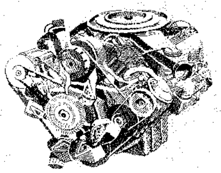
Can you feel the car going from 8 to 6 to 4 cylinders and back again?

Some people can. Some can't. The perceived sensation is slight. Because, in a sense there is no shifting. Fuel valves simply close or open as instructed by the computer.

The idea of 4 cylinders in a Cadillac bothers me—should it?



No, it shouldn't. The system only goes to 4 cylinders when your power needs are relatively low. To pass another car, push down on the accelerator and the system instantly goes into 8 cylinders for added power. Then, as your power needs decrease again, the system will return to 4 cylinders.

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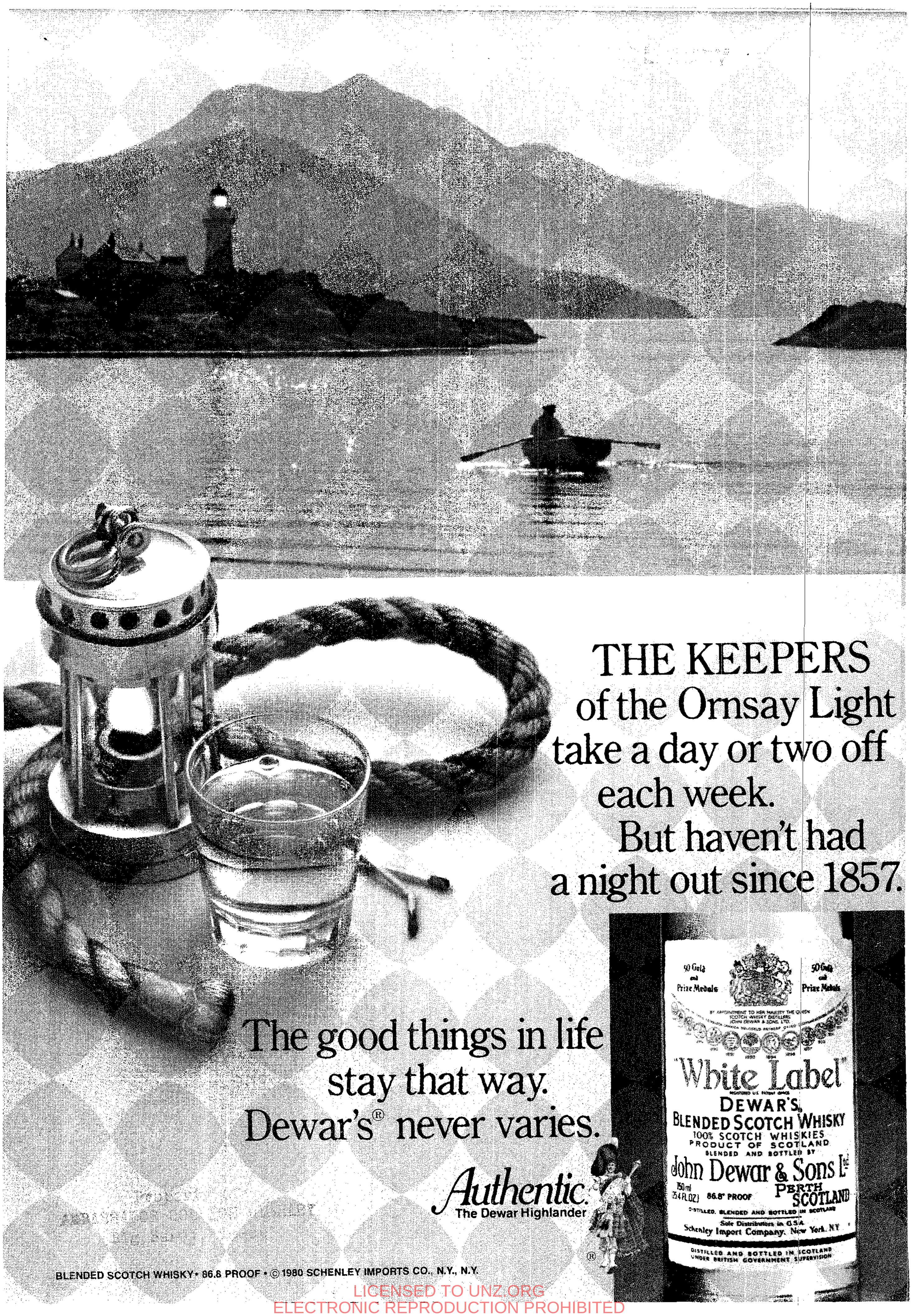
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